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Norman Rockwell

I[illegible]ac F. Marcosson—Arthur M. Hyde—J. P. Marquand—Corra Harris
C[illegible] Moore—I. A. R. Wylie—Louis T. McFadden—F. Britten Austin

The sensational success of DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste continues to grow. Have you tried it?*

THIS SUPER CLEANSING *keeps* TEETH *so clean they glisten*

UNIQUE AID THAT SHOWS RESULTS QUICKLY IS PROVIDED BY THE ACCURATE DESIGN OF THIS FAMOUS MODERN BRUSH

You don't need extra effort to have whiter teeth. Just apply these simple facts:

First; this is dental advice: *Brush your teeth always away from the gums toward the cutting edges. Never brush across the crevices, but always with them.*

Second; use a small brush, which is correctly designed to clean inside, outside and between the teeth.

Third; each 90 days, get a new brush. After that much service, the polishing and cleansing ability begins to decrease.

Millions, including dentists, prefer DR. WEST'S Toothbrush because it is designed to make correct brushing easy.

It is 20% to 50% smaller than other brushes. It has wide-spaced open rows and pointed bristle-bodies. These penetrate every crevice and sweep it clean *(danger-spots where most decay starts)*.

Correct design enables you to clean teeth far back, or inside, as easily as those in front.

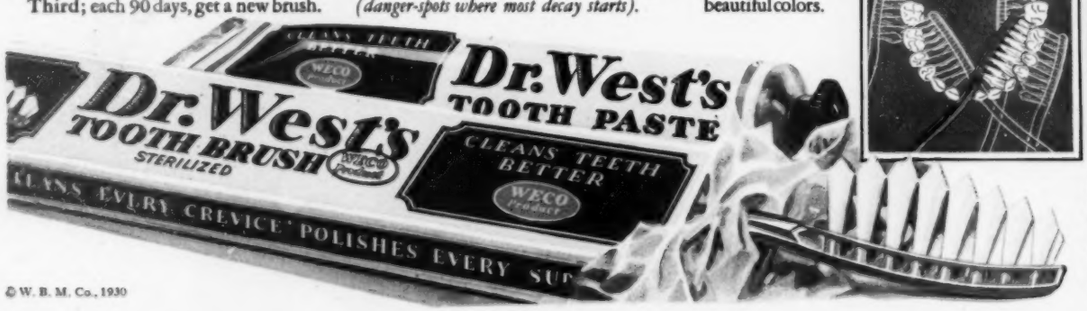
Snow-white springy bristles, used only in DR. WEST'S brushes, are the finest to be found in the whole world.

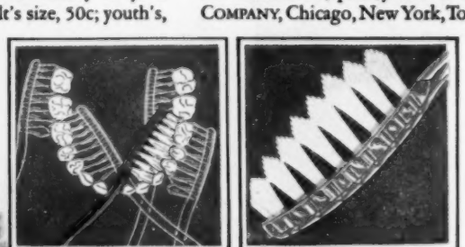
DR. WEST'S brushes are available for every member of the family at your favorite store: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional," 50c. Six beautiful colors.

A REAL GUARANTEE

For your protection, each DR. WEST'S Toothbrush is sterilized, sealed, and fully guaranteed. *Your dealer will replace any* DR. WEST'S *brush that proves defective.*

Today throw away your present brush, and get one of these in its stead. You'll see results come, quickly. THE WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Toronto.





NOTE how this correct size and shape make it easy to reach and clean *all* your teeth. Behind *back* teeth, or the inner curve, as thoroughly as in front. See how crevices are penetrated and swept clean by correctly shaped and pointed bristle-bodies. Note wide-spaced rows, easily cleaned.

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No need to wait years *for this year's needs*

If we do no more than intelligently undertake the improvement of—and eliminate the dangers from—routes already existing, we shall have our highway problem well in hand.

THIS year's needs are not a matter of pioneering new routes. Before we start blazing trails, let's *first improve what we have.*

Every highway map charts mile after mile of rambling, narrow "buggy-gauge" roads. The straightening, widening and modernizing of these roads will contribute untold relief to present conditions.

Such a program can be effected by modest appropriations—is an assured means of making a little road-money do the work of a lot. When a community finally decides to meet *this year's needs this year,* it turns as a rule to the Tarvia organization for practical, money-saving coöperation.

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In spite of its low cost, Tarvia provides roads that are durable, first-class and modern in every essential. Tarvia highways are smooth, skid-safe, dust-free. *They give you a good ride.* The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Tarvia
GOOD ROADS at LOW COST

"... an old fireplace – Windsor chairs – an old drop-leaf table...

what SILVER shall I use?"

She wrote from Connecticut: "We have just moved into an old farmhouse - remodelled. There's an old fireplace and a lovely old ceiling. We have some Windsor chairs (modern) and a lovely drop-leaf table that was my great-grandmother's.... What silver would you suggest?"

We said: "Your dining-room cries out for silverware that will be in key with your old table – and your view of Connecticut hills! Few of us are fortunate enough to possess even a few pieces of Early-American silver – but the *Paul Revere* design of Community Plate – an authentic modern version of an Early-American design – would be perfect in your room. Put some gay 'early' looking salad plates on your cupboard shelves – some pewter, if you have it. And, for a final note of appropriate beauty, the three-piece *Paul Revere* tea service...."

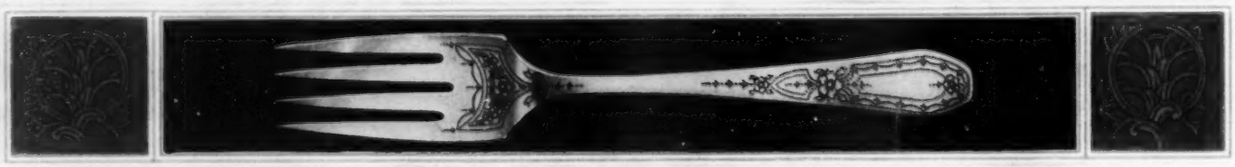
A new book on Correct Service!

"TABLE WAYS OF TODAY" – a summary of the *newest trends* in table service and decoration has been prepared by *Community* with the aid of editors of *six leading women's magazines.* Send 25c for it to Oneida Community, Limited, Dept. 2 A, Oneida, New York.

The Paul Revere

is one of Community's half-dozen decorative designs, made with a craftsmanship worthy of the days of handcraft.... A complete service of flat silverware in the design that best suits your dining-room costs as little as $48.00 for eight people; or $36.50 for six. The three-piece dessert set in the Paul Revere design – sugar bowl, creamer, and tray, is $17.50. Salad forks (shown below) are $7.50 for six.

Do you know – that you can get silverware services of TUDOR PLATE, designed, made and guaranteed by the same craftsmen who create *Community*? TUDOR PLATE teaspoons are $2.00 for six; a service for six people costs $18.00. Ask about it!



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NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO COUNTRIES—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE of the most famous of American short-story characters is Edward Everett Hale's man without a country. According to widespread belief, his nationalistic isolation could happen only in fiction. This is not the case. American women, for example, find themselves in the same plight when they marry aliens ineligible to citizenship in the United States and do not acquire their nationality. A British woman who becomes the wife of an American automatically ceases to be a British subject, while under the American law she does not thereby assume American citizenship until she is naturalized.

But this is the lesser phase of what is perhaps the most baffling of all international legal jigsaw puzzles. You have the other extreme in the predicament of men who suffer from an excess of country due to the complex institution known as dual citizenship. Although naturalized in the United States, they are subject to conscription for military service in the land of their birth. Frequently their sons come under the same mandate. This is notably true of transplanted Italians and Frenchmen.

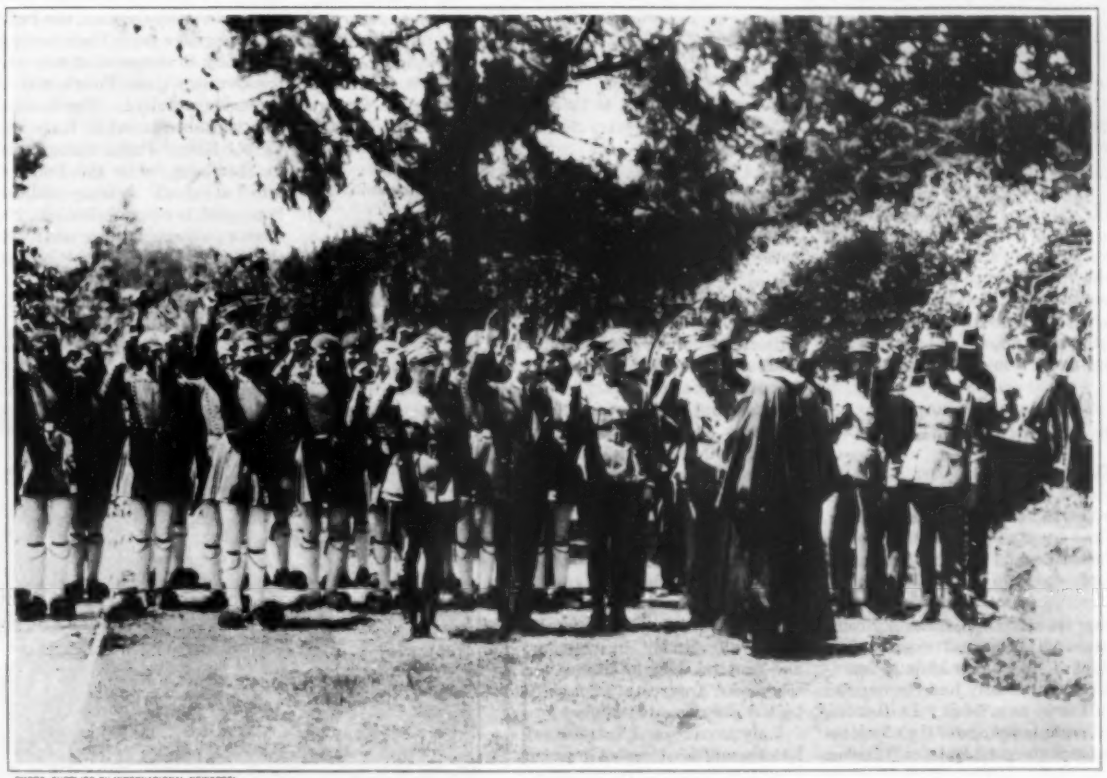

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Members of the Bodyguard of Former King George of Greece Taking the Oath of Service to the Republic

Foreign Conscription of American Citizens

TWO recent events make the problem of dual citizenship more acute than ever before. One, born of conflict in international law, was the impressment of many of our citizens of Italian origin for army service when they returned to Italy on business or to see their relations. The other, a reflex of Mussolini's growing world ambition, is the attempt to Fascisize Italo-Americans and thus link every overseas Italian community with the mother country.

The question arises: Can a man serve two countries? Obviously one loyalty must suffer in this business of twin allegiance, whether it results from statutory, sentimental or other causes.

The two issues that I have indicated are obviously at variance with the principles upon which this republic of ours was reared. An individual who takes the oath of citizenship in the United States forswears tribute to any other state. Under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution all persons born in the United States and subject to its jurisdiction are American citizens. Yet every year hundreds of cases of conscription of our nationals by foreign countries—half of them have concerned persons of Italian origin—are brought to the attention of the State Department.

Washington is usually powerless to render assistance save by protest, because of our failure to have treaties with these countries recognizing acquired nationality. It is no fault of ours that such highly desirable agreements have not been arrived at. We have them with Great Britain, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Norway, Portugal and Sweden. Czecho-Slovakia will soon be in the list. Thus the precedent for escape from dual service is established.

The Kelly Act

MOREOVER the President is empowered to negotiate further naturalization treaties. A joint resolution—the Kelly Act—approved May, 1928, reads as follows:

> That the President be, and he is hereby, respectfully requested to endeavor as soon as possible to negotiate treaties with the remaining nations with which we have no such agreement, providing that persons born in the United States of foreign parentage, and naturalized American citizens, shall not be held liable for military service or any other act of allegiance during a stay in the territory subject to the jurisdiction of any such nation while citizens of the United States of America under the laws thereof.

Unfortunately we lack naturalization treaties with the two countries—Italy and France—which cling most tenaciously to long-range nationalistic obligations. In consequence, men bearing American passports have been thrust into foreign uniforms, separated from their families, and, in many instances, have suffered costly interruption to their business careers. It follows that during their period of enforced military service they are, for all practical purposes, active citizens of two countries.

Hence you may well ask: When is an American not an American? This query, provoked by a tangle in dual citizenship, once brought forth a characteristic utterance from the late Theodore Roosevelt. It bears so directly upon all phases of the subject at hand that I reproduce it. This is what he wrote:

> We should assert, in the face of all the nations of the world, the principle that we ourselves determine for ourselves the rights of citizenship of our citizens, that we champion them in the full exercise of these rights as against any foreign power that interferes with them, and that in return we hold them to a full accountability for the exercize of these rights in the sole interest of the United States as against any foreign power which claims any allegiance whatsoever from them.

Italy and France are not the only contributors to this state of affairs. Other countries which do not accept acquired American citizenship to be equivalent to exemption from military service in the country of birth include Russia, Turkey, Canada, Brazil, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Greece, Guatemala, Honduras and Holland. Russia and Turkey practically hold to the doctrine of indissoluble citizenship, the theory being that once a Russian or a Turk always a Russian or a Turk.

For a nation to exact compulsory military service of one who has legally become an alien is manifestly unjust. It creates international friction that could easily be avoided. If the nations who subscribed to the Kellogg Pact are sincere in their avowal, the desire

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A Scene During the Maneuvers of the Army of the Rhine. In the Foreground a French Cavalry Horse Has Fallen, Carrying its Rider With It

for world amity alone should dictate acquiescence to recognition of naturalization rights.

This seems to be an opportune time, therefore, to present the high spots of a subject of interest to every American, whether his citizenship is natural or acquired. We are more deeply involved than any other country, and for obvious reasons. According to the figures of the League for American Citizenship, exactly 224,197 aliens, including 44,843 Italians, became American citizens during 1929. In striking contrast is the rare instance of an American who surrenders his citizenship voluntarily. Even those professional exiles, parked in France and elsewhere in Europe, who are eternally and noisily apologizing for their countrymen, seldom stray from the nationality of their fathers.

Entanglements of Dual Citizenship

THE great trek of Eastern and Southern European populations to our shores after the Civil War infused a varied mixture of foreign bloods into our national system. These naturalized aliens and their progeny are entitled to the protection that naturalization and descent bestow. In the situation now to be unfolded, you will see that this is not always possible.

The World War, or rather its aftermath, naturally complicated the matter of naturalization and expatriation, and gave a fresh impetus, as well as a new kink, to immigration. In the defeated countries many had the impulse to pick up the threads of life in new lands. In Britain, emigration was, and still is, regarded as one of the antidotes for the chronic postwar unemployment. But the Britisher will not migrate on a large scale, despite every effort to encourage an exodus to British possessions. In Italy, on the other hand, the impulse to leave is now checked by Mussolini's determination to develop an Italy for Italians, thereby further congesting a crowded country and increasing a burden already heavy for the economic and productive structure.

Incidentally, it is of interest to note in passing that at the time I write not less than 7,000,000 unnaturalized foreigners live within the confines of the United States. Of these, 2,000,000 are ineligible for citizenship mainly because they have not lived here the required five years. All comprise just so much undigested foreign material. The total just given does not, of course, include the many thousands who have been bootlegged in.

The status of the unnaturalized foreigner in our midst contributes another aspect to the citizenship tangle. His son, though American by birth, also assumes the nationality of the father. The United States Government recognizes that he has a dual citizenship.

When the son of the unnaturalized father is claimed for military duty by the country of the parent's origin, the United States can offer no objection. The reason was set forth in a letter written in 1928 to the House Committee on Foreign Affairs by the Secretary of State. Among other things, he said:

> It is obvious that the United States is not in a position to deny the right of the foreign countries concerned to claim such persons as their nationals, in view of the fact that persons born abroad of American fathers may be claimed by this country under the provision of Section 1993 of the Revised Statutes.

This means that the United States can protest against dual nationality only in cases in which a naturalized American citizen is forced to perform military service by the country of his original allegiance.

The dual-citizenship problem, with all its ramifications, grows out of the failure to establish uniform international laws. Wherever you turn in an effort to disentangle the maze, you find that precedent does not constitute precedent; that some statutes lend themselves to every conceivable kind of construction; and that the best intentions for settlement are frustrated mainly by the chauvinistic impulse.

Italy provides an illustration of how the militaristic spirit impedes a sane settlement of the question. All our friction with Rome over conscripted naturalized Americans would have been eliminated if we had concluded a treaty with Italy similar to the one we have, for example, with Great Britain. But Mussolini refuses to negotiate such a treaty, because it would provide a precedent for a similar arrangement by him with France, where thousands of Italians have settled. The Duce's reason, as he once expressed it, was that he did not want "to make France a present of an army corps."

The complications of dual citizenship have not only taxed the brain, resource and patience of international legal experts and chancelleries but have added the word "optant" to the international language as well. It grows out of the remaking of the European map as a result of the various peace treaties. Optants in Central Europe are those persons who have the right to choose their nationalities when the country of their birth has been annexed to another country. A concrete example of this is furnished by the Hungarians residing in territory that has been allocated to Rumania. They can opt—that is, choose to retain their Hungarian nationality.

The Toll of Nationalism

THE language problem is also mixed up with the citizenship mess. In some cases the annexing country insists upon its tongue being adopted in the domain of the annexed. Upon the accession of Upper Silesia, which was preponderantly German, the Poles tried to exclude the German language from their territorial confines. It applied especially to names of streets and towns. Comparatively few Germans spoke Polish, with the consequence that vast confusion resulted. Czecho-Slovakia applied the same rule to Bohemia, while Italy imposed it in the Southern Tyrol. Kemal Pasha changed the name of Constantinople to Stamboul, while the Bolsheviks converted Petrograd into Leningrad. A letter addressed to Constantinople or Petrograd is never delivered. No wonder a great Scandinavian philosopher once said: "Nationalism is humanity's worst foe." Most of the postwar barriers to European trade were nationalistic, which meant that they were uneconomic and, therefore, unsound. Nowhere has nationalism wrought more confusion than in citizenship claims.

Since this series of articles was mainly inspired by European dictatorships and their consequences, you can see that the problem of dual citizenship is

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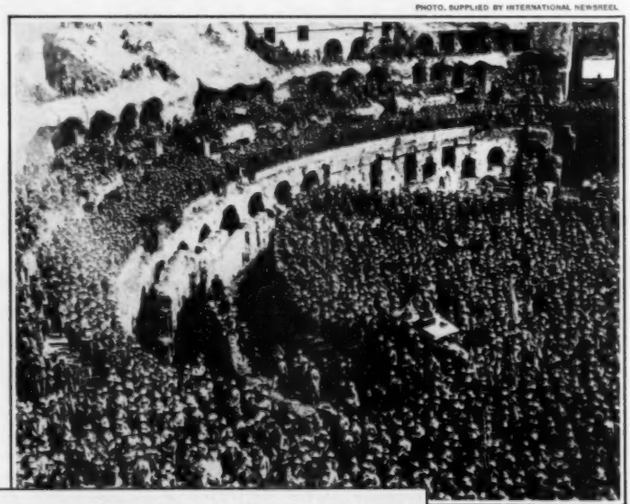
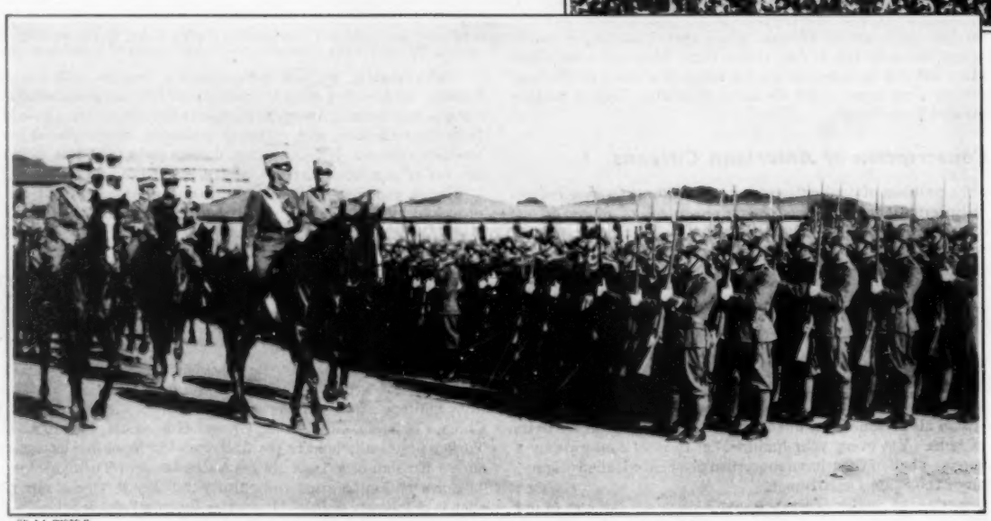


View of the Coliseum When Mussolini Addressed the Alpine Troops Who Had Made the Dangerous March Over the Alps to Rome



"N. & A. PHOTO"

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy Reviewing His Troops at the Mauro Barracks

An Emergency is Declared to Exist

By Stewart Edward White

PHOTOS. BY HAROLD MCCRACKEN, N. Y. C.

Mother and Cubs on the Alaskan Peninsula

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few weeks ago appeared two articles which I called Kidding Ourselves Along. The first one dealt primarily with the depletion of Alaska salmon by ruthless overfishing in the past; showed what is at present being done about it both by the canners and by ourselves through the Bureau of Fisheries; and expressed the opinion that we are at least fairly on the road that will lead us to restoration—provided we stay on it. The second article was a warning. Due to our national habit of kidding ourselves along, of searching everywhere but at home for the reasons, we were, I maintained, in danger of doing irreparable damage. In pursuance of our custom of dodging the issue when the issue points to us, we are trying to lay the depletion of salmon to destruction by bears, seals, sea gulls, eagles and trout.

Therefore, we argue, if these creatures are cleared out the salmon will be saved. Admitting that they do make away with a certain quantity of salmon, the fact remains that these so-called destructive forces have always existed, probably even more numerously before the white man came. They must always have eaten as many salmon as they do today, but there was no depletion. There was even no depletion after we came along, as long as we fished reasonably. The present and growing scarcity can be laid directly to the use of increased gear. It is admitted that if the wild creatures named could be wiped out, we would be able to can the salmon they now make away with. But that would mean nothing, except temporarily, as a palliative. As long as we continue to eat into our capital, the increase will go right on diminishing, until we learn to cease kidding ourselves along. In the meantime we will have destroyed valuables of our own which, unlike the salmon, are irreplaceable.

The Passing of the Brown Bear

THAT is what the second article said. It further ventured to suggest that perhaps we, as a people, would rather feed our bears and seals and sea gulls and eagles and trout a few salmon and keep them. We do so in zoos. Why not in the wilds, where they are more interesting? It ended with a plea to realize this before it was too late. I must epitomize thus briefly these two articles in order to refresh them in mind as a background for what I want to say now. I do so with the more confidence, in view of the astounding reaction to the other articles. In a long career as a writer, I do not remember having received as many letters in response to any one bit of work. It encourages me to feel that there is a real and vital interest in these matters; a powerful dynamic of public opinion needing only release and direction to become effective.

For the danger I saw only as a threat has materialized much more suddenly than I would have believed possible. By recent legislation Alaska has removed all restriction from the killing, at any season, of the big brown bear. Now any Mexican or Filipino or Chinaman of the hordes imported for the canneries every season, any summer beach comber—with which Alaska is amply supplied—can hie him to the nearest stream, there post himself and proceed to kill all the bears that come along. Any passing troller can pot what he sees on the beach. Any visiting yachtsman, avid of the glory of shooting a brownie, can do so almost from the deck of his craft. In summer the big fellows come down out of the mountains—where to follow and find them is a man's job—to concentrate in the narrow valleys of the salmon rivers. The whole bear population of a wide-flung tumble of ranges is gathered at a few constricted localities. They are easily found and easily shot. If I were so inclined, I think I could shoot almost every bear on any given river in a week, and thus clean out the normal habitat of hundreds of square miles. And the last touch to the tragedy is the fact that at this time, when anybody can kill all of them, they are not even worth killing. Their hides are scrubby, their meat inedible. All they can supply the high-exalted bear slayer is their claws and a half ton or so of noisome carrion.

There is no doubt in the world that, if this regulation is permitted to remain in effect, our unique brown bear of Alaska is doomed to as complete extinction as the California grizzly.

That is bad enough, but at least the game commission did not offer a bounty on the slaughter. In that the Territorial Legislature went them one better. There is already a bounty of a dollar a head on the American eagle, by which this bird has been greatly reduced in numbers, until it is approaching comparative scarcity. But recently it promulgated an act which appropriates from the general fund of the territory of Alaska forty thousand dollars to be used in the cleaning of salmon-spawning streams and for the destruction of trout and other predatory enemies of the salmon. It ends by the statement: "An emergency is hereby declared to exist."

A Situation Which Calls for Sanity

AN EMERGENCY is declared to exist! It certainly does! But it is not the presence of the trout in the streams. An emergency is a sudden or unexpected appearance or occurrence. The trout have always been there. The emergency is that the Territorial Legislature is doing exactly what, in my other article, I said was in danger of being done. It is kidding itself along. Forty thousand dollars for the destruction of trout! And in California, where the trout used to be nearly as large and as abundant as now in Alaska, the state is spending millions in raising fry so that the sportsman may be enabled, if he has great luck, to snare a couple of dozen four to six inch fingerlings in a day.

The same "emergency" was supposed to exist in Washington and Oregon, and the same arguments brought forward. Only when the sportsmen of the state managed finally to secure a separation of the food-fish and the game-fish departments was the beginning of progress made. For years the commercial interests continued to sit apart, but finally admitted that game fish and food fish could exist together in the same stream. Only then did the extermination of game fish cease. Today the commercial interests are actually coöperating with the sportsman and with the Federal Government in perfecting devices to prevent loss through the irrigation ditches. Same salmon, same trout, same industry, same emergency. The mark of civilized thinking is to study and to proceed onward from the results of others' experience, instead of traveling the same road of wearisome and destructive mistake.

An emergency is declared to exist! Of course, there is an emergency! It is that we have overfished to the point where we are in danger of losing not only a great industry but also our other valuable assets, both ponderable and imponderable, by

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An Alaskan Brown Bear Cub Fishing for Salmon

THE RED FLAG

In Ancient Egypt

"Quick, Master!" Cried the Negro, the Whites of His Eyes Showing in His Terror. "Disguise Thyself That None May Know Thee. All the Great Ones Do the People Seek That They May Slay Them"

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

IT WAS, as nearly as may be dated, the year 2220 B.C., approximately a century before Abraham would migrate into Egypt from Ur of the Chaldees, and some four hundred years before Joseph would send for his father Jacob and unwittingly begin the four hundred and thirty years' bondage of the children of Israel, not previously differentiated from other Semites.

In that cave in the Libyan hills which was his precarious refuge, Ipuwer, aforetime counselor to the Pharaoh, dipped his reed in the ink and wrote in the hieratic script upon a roll of papyrus spread on a flat stone. A wizened old man, his once-shaven poll a bristle of white hairs, a scrap of dirty loin cloth his only garment, he squatted to his task, frowned in earnest concentration. Haply would this document safely arrive into the hands of the Pharaoh, fifth monarch of the Ninth Dynasty, dwelling within his palace at Eheninsi, which 1900 years later Ptolemaic Greeks would call Heracleopolis. Haply would it stir to righteous indignation that young king who still to every ancient loyalty was a god incarnate, would move him to exercise of the omnipotent divine power surely latent within him. Days back he had written the superscripture on the roll now lengthily half completed:* "To Horus, Beloved of Ra, King of the South and King of the North, Ruler of the Two Lands, Ipuwer, his servant, prostrates himself and thus saith"; had begun his desperate plea to the Pharaoh to arise in his might and end the troubles of the land. "Woe is me for the misery of these days!" He had imagined himself not prostrate but standing before the godlike majesty of the Pharaoh, as of old times he had done, and speaking the truth from the fullness of his heart, as then he had not done. "Would that I had raised my voice at that time!"

He wrote those words again, in a recurrent remorse. Would, indeed, that he had raised his voice at that time! He visualized once more that scene in the palace at Eheninsi, himself and the other old dignitaries met for the first council of state summoned by the young Pharaoh newly upon the throne of the Osiris, his father, the recently deceased warrior monarch, Merykere Akhtoi. Scarcely more than a youth, his refined features delicate under the great, plaited wig, bound with the rearing uræus-snake diadem, his eyes the large eyes of a dreamer, was this new Horus upon whose divine potency the fortune of Egypt henceforth depended. The Pharaoh had smiled graciously upon them.

"Rise, O Wise Ones," he had said in a pleasant voice, "and stand upon my right hand and my left, even as ye stood in the days of the Osiris, my father."

It all came back to him in a sharply revived actuality. With those others he rose in the hieroglyph-covered cedar-columned council chamber. They ranged themselves in precedence of office on either side of the throne, he himself on the left, as became the Keeper of the Royal Storehouse; Knemhotep on the right, as Vizier of the land.

The divine youth turned to old Knemhotep. "Speak, O Knemhotep," he commanded. "What tidings hast thou for my majesty?"

His nude torso emaciated in senility above his pleated linen waist skirt, a broad, elaborately symbolic collar partly covering his chest, the old man made the orthodox gesture of abased obedience.

"The Divine One bids his servant speak the truth that is in him. His servant hears and obeys. Behold, then, and take it not ill, O Horus, for thine eye is the eye of Horus and all things must it see. Thus it is: Once more the king of the south gathers his foemen to war against the all-conquering might of the divine one, even as he warred against the Osiris now in his pyramid." Knemhotep went on to detail the measures he had promptly taken to meet the peril. He had sent messengers to the prince of Siut, bidding him to resist the invasion until help came to him. He had sent messengers to the desert nomads of whom the entirely mercenary army was chiefly recruited, bidding yet more of them hasten to the service of the Pharaoh. "Thus shall prevail the divine might of him who wears the double crown," he concluded in his cracked old voice, "and these blasphemers of the south shall be scattered like sand blown before the angry wind."

The young Pharaoh ceased to smile. Despite that recent impressive pomp of his coronation, his sovereignty over Upper Egypt was entirely fictitious. The once complete sway of the Memphite pyramid builders had long ago disintegrated in the local aggrandizement of great lords, had collapsed with the end of the feeble Eighth Dynasty. Half a century back, here in Eheninsi, the nobles of the Akhtoi family, by feminine descent of divinely royal blood, had seized upon the title and the pretensions of the Pharaoh, but never had their authority extended above Siut, where a prince of their kin ruled in semi-autonomy. Thence to the southward, the princes of the Atef family reigned as independent and perpetually hostile kings, with their capital at a yet barbarous Thebes.

There was a moment of silence, and then the Pharaoh spoke. Startlingly incredible were his words:

"Not well hast thou done, O Knemhotep. In the time that is past, this land has known too much of war and the marchings to and fro of armed men. Now shall there be peace. Messengers shalt thou send to him of the south, and

*The selected sentences of Ipuwer's complaint, quoted in this story, are all authentically those of the papyrus at the University of Leiden, considerably rearranged and occasionally paraphrased by me from the original translation by Prof. Alan Gardiner. F. B. A.

thus shalt thou say to him: Let him cease from enmity and be content with that which is in his own land. If there be differences between him and Horus, let him send messengers hither that wrongs may be righted and no man have cause for quarrel. As for the companies of desert men, gifts shalt thou give them, and bid them depart peaceably to their own tents. Horus has spoken."

Who might question the fiat of the divine one? Old Knemhotep prostrated himself speechlessly. Never would Ipuwer forget the grotesque despair in his face.

The young Pharaoh spoke again, his large eyes glowing as with an inward ecstasy, his voice vibrant in an exalted solemnity:

"Listen, all ye, the servants of me the Horus. Lo, the gods speak in me—Osiris and Ra, and all the gods of Egypt. Much and long, when my father was Horus, did I meditate alone while my eyes wept for the sorrows of the land. And to me did the gods send a vision, commanding that it should come to pass when I should be Pharaoh, myself a god. There shall be no more war in Egypt. The armed men shall put down their spears and till their fields, and those that are strangers shall return to their own places. There shall be no more oppression. Rich and poor henceforth shall be equal before my face. Rich and poor henceforth shall stand equal before my justice, and the takers of bribes shall be put down from their office. The rich man shall rejoice securely in his possessions, and the poor man sing new songs of gladness. For no more shall the peasants be beaten, nor shall the taxgatherers take rods to them enforcing from them their hidden grain. Nor shall any do them despite for that they are humble. Rather shall the humble be exalted in their virtue, and the proud in their iniquity be abased. Behold, the days of evil are past. Henceforth shall there be a new order of things among men. Where there was strife shall be gentleness and the love of each to each. Where there was woe shall be rejoicing. From the north to the south, men shall dwell in peace within the laws. From the north to the south, henceforth shall be the happiness of the reign of the gods on earth. Thus do I mightily decree, I the Horus, the divine one, in whose *ka* is the *ka* of all Egypt, in whom is the power of the gods. So let it be proclaimed throughout the land. I have spoken!"

In utter consternation did those old counselors stare at one another. Never had the peasants yielded their taxes without beatings, and without taxes there could be no effective administration in this land of immensely ancient and complicated officialdom precisely regulating every detail of its national existence. Even the armed men were to be disbanded! Cynical in their long experience, these aged statesmen had no illusions. Not by a mere decree, though it came from the Pharaoh, could the perverse race of men be enforced to a peaceable felicity. It was unheard-of madness. Yet might they not protest.

They abased themselves as they must, responded in chorus:

"We hear and we obey, divine one!"

Withdrawn from the presence, he, Ipuwer, and his aged colleagues had lifted up their hands, exclaimed in dismay. They had taken counsel together, had but feigned to comply, had for some time deftly avoided putting this madness into practice. Soon would the young Pharaoh recover from his adolescent folly—young men dream dreams!—and all would be as before. But he had not recovered. Angrily, when he had discovered their disobedience, he had dismissed them from their posts, had appointed in their stead sycophantic young upstarts, men of no account, reckless to flatter the wildest whim of their master. As for the King of the South, he had made a mock of the Pharaoh's lofty proposal. With premature rejoicing he had invaded the land, had been precariously defeated by the unaided army of the grimly warlike semi-independent prince of Siut.

Nevertheless, there had been commotion and panic throughout all Middle and Lower Egypt. Moreover, the disbanded mercenaries had wandered up and down the valley in lawless troops, pillaging and maltreating the peasants. Most disastrous of all, everywhere, when the proclamation had been made, there had been frantically excited gatherings of people unable to comprehend this new thing. No more beatings! No more soldiers of the Pharaoh with spear and shield to protect the splendid villas of the rich, the heaped-up treasures hoarded in the temples! Rich and poor, all alike equal! There had been riots, plundering, bloodshed, the dreadful excesses of mobs shrieking in the frenzied release of lusts repressed for centuries. All authority had suddenly dissolved, as though by an infernal magic.

That catastrophic convulsion was vivid in Ipuwer's memory as, squatting in his cave, he wrote: "So it is. The land is in revolution, turns like the potter's wheel. There are conspirators everywhere. The tribes of the desert possess Egypt. There are no more Egyptians."

Yea, so it was. Chiefly responsible for this vast wickedness were those all-too-numerous nomads who in the past few generations had filtered into Egypt, abandoning the pastoral life for agriculture on the rich fields fertilized by the flooding Nile, settling in the cities where they competed in usury with the temple priests, where they were craftsmen monopolizing every trade. Ever a derided abomination to the cleanly, head-shaven, linen-clad Egyptians were these hirsute intruders garbed in dirty woolen robes. Moreover, they worshiped not the gods of Egypt, denying even the divinity of the Pharaoh, but brought with them from the desert a swine god easily identifiable as Set, the enemy of Horus. Despised and hated of all, they were ever in close confederation together, prompt to assist one another when they were brought before the courts of the Pharaoh, banding themselves in secret associations. Everywhere these "Asiatics"—the word was one of unutterable contempt—had suddenly taken the lead in the riotings, had harangued peasants and townsfolk, telling them that there was no more might in the Pharaoh, had maddened them into attack upon villa and temple. And when the destruction was completed, it was the Asiatics who acquired most of the loot. They acted, it seemed, in strict obedience to some mysterious plan, carried out with a formidable and swift efficiency. The leaders among them hired the disbanded mercenaries as bodyguards, in this city and that usurped the government, terrorizing all who would withstand them. Yet, by comparison with the millions of Egyptians, were they insolently few. He wrote it down with indignation: "A few lawless men have ventured to despoil the land of the kingship."

How he hated those alien usurpers! In the beginning, just before his own fall from the favor of the Pharaoh, he had endeavored to persuade the divine one that, prior to proclaiming this new era of innocent happiness freed from all constraint, he should first drive from the land these heretic foreigners rebel to the gods of Egypt and ever dangerously ready to profit by any enfeeblement of authority.

The young Pharaoh had frowned, then smiled benignly.

"Rebels they have been," he had said, "because they dwell among us in shameful reproach. Now shall their reproach be lifted from them. They shall be honored even as Egyptians, and so assuredly shall they dwell peaceably with all men even as the Egyptians themselves, acknowledging the divinity of the Horus that has redeemed them. Even as the Egyptians are they men, and all are my subjects. Well I know there are worthy ones among them. Have I not taken a daughter of their race to dwell in my House of Women? Do I not delight to talk with the wisdom of Yusuf, her brother? Begone, O Ipuwer, and dread to awaken my wrath with thy evil thoughts!"

It was true. Newest and most favored of the Pharaoh's concubines was that darkly lovely woman whom he had once seen from afar in the royal garden, caressing the young Horus, who fondly gazed at her. And an intimate of the Horus, entering secretly into the palace as he would, had become her brother Yusuf.

Well did Ipuwer remember his first meeting with Yusuf. It was

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She Yearned Up to Him. "Bid Thy Slave Die at Thy Feet, O Divine One!" Her Voice Was Thrillingly Sincere. "Since Thou Dost Doubt Me!"

Malachi Cuffy

SLAVE CATCHER

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

I paraphrase the words of a clergyman when I say that I should feel it my duty to turn from my door a fugitive slave, unfed, unaided in any way, rather than set at naught the law of the land.

IT SEEMS only a year or two ago that Washington Cuffy would be standing beside his hack to meet the evening train at Haven's End. His hair was gray and kinky; his old silk hat had faded to a rusty color, not unlike his face, and he was the end of one of those strange tales which are half alive in our town still.

The 50's and the abolitionist era hovered about him, and the Missouri Compromise, and all the glowing periods of Webster and of Hayne. And there was something else, older by far than that. The Swales were in it, which was not strange, since the Swales have always been the great family of our town. The wharves and the river were in it, and the chill, damp stillness of the New England spring.

When the train came in, all the wrinkles in Washington Cuffy's cheeks and eyes would curl upward, each one in a smile, and up would go his hand to the brim of that preposterous hat in a gesture of the old régime.

"Evenin', Master Dennis," he would say, and his voice would be clear and deep like a bar of music.

And there would be Dennis Swale, his evening paper rolled like a diploma in his hand, stout and middle-aged. His face was growing identically like the face of Matthew Swale when he was old. The resemblance was surprising, if you recalled the portrait in the dining room of the Swale house. The turned-up collar of Dennis' overcoat was like the great white collar of Matthew Swale. The nose of Dennis Swale was the same long nose, sharp and slightly sinister. The mouth was the same—small and close—the eyes the same—deep-set and keen.

"Good evening, Washington," Dennis Swale would say, and sometimes he would add: "So there you are."

And there they were upon the station platform beneath the smoky lamps—the son of Malachi Cuffy and the son of Matthew Swale. They must have recalled the story sometimes—that white man and that black man—for the memory of it was the sort that could not blur.

There would be the Swale library, soft in the dusk before the lamps were lit, and Matthew Swale, half turned from his block-front desk, staring, staring at a black man in a torn checked shirt who held a billet of hickory wood, half raised to strike.

"White man," he was saying in a voice as low and ringing as a thought—"white man ——"

You could find the letter which Matthew Swale once wrote, in the files of the old Gazette, December, 1852. It had an important place upon the page, since the Swales were an important family. The Swale money, like other New England fortunes then, had turned from the sea to the cotton industry. It was natural that Matthew Swale should take a conservative stand when the Fugitive Slave Act was passed a decade before the Civil War. Whenever there was a conservative side in our town, one could always find a Swale.

Sir: I am criticized for holding views contrary to the theories promulgated by certain abolitionists. Do those gentlemen—I use the term with hesitation—forget that the production of cotton is founded upon the institution of slavery? If that institution is the error of our forefathers, it is a necessary evil now.

Though the words were old and the subject strange, anyone living in our town could have told that a Swale had written them. The thoughts all had the Swale stamp, and the austerity and the hardness which were always in the Swales.

"Yes," Dennis Swale would sometimes say, "father was a hard old man."

"Run!" Someone Was Shouting. "God be With You! Run!" It Was Old Mr. Nevins' Voice. His Hat Was Off and His White Hair Was Flying

It never occurred to Dennis that he might be hard himself. There was an impervious stupidity that was almost greatness in the make-up of the Swales.

"Yes," Dennis Swale would say, and he would tell the story as accurately as an antiquarian, "I was too young to understand it, of course, but my brother, Richard, gave me the facts. You see Richard, being older, helped. It seems that a man named Scarlet headed the mob. They came up from those cabins by the railroad tracks, called Little Guinea."

And there was a strange name for you. All the pieces came together once you heard that name—Malachi, and the letter and the face of Matthew Swale. Beside the railroad tracks, hidden from the older streets, you could see the unpainted houses of Little Guinea, slatternly and small. They named it Little Guinea when there was a Guinea Coast—but those are matters which one seldom speaks of now, and only the name is left to hint of a forgotten business, for our town is very old.

"Yes," said Dennis Swale, "they came up from Little Guinea. . . . Now, I wonder why they called it that."

Now, the Swale house must have been a fine place for a boy. It was becoming an old house when Dennis' brother, Richard, was young, and Richard Swale was old enough to die at Fredericksburg. There was a grace about it which was aloof and sad, for already the doorway and the cornices and the cupola seemed to have come from a very long distance. It was as polite and decorous and cool as old Capt. Daniel Swale, who had built it when Haven's End was rich. One could imagine him walking in the hallways, or standing in the cupola, or gazing over the marshes and the dunes.

When Richard told Dennis about it, Dennis was of an age when sights and sounds stay clear Dennis could remember his brother's uniform, with the state shield on its buttons, and the slope of Richard's cap, and the hopeless look in Richard's eyes. Richard must have known he would not see the house again.

"You mustn't mind the old man," Richard said. "Why, damn it, you'll miss his hiding you some day. This is a fine place for a boy."

Richard Swale must have loved it. There was no doubt of that. The shadows of the Swale house and the still peace of the gardens were like sounds to Richard Swale, and he

was a part of it when he was a boy, as much as the elm trees on the lawn and the eagle on the cupola. The Swale house was like a country then, and that country was his own. All the narrow passageways were his, and the attic filled with discarded Chippendale and cowhide trunks, where the dust would dance in the sunbeams, never wholly still.

"Forever poking in the attic, forever nosing in the passages," Richard said to Dennis. "Brother, you ought to know. Don't the hinges always squeak? Don't the halls grow very large at dusk? And in the morning—there's the time—the very early morning. . . . Lord, the old man was angry—and he was heartier then."

"Something terrible is going to happen," his mother said. "Richard, I'm afraid."

Now, how should she have known, unless the senses are keener when one is ill or when one is very young? But Richard was young enough to know that the day was never right, and this was how it was:

It was the morning, Richard said, very early, when he woke with a sense that time was moving fast; and there he was in his trundle bed in his little room that looked from under the cornice toward the river. It was April, and down below—it seemed a long way down—the lawn was sodden and weary from the winter, and the air was damp with mist beneath the early sun.

Dressing was no long matter in those days when he was fourteen. In not much more than three minutes he was in his heavy boots and breeches, and he was thinking—it seemed natural enough to think it.

"You're going to the attic," he was thinking. "You've time to see the attic before the breakfast bell."

There was still a grayness in the hall, as though the night had not escaped as yet, and by the landing he could look over the balustrade down the three flights of flying staircase. He could hear his father's voice, and then the voices of the children from the nursery, but the attic was asleep—always, day and night, asleep.

That was when Richard found those iron things in that faint, fresh light. He could remember the heavy coldness of them and the clinking of the chains, musical and soft, and all the morning went about them like a frame. They were in a pine chest, he remembered; the lid of which was branded, "D. Swale, 1769," and there was a smell suggesting camphor and old leather and unpainted wood.

"You mustn't meddle," his thoughts were saying. "No, you mustn't meddle."

Yet, as he stood beside the box, he had that sense of haste, just as though someone had told him to find something. He always remembered that.

It was the sea chest of Capt. Daniel Swale. Richard had never ventured to open it before. First, there were some volumes of charts, such as were in the library downstairs, giving directions for the African Coast. The compass bearings on the maps were like the lines of a spider's web, and profiles of the land were like a child's book of pictures, showing the Ivory Coast, New Callabar and the Islands of Fernando Poo; in the silence of the morning those names might have been of lands as distant as the moon. Richard read:

When you see the highest of the cliffs, with a crooked Tree appearing like an Umbrella NE. by N. and NNE. from you, then you are not far from the shore in 17 and 15 Fathom of good sandy Ground. You'll see also a great Forest beset round with Palm-Trees. From thence The Blacks will bring fresh water in pots. They come a great Way aboard with little Boats.

Now, in the silence of the attic, he had the strangest feeling. The words were like a voice—exactly like a voice.

Then Richard found those iron things lying beneath some garments which had been riddled by the moths. His hand, as he groped in the box, encountered something hard that rattled. He pulled and pulled again. As he did so, that smell of pine and camphor and decaying leather was all about him, and in his hands were two chains. They were crossed like an X, fastened at the intersection, and at each extremity was an iron ring that locked. They clanked and rattled as he dragged them on the floor. A shaft of sunlight was coming through the window and the dust was swirling in the light in nervous little eddies. There was no sound, but all at once his heart had started to his throat, because he could have sworn there was something in the attic besides himself. His heart was in his throat, and then the breakfast bell was ringing. There could be no ghosts when the breakfast bell was ringing.

"I'm Joe Lacey, Sir, From Calvert's Plantation"

His father was in the dining room, seated before the silver coffee urn, reading from a heap of letters. His high, flaring collar held his head up very straight; his watch and fob were on the table, and he held his cup of coffee half raised to his lips.

"You're late," said Matthew Swale. "Can't you hear? Do they have to ring the bell fit to wake the dead to bring you down?"

"Father ——" began Richard.

"Sit down," said Matthew Swale. "Breakfast's getting cold."

"Father," said Richard, "what are these things?"

"What things?" said Matthew Swale. And then he saw them. Richard was holding them up so that they were dangling against the background of the sideboard and the silver.

There was a minute before his father spoke, or the time seemed as long as that.

His father wiped his fingers with his napkin very carefully, although they were quite clean.

"Where," he said, and stopped to clear his throat—"where did you come on that?"

"Up in the attic, sir," said Richard. "I found them in a box."

Then he stopped, because suddenly he knew that he had done something very wrong. His father wiped his lips with his napkin, also very carefully.

"In a box?" said Matthew Swale. "In a box?" All at once his voice had dropped almost to a whisper: "Get up with you. Put 'em back where you found 'em, boy, before the servants see 'em. No, wait. Here comes your mother. Give those things to me."

He snatched them out of Richard's hand and tossed them clanking beneath the table.

"Don't mind what they were; they were your great-grandfather's," he said. "Did I tell you, or did I not, not to meddle in the attic?"

"Yes," said Richard. "Yes, you told me, sir."

His mother moved to the table in a rustling sound of silk. Her black, plaited hair made her look very pale, and you could imagine that she was floating on that rustling sound, because her footsteps were so light. She was poorly that morning. He could tell from the way she smiled, and he had heard them say that very soon she would not come downstairs at all.

"I'm sorry, dear," she said, "that I'm too late to pour your coffee."

Matthew Swale looked at her without speaking, but she must have read his look.

"Don't worry," she said. "I'm feeling better. And you can't help it if I'm not."

"Can't I?" said Matthew Swale. "Can't I? . . . Richard, mind your manners. Pull back your mother's chair."

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INVESTMENT TRUSTS

Almost Every Day Sees a New One Created

The investment trust enjoys many advantages not usually available to the individual investor. A company formed for the purpose of investment is in a position to investigate the financial condition of undertakings in which funds may profitably be invested. The officers of such a company develop the habit of forming dependable judgments of economic conditions in foreign countries and the conditions of the investment market.
—*From a bulletin of* THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD.

By Louis T. McFadden

Chairman, Committee on Banking and Currency, U. S. House of Representatives

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ONE of the outstanding financial developments since we became the chief creditor nation as a result of the World War has been the amazing growth of the investment trust in this country. Investment trusts are increasing so swiftly that almost every day sees a new one created. Two years ago it was estimated that more than 150 different investment trusts had already sprung up in the United States, with combined resources exceeding $800,000,000. The chairman of the Investment Companies Committee of the Investment Bankers' Association, at its convention in Quebec last October, reported that "it is impossible to say what the total of the funds available to investment companies now amounts to, but it is probably safe to hazard a guess that it is between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000." To this he added: "When one stops to consider that probably 75 per cent of this vast amount of money has been raised within the past two and a half years, it is fairly convincing proof that investment companies are a tremendously important factor in our present financial situation. Such figures as are available show that in the first eight months of 1929, over $1,600,000,000 worth of investment-company securities have been publicly offered, and the fact that this amounts to more than 20 per cent of all new securities offered is ample evidence of the importance of the movement. . . ."

A most interesting phase of this remarkable financial movement is the fact that many of the better-managed investment trusts bobbed up suddenly, with ample cash for bargain-counter sales, in the midst of the disastrous stock-market crash of last autumn. Of course, we knew at the time of this most exciting period in Wall Street history that some of the trusts and, particularly, the speculative-pool variety of investment companies, were not having easy going. But when liquidation was at its peak, officials of two of our leading investment trusts stated that their groups possessed cash in excess of $48,000,000, and were purchasing carefully selected American stocks. Other companies affiliated with these groups had nearly $40,000,000 in cash, and one of them was said to possess more than $61,000,000 invested in bonds.

Writing in a financial journal, a widely known investment-trust analyst of New York City recently expressed this viewpoint, with which many of us must agree:

"The decline may cause a decided change in the investment policies of many trusts. It may also cause an appreciation of the fact that the principles of British trust management are the type that endure, rather than speculative but more temporary investment principles. Through capital structure, diversification, investment management, the investment trust has a real place in the community and offers a real service to the investor. But the degree of service can only be ascertained by individual analysis of trusts, and the lack of service of some trusts does not detract from the service offered by some others.

"The decline has been a severe test of the investment trust, but certain principles have emerged from this test. Many investment trusts should, can and have done better than the investor. It is the province of investment-trust management to seek to attain this goal. It is the task of the investor to choose trusts which have achieved or are achieving this goal. Individual analysis of investment-trust management is the only pathway open. Actual results are abiding indices of measuring the value of the investment trust."

While the American people need no one to inform them of the historic fact that

It is High Time That the American People Should

since the World War we have been transformed from a debtor nation into a creditor nation, comparatively few of them apparently realize that our increasing prosperity and wealth are developing rapidly numerous important changes in our banking and other financial practices. Those who are responsible for the operation of our Federal Reserve banks, our large commercial banks and our finance companies are becoming more and more invested with a stewardship whose enormous scope I believe most of our people have not yet begun to realize or appreciate. It is therefore high time that the American people should receive a liberal education in who's who and what's what in the realm of finance, especially when we are obviously being plunged deeper and deeper into all the serious complications involved in international as well as domestic banking.

For example, the banks of our country have now been confronted for several years with new and increasingly important problems presented by the investment trust. Their depositors are constantly making inquiries, or asking for advice and information regarding this and that kind of investment trust, and their securities. In this connection it may be interesting to observe the position of the banks themselves.. Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York City, the largest financial institution of its kind in this country, has pointed out the increasing cost of bank operations and the competition for business whereby banks are finding themselves between the upper and nether millstones of high interest rates paid on deposits and diminishing yields on investments. Obviously there is a single alternative before the banks, Mr. Mitchell added. Either they must reduce operating expenses, including salaries, or cut interest on deposits. Competition for business, and the numerous services which banks now feel called upon to extend to customers, have brought them to their present predicament. Curtailing these services now, or cutting salaries, are extreme measures not justified in the circumstances. There are sound economic reasons why interest rates on deposits should be lowered.

A Field for Idle Money

"HOW can banks afford to pay as high as 4 per cent on deposits, as some country institutions—not savings banks—have been doing?" Mr. Mitchell inquired. "It means that such banks must venture into investments offering higher returns, but which are not consistent with safety. Savings banks, building-and-loan associations, and banks of discount have separate and distinct functions to perform and are governed by separate laws. They should not encroach upon each other's field."

To my mind, Mr. Mitchell touched upon one of the most vital things in our present banking situation. The accumulation of idle savings in the banks of this country in the form of demand deposits at interest, upon which many banks are now paying 1½ per cent interest, and which deposits are in turn invested by the banks in long-time loans, is one of the most important problems confronting us. For instance, in New York State alone, attempts are being made to allow savings banks wider range in their investments so as to enable them to meet the increasing cost of their operations and the competition for business.

The moot subject of brokers' loans, about which we heard so much during our speculative debauch last year, is but one of the serious aspects presented by the vast amount of idle money which has poured into New York City from the re[illegible] the country. Coupled with this increasing influx of money comes the question of how new and better methods may be found for investing it safely and profitably. Hence the growing importance of the investment trust and the grave problems it presents.

No more important financial development has taken place since our emergence from the World War as a creditor nation than the investment trust. I believe the investment trust, if properly and efficiently conducted, can be made to help our investing public very materially to solve the question of how idle funds may best be invested. When I was in London, two years ago, leading English bankers, economists and investment-trust managers with whom I conferred all agreed that within the next ten years the United States would possess at least 500 different investment trusts with combined resources of more than $10,000,000,000. And that was no longer ago than 1927.

How well the prophecy of my London friends has withstood the test of time! On one day alone—September eleventh last—organization of a $100,000,000 trust firm in New York City, and of a $65,000,000 trust firm in Chicago was announced. We were told that the New York trust would operate internationally, that the stock of the Chicago trust was to be sold in units consisting of one share of common and one share of preferred, at $68.50 per unit, the initial issues to consist of 1,750,000 shares of common stock of no par value and 750,000 shares of preferred stock with a dividend rate of three dollars, and finally that application had already been made to list the stock on the Chicago Stock Exchange. Just one day's development of the investment trust in this country!

Now there can be no question but that a soundly managed investment trust can be of great benefit to the investor of moderate means who desires to sheer away from the dangerous shoals of ill-advised speculation such as we witnessed last fall. Nor should there exist any doubt that the investment trust, if provided with adequate safeguards against mismanagement, can be made of still greater benefit to the capital market in stabilizing security prices. But, above all, I believe the right kind of investment trust can provide a much-needed solution of a series of financial problems involving the personal welfare of millions of our people.

We have only to consider the enormous amount of trust funds we have accumulated in this country in one form or another to grasp the enormous possibilities of the investment-trust movement if it be properly developed and directed. Complete adaptation of the investment trust, under effective and intelligent management, to certain kinds of trusteeships and investments will come nearer, in my judgment, than anything else to solving the highly important problems that have arisen in recent years from the different classes of securities which have been made available to investors. But there must be effective and intelligent management, and supervision similar to that already being exercised by the New York Stock Exchange over investment-trust securities.

Under the Stock Exchange's Watchful Eye

IN THIS connection we were informed early this year that executives of investment trusts, whose securities have been listed by the New York Stock Exchange since its adoption last June of special requirements for the admission of these securities, had sounded out the Exchange concerning its attitude toward investment trusts speculating in their own

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Receive a Liberal Education in Who's Who and What's What in the Realm of Finance

WE ALL KNOW IT

"It's the Right One, Swollen Already. Must Have Hurt Frightfully. What Luck Your Being Near My Pivot!" "Yes," Said Susan Leland, "What Luck!"

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

MRS. LEROY LELAND said, "Two lumps, please." The saturnine hotel waiter passed on and Mrs. Leland drew a long rumbling sigh from the depths of her enormous and cheerful person. "Gustav knows I get fatter with every breath I breathe," she said. "He's quite right, of course. But a tyrant. Necessary to assert oneself. . . . Gustav, two lumps, please."

But Gustav had gone. Stirring her coffee with a futile indignant spoon, Mrs. Leland resumed her original complaint. It was about Susan. Mrs. Garnett, who was stout, too, murmured sympathy. There was, in fact, a strong bond between the ladies. They both loved life. They both loved hot chocolate and whipped cream. And they had both forsworn it. But at the little *confiserie* in the village they had met. At first by accident. Then by conspiratorial appointment. No one but the incorruptible weighing machine in the Turkish-bath establishment would ever know.

"Susan," said her aunt in her breathless, syncopated manner, "will be back under my wing in five minutes. You'll see. No use for the modern young man. No use for anything modern. Ideals. Beauty. A St. George, perhaps! There isn't such a thing. Probably never was. I tell her so. We travel from the Riviera to Cairo, from Cairo to St. Moritz. They're always the same. The young men, I mean. Propose in twenty-four hours. 'Look here, Susan, what about getting married? My dad's got wads.' Good-looking and all that. But no sense ——"

"It's not their fault," Mrs. Garnett said. "Susan's eighteenth century. People who won't belong to their century make things very uncomfortable. It's my impression Susan will never marry."

Mrs. Leland looked appalled.

"But she ought to. So beautiful. So good. So wise. I love that child. And she loves me. Can't think why. Must be very trying. Old and fat. She says I eat too much. How true, of course. But if I want to die in my own way ——"

"And there she is!" Mrs. Garnett murmured.

Both ladies smiled.

It would have been difficult not to smile at Susan Leland standing there in the doorway of the lighted ballroom—Susan in white and gold with her fair, smooth hair and her perplexed loveliness, and the tall, very cross young man leaning over her and scolding bitterly.

"Susan, you promised you'd come back. And if I hadn't caught you ——"

"I'm sorry. I was tired, I wanted to rest. Aunt darling, can't I sit with you a little?"

"Of course. Though why you should want to ——"

The saturnine waiter brought more coffee. The cross young man sat himself firmly down in the fourth vacant chair.

He had the sullen, dogged air of someone driven by desperation to a total disregard of whatever conventions remained to be disregarded. He appealed dramatically to the two elderly ladies.

"Susan dances better than anyone, and I don't shake a leg badly myself. And she won't. She treats me as though I had the measles ——"

Susan switched out the little red-shaded lamp so that she became a palely shining ghost under the moonlight that flooded through the glass walls of the winter garden. She and her little group seemed to hang suspended between two strange worlds—outside, the frozen lake, still and empty like a veiled mirror, with the great white mountains peering spectrally over each other's shoulders; and, inside, beyond the glass bowl of darkness in which they sat, the golden ballroom like a back cloth to a pageant of rhythmically moving figures.

"Quite theatrical," Mrs. Leland wheezed contentedly. "Two theaters, in fact. And one actor has the stage all to himself."

For as she spoke a shadow broke away from the black shore line. Swiftly, with the smoothness of a bird's flight it sped into the center of the lake and began a swaying, circling dance. A shadow in pursuit of a shadow. Jim Dalton got up to lean disconsolately against the glass partition.

"There he goes! Every night. Just as soon as everybody is off doing something else. And at a temperature that would freeze a polar bear. My word, though, if I could skate like that ——"

"Well, you can't," Susan said. "And if you could, you wouldn't. You're too lazy."

"But, my dear girl, I do dance, you know. And you really might ——"

"If I did," Susan explained sadly, "he'd only propose again."

"And why shouldn't I? After all, I'm completely nutty about her, Mrs. Leland. I am, really. And I'm not so bad. And dad's got simply wads ——"

Mrs. Leland chuckled—a chuckle of despair. And Susan got up.

"I'm tired," she said. "I'm going to bed."

But she stood a moment looking down wistfully at the lake and the solitary skater. "It must be wonderful," she said.

The young man beside her almost snorted.

"You wouldn't think so if you were out there."

"He must find it wonderful or he wouldn't do it."

"He may have other reasons. Gentlemen who only skate by the light of the moon and who avoid other decent people like the plague usually have."

"If you mean that he squints or has pockmarks you're wrong," Mrs. Leland remarked comfortably. "I've seen him by daylight and he's quite beautiful. And he has the Villa Espagnol, an expensive car and the loveliest sleigh, if that's what he's trying to conceal ——"

"I don't know what he's trying to conceal," Susan's young man retorted crossly. "But I do know that I've run into him twice—once in London and once in Cairo—and he's always had a different name and he's always bolted just as soon as anyone tried to get a line on him ——"

Mrs. Leland clapped her fat hands.

"A criminal. In disguise. Hunted. Scotland Yard. Or remorse. Susan, how fascinating!"

"Such a handsome fellow!" Mrs. Garnett sighed.

"And so unhappy ——" Susan murmured.

They all looked at her. And she blushed. But it was dark and no one saw. "One must be unhappy to be so alone," she explained.

"Lots of people are unhappy," Jim Dalton commented with bitterness, "and you don't even notice. Mrs. Leland, can't you make her see ——"

"I'm going to bed," Susan declared for the second and last time. "If I don't, he'll propose again."

II

SHE really went. At least, as far as her bedroom. And she was really tired. Being Susan Leland, young, rich and lovely, wasn't, in fact, as easy as it looked. You had everything you could possibly want. So, naturally, you didn't want it very much. And what you impossibly wanted didn't exist. Aunt Rosa said so. But when you are just twenty-one you didn't believe much in aunts. You had a

deep inner conviction that just round the corner the impossible waited for you. Which made you restless. Not actually unhappy. Nobody in Susan Leland's world seemed to be unhappy. Sometimes they caught cold, and fell in love and out again—like Jim Dalton—or lost money in the stock market. All of which seemed terribly serious to them at the time. But they got over it. Not like the solitary skater out there in the frozen moonlight. He was young. He had everything. But he knew about unhappiness. Susan knew he knew. Ever since his sleigh, drawn by two fast English thoroughbreds, had pulled up in the narrow road to let her pass. Just for one moment they had looked at each other—with the eager intentness of fellow-citizens meeting in an alien country. He hadn't expected to meet her. And he had been off his guard. She could see him now, flushed crimson to the edge of his cap. Then he had driven on as though the Furies had been after him.

Susan Leland leaned against the side of her window and looked out. She could still hear the music from the ballroom, soft and elusive as an old memory. Perhaps to please the elderly people they were playing The Blue Danube, and Susan smiled faintly to herself. You could really dance to that if you had the chance. It lifted you almost off your feet, swept you with a sort of wistful joyousness into another world. Evidently the unknown skater heard it too. At the opening bars she had seen him pause—on the point of his skates—eager with suspense as though he couldn't believe something so lovely was about to happen—and then, seizing the rhythm, swing off grandly into space. Susan caught her breath. And suddenly she wasn't tired any more. Suddenly she knew that she wanted to dance too—with the moonlight, the white mountains and the strange, unhappy young man.

Mrs. Leland, looking out of the corner of her eye, saw, sighed softly, and said nothing. She hoped that if Mrs. Garnett saw, too, she, too, would have the tact to be silent. For, after all, Jim Dalton, with his morose back to the lake, was very eligible, and if he saw what Mrs. Leland saw he might go up in blue smoke.

Not that it wasn't a pretty sight. They skated wonderfully together. But then the temperature —— Besides, the young man might be a jailbird. An adventurer. They weren't even introduced. Surely even in these peculiar days a nice girl didn't sail down on a complete stranger, join hands and go off with him without so much as explaining ——

Mrs. Leland didn't realize that in the great moments of life you don't explain. You don't talk. You just live. The unknown skater understood. At first sight of Susan skimming out of the shadow he had half-paused like a bird at sight of a companion bird. Then he had cut an exultant intricate figure which landed them side by side just as the band, encouraged by much elderly handclapping, murmured an introduction to the Waltz Dream.

Neither do you tire when you are happy. And if you are happy enough you can perform wonders. Susan had never skated like that before. The young man, whose beautiful, absorbed face came and went in the moonlight, told her how. Not that he spoke. But a faint, measuring pressure of his hand and she knew that it was for her to sail off alone on a grand outer circle and that at the end he'd be there waiting for her. When they met it was somehow comforting to skate together for a while, to feel the support of his warm, confident strength. It had been lonely and cold by yourself. You began to wonder what you were up to. But then there he was again and you were off on a smooth, delirious flight. And nothing mattered. . . .

The band played half a dozen national anthems in succession. You can't skate to national anthems—not even to the Marseillaise—so they stood side by side, very carefully at attention. The band made a last fanfare. Some lights went out. It was as though the ungainly monster of a hotel winked at them. Susan Leland sighed. And the young man turned and said very earnestly:

"I was afraid to look at you before. I thought you might not be real. You are, aren't you?"

"I think so," said Susan Leland.

"You see, I had been wishing for someone to come out of nowhere to dance with me, just as you did. I had to imagine the someone. So I imagined you. And there you were." He drew her hand into his. "But if you're real you mustn't stand there. You'll catch cold ——"

"I shan't. I'm warm as toast. When I get back I'll be scolded ——" She was going to add, "and proposed to." For she was certain that if Jim Dalton caught her he would be so angry he would insist on marrying her at once. "It's like waking from a dream," she said. "One wants time—one doesn't want to go back at once ——"

"I know. It was splendid, wasn't it?"

"I saw you first from the winter garden. I thought how glorious it must be to have the whole world to yourself."

"Only the lake," he corrected, "and that was lonely."

"Was it? I was too."

"Lonely? In all that crowd?"

"A crowd isn't anything—if it isn't the right crowd."

"How awfully wise that sounds!" He smiled down at her. "You must be very, very old."

"I'm twenty-one." She hated to have to tell him. He would never believe that she understood all about unhappiness. So she added earnestly: "But I know a lot about life—I mean I've read a lot. About people. And places. And—poetry. Aunt Leroy says I'm romantical and get wrong ideas. Things aren't like that ——"

"I think," he said, "that they will be—for you, always."

She blushed to herself. And they skated on peaceably, hand in hand. He was baffling, but very comforting. She felt she could have told him everything, even about Susan Leland. And she knew that he trusted her. For after a moment he added shyly, "You see, I'm sort of romantical myself. In fact, I'm worse than you are. I've even written books ——"

"What sort of books?"

"Oh—travel—stuff like that ——"

"Poetry?"

"Once. But I've killed tigers, too. And I climbed a new peak in the Himalayas. That was afterward—after the poetry, I mean."

She drew a breath of relief. He wasn't so very old himself. And the poetry explained everything. Poets were often good-looking. Keats and Shelley, for instance. And always frightfully unhappy. No matter what happened to them. And if they were great poets it was that much worse.

"I expect that's why—why you like to be alone, isn't it?"

He laughed to himself, an odd, ironic laugh.

"Do I?"

"I—I thought you did." The conversation halted. She blundered on anxiously, "Did they call it after you—the peak, I mean?"

"Yes, they did. They thought they did. They called it Peak Jones." He swung out in front of her and made her a fugitive little bow. "My name, by the way," he said, "is Harry Richmond."

"But that's not Jones—I mean it's not real—I mean it's someone out of a novel ——"

"That's why I like it," he explained.

Only it didn't explain. After all, Jim Dalton had been right. There was something mysterious, tragic ——

"My name's Susan Leland," she said gravely, "and it's a real name."

"I'm glad. It's a lovely one."

Which was nice. But not helpful. They had reached the edge of the lake and the seat under which Susan had pushed her very fancy boudoir slippers. They looked foolish lying there in the snow and moonlight and Susan apologized.

"I was in such a hurry," she said. "I was afraid the music would stop." She nearly added "and that you would be gone." Which would have been true but, like most truths, misleading.

He knelt down, unlacing her high boots.

"I'll be very clumsy," he said. "I don't go with people much. I'm not used to this sort of thing."

"But you skated with me—perfectly."

"That," he said in a low voice, "was inspiration."

But when he stood up he didn't offer to go up to the hotel with her. He didn't say "What about tomorrow?" as Jim Dalton would have done. He held his fur cap in one hand whilst the other held hers firmly, almost desperately. And she saw that his hair was thick and so fair that it looked almost white in the moonlight.

(Continued on Page 169)

It Would Have Been Difficult Not to Smile at Susan Leland Standing There in the Doorway of the Lighted Ballroom

THE BURGLAR'S BRIDE

"I Say," Said the Gentleman, Clearing His Throat, "Hands Up!"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

A LOT of wise guys, these New York reporters. A lot of very smart young men indeed. They wrote the book. They wrote it and they know it by heart. Everybody else is a chump. Just a chump.

This assignment, the first assignment I got in New York, was to cover this annual dinner that the Andrew Hefferman Foundation gives at the Holland-Plaza. It looked like cream in the can. The Andrew Hefferman Foundation is an outfit that aims to reclaim criminals to what is known in all good humor as polite society. A mug out of Sing Sing or Dannemora goes to its headquarters and swears that he is no longer on the make; he has seen that there is no visible future in wrapping lead pipes around chagrined pedestrians' heads, and just as soon as he can get hold of a modest stake, to tide him over a few days, he intends to settle down, straighten out, and make a man out of himself. The Foundation gives him the stake and he departs, usually stealing the Foundation's hatrack on the way out.

The way I got it from the city editor, the annual dinner was a good show. Some of the boys, those too lazy to pull a trigger or too weak to lift lead pipes, remained with the Foundation as steady moochers, and at the annual dinner were brought forward as exhibits. They sat down cheek by jowl, as it were, with ladies of the tall millinery class, who were friends of the founder and patrons of the Foundation, and the spectacle was submitted to the newspapers and the public as proof of the innate decency of the boys, especially when the patrons still had their jewelry when they got home.

After dinner, according to custom, these spavined old gorillas, these string-halted old stumblebums, goaled the more highly emotional guests with accounts of their pasts, before they turned straight. They lied by the yard. The more they talked the fiercer they got, until at the end they were half-paralyzed with fright at their own ferocity. They were afraid of themselves.

It looked like a nice story, but when I got there they didn't have any press table, like in Chicago, where I'd been working. They had an enormous horseshoe table and everybody sat at it—officials, patrons, mugs, and newspaper boys. You wouldn't know which you were sitting by, because it was haphazard.

In Chicago that would have been all right, because I just as soon sit by an alderman as not; but I'd rather have had a press table here because this was my first assignment in New York, and I'd like to have talked to the other fellows before doing my story.

I sat down, though, and when I saw who was sitting by me it was oke, because on my right was a swell-looking woman and on my left the granddaddy of all the gorillas in the world. He had shoulders like a stevedore and his hair was red. He may not have been, and he probably wasn't, the toughest egg at the feast, but he was the works, for all that, and if I hadn't known the kind of bad men that stuck to the Andrew Hefferman Foundation I would have moved at once. As it was, he was certainly the boy for exhibition purposes.

He was the story, of course, but I got to talking to this dame at my right and it was a long time, with the dinner half over, that I got around to thinking of him or the story either.

"Well," I said then, getting into the tone that you got to use, I saw, at an Andrew Hefferman Foundation dinner, "how does all this strike you?"

He looked around at me as though he was annoyed at my interrupting the line of horse-radish he was feeding the girl on his left.

"All what?" he said.

"All this." I waved at the table. "I mean, you get any fun out of it, after the excitement you've had in your time?"

"Who are you?" he asked. "One of these newspaper fellows?"

"Yeah," I said. "I'm from the Globe."

"Looking for a story, eh?" His pan wrinkled into a grin that would have frightened Sharkey. "You fellows are always looking for a story, ain't you?"

"We got to."

"I didn't see you here last year," he said.

"I was working in Chicago. I just come on to New York," I explained. "Ever operate in Chi?"

"Listen, kid," he said, "you got the wrong fellow for a story. I ain't doing any talking. I ain't denying that I been on the bend, because you would get that from Mr. Hefferman anyways, so I ain't denying it. But I ain't doing any talking, especially to a newspaperman."

"Why not to a newspaperman?"

"They don't quote me right," he said, hitting the table with a mitt about the size of a suitcase. "Three times I give statements to you newspaper boys, when I was in a jam once, and every time when they printed it they left out the most important part, the part about where I told the truth about the district attorney."

"Don't blame the reporters," I objected. "They probably cut the stuff on the desk. The reporters didn't have anything to do with that."

"Maybe not," he admitted doubtfully.

He took half of a roll and buttered it on his plate, and then he laid a slice of chicken on it, and then a chunk of baked potato on the chicken, and on top of the potato a slice of tomato, and on top of it all he poured about a pint of mayonnaise dressing. He got this wad of food, which wasn't any bigger than a cantaloupe, on his knife, and as neatly as you please he hoisted it to his mouth and took it down at a gulp. You could have heard the gulp in the next room.

"Don't get me wrong," he said then. "I ain't sore. Only I don't do any more loose talking. But I tell you what I will do, because I know you boys got to get stories. I'll give you a story about another fellow here, one of the real big shots. You see that little fellow down there next to the lady in black?"

I looked and saw a little dried-up fellow with thin hair that was shrinking down in his chair between a couple of blimps.

"Recognize him?" my baboon asked.

"No," I said. "Who is he?"

"That fellow," he said, "is Midge Mike Maloney, that used to be one of the sweetest flat workers this town ever had."

"Yeah?"

"There's a fellow you could get a story out of, if he'd talk, but he was misquoted once, too," he said. "What I'll do, though, I'll tell you about him, if you won't say where you got it from. I don't know if you can make a story out of it or not, but I'll tell you about why he went off the make if you'll keep my name out of it."

"Let's have it," I said. "I'll keep you out."

He turned around and waved at a waiter.

"Here, Jack," he said, "fill this glass full of some more ice water." He turned back to me. "They ain't got the service in this hotel that they got over to the Palace Hotel," he said. "We used to throw this party at the Palace. They got ten times better service over there. I think we ought to go back over there. They got better sherbets over there too. Better service and better sherbets."

"Let's hear about Mike," I said.

As long as Mike Maloney was a single man—he said—he was one of the sweetest performers you ever heard of. It wasn't until he got married that things began to go a little haywire with him, and at that if he hadn't married a professional herself it might have been jake. But the way it works out most of the time, two performers in the same line ought not to get married together. It just ain't in the cards for them to be happy.

Then She'd Curl Up at His Knee and Make Him Tell Her All About the Jobs He'd Turned

You got to understand, though, Mike wasn't any ordinary crook. You see the way he is now, not talking, not drawing attention to hisself—well, that is the way he always was. Quiet, minding his own business, thinking things out, as you might say. More of a home man, maybe,

and that was why he was a flat worker, because he liked to be in a home, and he liked to be in one so much he didn't hardly care whose home it was, just so he was in it.

A lot of the boys that was operating as good as Mike, they would go ah-ah, and talk about theirselves and the jobs they turned. But not him. He never hung around with the boys, and the only time I ever heard of when he kind of spoke up for hisself was that story about when he joined up in the Army when the war was on.

The way I heard it, Mike was in one of these new companies they was putting together, and they hadn't got organized or something, and one day they called the company together and the top sergeant spoke to them and said was there a bugler among the men, and Mike stepped out in front and said he was.

"Good," said the sergeant. "Report to me on the drill field at two o'clock."

Mike went out there and there was the sergeant and he gave Mike a bugle and says to him to blow on it. Mike taken the bugle and tried to blow on it but he couldn't get any sound out it. So he just give it back to the sergeant.

"I can't blow this thing," he said. "I ain't any musician."

"What did you say you was for?" the sergeant said.

"I never said any such thing," Mike said.

"Listen," the sergeant said, "I asked was anybody a bugler and you stepped out and said you was."

"Bugler!" said Mike.

"You heard me!"

"I reckon I didn't hear you right," Mike said. "I thought you said burglar."

That was the only time I ever heard of that Mike sort of spoke up for hisself, because the way we boys thought about it, he was kind of poetic. Even when he turned a job he didn't always take whatever he seen laying around. He picked around. He kind of picked and chose, finicky-like. If a thing suited him he taken it; if it didn't he left it lay, no matter how much you could get over the fence with it.

One thing he was always doing, he was always snaking little doodads for his roost. He had a little place over on the West Side that he never let anybody come to. If ever them dicks had gone through that place Mike would certainly been caught with the biscuit, because it was full of these little doodads—dinky little ash trays, little statures about two inches high, little leather books, little book ends, things like that, that he taken just to make his place pretty.

This doll he married, her name was Mabel—Mabel Something-or-Other. She was a booster, and that was the way he met her. She was doing a little lifting in one of them department stores on Herald Square when Mike met her. That was three-four years ago.

Naturally Mike wasn't there to buy anything. All he was doing, he was trying to find out what some kind of little dohinkus was that he had come by two nights before in a flat in East Sixtieth Street. It just caught his eye, poetic the way he is, and he taken it, along with some practical things, but he didn't know what it was, except that it was pretty, and he was looking in this store to see if they had anything like it and what you might call it.

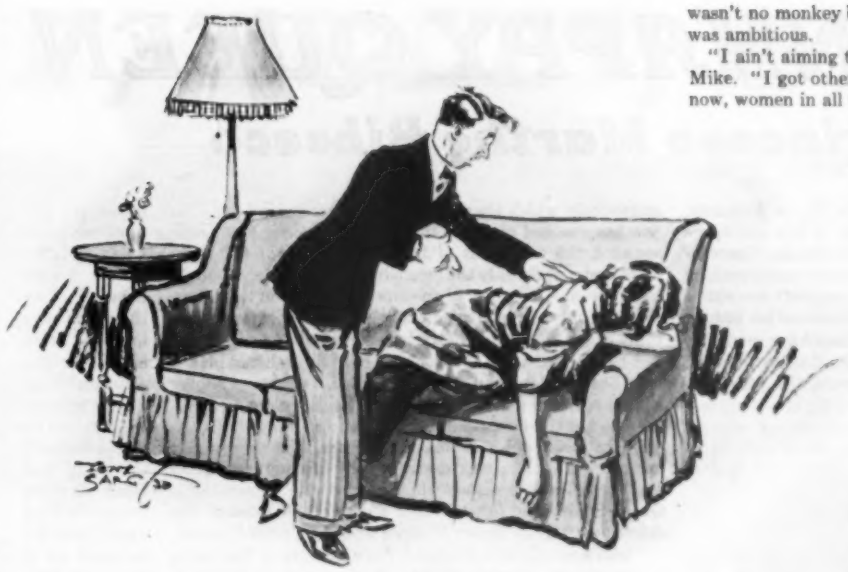
He found some on a counter on the first floor. One of them was just like his, and he called a clerk to ask her, but she was busy and it was a minute before she come up.

"What would you call this ——" Mike begun, and stopped, because when he looked down the little doodad was gone.

"Call what?" the clerk said, kind of dropping wise and looking at this girl that was moving away from the counter like she was just looking around. "Wasn't there a silver-plated one here?"

Mike looked at the clerk and the counter and then the girl, and he got it in a flash. She was a booster and she'd just had the hard lines to pick a bad minute.

"My wife's got it," he said loud enough for the girl to hear, and turned to her. "What do you think of it, honey?" he said. "Want it?"



"You're Unhappy," Mike Said

This girl was just as quick as he was.

"I don't know," she said, sauntering back and looking at the gadget thoughtfully. "Ain't it sterling?"

"No, madam," the clerk said, shadow-boxing for a minute. "Silver-plated."

The girl looked at it again.

"You want it?" Mike asked, astonishing his ownself.

"Would you buy it for me?" She give him a kidding look, not fazed a bit by that squeeze she come through. "Would you?"

"Wrap it up," Mike said to the clerk. "How much?" The clerk told him.

"Wrap up two," he said. "I want one myself."

They just stood there together then while the clerk made up the package, and didn't say anything. Just stood there like a married couple. They walked out together the same way, and around the corner, until they was nearly to Fifth Avenue.

"Thanks," the girl said then.

"That's all right," Mike said. "But what is that thing?"

"This?" She lifted the package. "They're tea balls."

"Tea balls!" Mike said. "To make tea with?"

"Sure," she said. "What did you think they was?"

"I didn't know," he said. "I already got three I picked up. I got 'em hung on a string on the wall. I thought they was decorations, like for Christmas, only they cost more."

Now that was kind of romantic, you know? I mean, they meeting like that, and her in a jam, and Mike fronting for her so she's able to duck. It was kind of romantic, like in a book, or something, and that's how Mike come to fall for her. And her for him too.

It come to turn out then that they got to going around together outside business hours, as you might say. This Mabel, she wasn't anything but just started, but there wasn't no monkey business about her. What I mean, she was ambitious.

"I ain't aiming to be any booster all my life," she told Mike. "I got other plans. I got big plans. The way it is now, women in all walks of life," she said, "is getting out and doing big things for theirselves. Women are human beings these days and not just a housekeeper for their husbands."

"Yeah?" Mike said.

"Listen," she said. "I bet you I could go out and turn off a flat right now, maybe not as good as you can, but I could do it, and before long I'm going to, because this is the age of freedom for women."

"I know it's the age of freedom for women, and you do," Mike would say, "but does the judges know it?"

That's the way it went for a long time, with her yammering away about her career, what she called it, and him not saying anything, but just laying low. Mike was a wise old buzzard. The way he figured it, she was just a kid with her head in the clouds from too much promiscuous reading. She had a lot of what you might call socialist ideas, about freedom of women, and all that; but Mike he just waited.

Then one day he caught her low. She'd lifted a couple of things and they'd turned out to be phony; and they'd nearly put the finger on her. A floor dick had made a pass at her and it wasn't anything but a miracle she wasn't being pushed around down at headquarters. It had give her the jumps and she was low.

The next day they got married.

I'll never forget the first day I went to their place, the same place on the West Side that Mike had been furnishing hisself, mostly with them little doodads. I never seen a happier couple. They couldn't been happier if they was drunk. I was the first one visited them after they was hitched.

"Yes," Mike said, "Mabel she's give up those crazy ideas." He was sitting back in his chair, very comfortable. "What I always say, a woman's place is in the home. A man likes to come home after a hard night standing around on fire escapes and all that, and he likes to find a nice little wife waiting for him, not any woman that wants to tell him how much business she done since she seen him last."

"You ought to have a dog, too," I said.

"I'm going to get me one," he said. "I got some slippers and a pipe and I'm going to get me a dog too. What we're going to have here, we're going to have a home, a regular home, and some home life. I'm naturally a home man, and a home man don't like to have his wife out working. It looks bad. It makes people talk."

"How you like it?" I asked Mrs. Maloney.

"I'm so happy," she said, "I could bust. Mike's right. I never had no idea how tired I was of being chased bow-legged around them stores by them floor dicks."

"We're going to be very happy," Mike said.

"You working much now?" I said.

(Continued on Page 144)

Mabel Went Into a Tail Spin Off the Sofa

THE UNHAPPY QUEEN

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

SOPHIE, Queen Mother of Greece, is, in Rumania, Queen Grandmother of the King; a title which she shares with her first cousin, Queen Marie. Concerning the one, paternal grandmother of King Michael, nothing new can be written. She is known throughout the entire world; innumerable photographs have rendered her beauty familiar everywhere, and her own writings have made her even better known. Surrounding Queen Sophie there is, on the contrary, mystery, a great silence, the veils of a melancholy which always seems to linger around her. No one has reached closer to the summits, no one has better sounded the emptiness of human grandeur or felt more often and more keenly the inconstancy of fortune. Daughter of an emperor, sister of an emperor, mother of two kings, crowned queen, queen rejected, queen restored, queen three times exiled, Sophie of Greece has seen crumble beneath her feet the highest steps of thrones where her birth had placed her. She is today, in uncrowned Europe, a species of Niobe, a sibyl remaining in this world to recite the ruin of her children to her children's children. A happy family life is the only sunlit side of her dramatic existence. But there again her sole happiness was destroyed by premature deaths and the political disasters which carried cruel separations. Queen Sophie had for a mother a remarkable woman, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who was called in England, from the day of her birth, the Princess Royal, and later, in Germany, the Empress Frederick. To the misfortune of the house of Prussia, of all Germany, and of the world, her husband and she reigned, in all, but ninety-nine days, and during this short reign she lived with a heart torn by the sufferings of a husband she adored and the actions of a son who is called William II.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Queen Sophie of Greece

In my talks with Queen Sophie I often tried to induce her to speak of her mother, and I succeeded, because the memory of the Empress Frederick seemed always present in the thoughts of her daughter.

"We have lived to learn that she was right," she told me recently, her eyes lost in the past where the glory of the Hohenzollern foundered. "To this day, I feel her tender influence. She was so far superior to other people and in advance of her time that people could not follow her thoughts."

I often wonder how Germany would have developed if the reign of the Emperor and Empress Frederick had lasted the ten or fifteen years that might have been hoped for them. I have inherited from my father the opinion that great misery would have been avoided if this reign had taken its place in history. This opinion he formed as a result of conversations with King Carol of Rumania. Emperor Frederick was related to King Carol, and, in addition, they were intimate friends and had been brought up fraternally in the same school.

The Empress Frederick

double mourning—as mother and wife—and the shadow of exile. When I saw her for the first time, by the shores of the Baltic Sea, years ago, she was still young; yet the shadow was already there.

During recent years she has lived for some months every year in Rumania. I had the occasion to see her frequently during her visits to her eldest daughter, the lovely Princess Helen, who was to become Queen of Rumania, and is, since her husband Prince Carol's resignation, the Princess Mother of the King. The years have little changed Queen Sophie. What strikes me about her today, as when I first saw her, is her style. Erect, thin, tall, a small head carried upon a very long neck, the Queen Mother of Greece has the coiffure, the manners, the particular distinction of princesses brought up in the tradition of the court of England, according to the code of elegance created by the one who was so long the Princess of Wales, and who became Queen Alexandra.

The Only Sunlit Side

BUT that which impressed me about her, from our first meeting, more than her Alexandran air, was the expression of her eyes. Blue eyes—so blue—enlarged pupils, gazing upon horizons of infinite sadness. And there was something in her voice a bit far away, a little singing that matched this look in her eyes that seemed without hope. Now that I know Queen Sophie as circumstances have given me the opportunity to know her, I can only too well explain to myself this mist of

A Promise to Two Thrones

EACH time I have discussed this subject with Queen Sophie I have sensed her affirmation of this conviction within me. The liberal reign of her parents, both imbued with the ideas of constitutional England, would most assuredly have led Germany into the better paths of representative government instead of throwing the nation into the fatal errors of a personal government, impulsive and contrary to the sane rules of self-governing nations.

Queen Sophie walks sometimes with me the grassy paths of my garden at Posada, and her slender silhouette, draped in black, seems like a crape-nimbed funeral urn among the flowers of the passing autumn—the somber violet petunias, the mauve tints of half-mourning asters, and the purple dahlias, the color of kings. One day we sat on a rustic bench which dominates the distances of the deep valley, already touched by the night, looking toward the last rays of a failing sun. She seemed to see reflected in the horizon her own life and the tragedy of her family. Once again she spoke about her mother: "It is true that she wanted the happiness of humanity, the tranquillity of Europe, the progress of the people, respectful of the laws." Thus spoke the daughter of the woman who was born a promise to the throne of England and became a promise to the throne of Germany.

COPYRIGHT LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

The Daughters of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra

First-born at Windsor, she was to pass to second rank only when her brother Albert—the future Edward VII—saw the light of day; but she kept the first place in the hearts of her parents. She was to remain for them and for the English people the first blessing from heaven sent to the young couple, their Princess Royal. In a court where a woman was queen in her own right, the eldest daughter received not only special honors but an education which would enable her to rule in case of necessity. The little Princess Victoria showed from her earliest years intellectual inclinations which enchanted her father, the scholarly Prince Consort. He showed great interest in the education of his daughter, keeping her very often by his side in his study. The precocious aptitude the Princess Royal showed for the arts, sciences, history, literature and geography soon made a young prodigy of her.

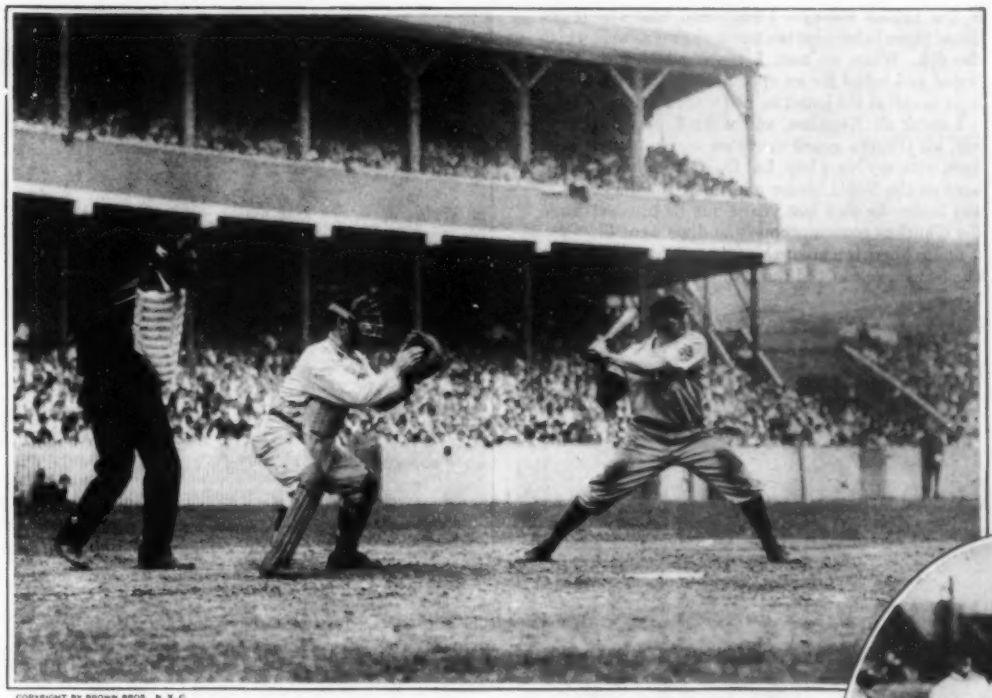
As a child, she often placed her low chair at the foot of the paternal armchair and obtained permission to remain there while the Prince Consort received ministers and discussed affairs of state. And the small Victoria listened, learned, reflected on the most serious subjects, while sitting in her little chair like a good little girl.

(Continued on Page 62)

SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE

By Ban Johnson

As Told to George Creel



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Hans Wagner, the Immortal Flying Dutchman, at Bat. In Oval—Roger Bresnahan Calls for a High One

BACK in the early days of baseball a story went the rounds about a young second baseman who had come up from the bushes for a trial in fast company. Along in the second inning a runner, trying to steal, gave him the spikes as he slid in, but the rookie made the put-out and went back to his position, showing no sign of having suffered injury. At the end of the game, however, he limped perceptibly on his way to the clubhouse, and the captain of the team asked him what the matter was.

"Reckon I must 'a' picked up a pebble," said the busher. On reaching the dressing room, he sat down and pulled off his shoe and stocking. Picking up the shoe, he shook it briskly, and out fell a toe.

All of which may or may not be true, but there is no question that the game is softer now than it was in the days when a baseball club carried only eleven or twelve men and expected every player to go through to the end, no matter what happened. As late as the period between 1893 and 1900, when I was president of the Western League, nothing short of a broken neck was regarded as a disability.

One of my most prized possessions today is a blood-stained ball given me by Big Bill Dineen, now an American League umpire, but in his time a great pitcher, and lion-hearted. On the mound in a World Series game—among the first ever played—Bill's right hand was badly hurt in the early innings, but although every pitch must have been an agony, he went on to the bitter end and won.

The Horny-Handed

COURAGE was a necessity in the early days of the national game, for although Abner Doubleday devised the scheme for playing it as far back as 1839, forty years passed before any thought was given to the protection of players from pain and injury. This was in no wise due to any lack of inventive genius, but rather to a fear of seeming soft; for hardihood was regarded as part and parcel of a player's equipment. Proof of this is afforded by the fact that it took a full five years for fielding gloves and catchers' mitts to come into general use.

Charlie Waite, a Boston first baseman, wore the first glove in 1875, but even though it was of thin kid, and purposely flesh colored so as to attract no notice, he was guyed as a mollycoddle and his life made miserable. The idea was taken up gradually, and in time the padded glove was evolved, but many old-timers continued to reject the innovation as sissy, and Bid McPhee, second baseman of the Cincinnatis, played barehanded as late as 1890.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y. C.

The mask was invented by Fred Thayer, of Harvard, who got the idea from fencing, and the first one ever seen on a ball field was worn by James Tyng, a Harvard catcher, in 1877; but, like the glove, it was slow in gaining popularity. I caught for my college team in 1881, and the only thing I wore to protect myself was a chunk of crude rubber gripped firmly between the teeth. By the finish of the season I was always black and blue from head to foot, and oftentimes unable to wear a hat by reason of the bumps and lumps. Even so, I viewed the mask with dark suspicion, feeling that it would make me appear less than game.

There is no record as to who invented the chest protector, but it excited even more opposition than mitts or mask, and right up to 1900 there were catchers who scorned to use the newfangled contraption. Roger Bresnahan, of the Giants, was the first to wear shin guards, and I can still recall the roar of ridicule that went up from the crowds, as well as the jeers of his fellow players.

Iron Men of the Old Days

A BRAVE lot, those old-timers, and possessing a love of the game as well as courage. Modern pitchers experience a sense of outrage if called upon more than once in three or four days, yet Old Hoss Radbourne, back in 1884, won sixty games in one season for Providence, twenty in succession. The team had another pitcher, but as Radbourne was going good, he went in day after day.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" a fan once asked him.

"Work?" Radbourne could hardly believe his ears. "Why, you must be crazy. All I got to do is ride out to the grounds an' throw a ball for a couple of hours, and then I'm through until next day."

Joe McGinnity was another of the Radbourne type, and well deserved to be called the Iron Man. He pitched as high as fifty-one games in a season, and in August, 1903, won three double headers. When Frank Selee's

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Napoleon Lajoie, a Great Second Baseman

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y. C.

Amos Rusie, Speed-Ball Artist of Another Day

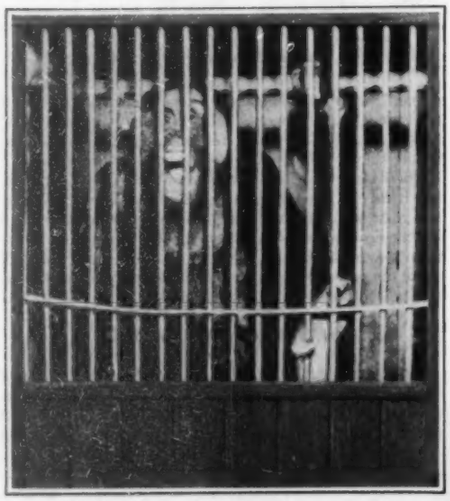
Boston Nationals won three straight pennants in 1891, '92 and '93, Kid Nichols worked in forty-seven games one season, fifty-one games the next, and forty-six the third.

The remarkable increase in slugging, with .300 batting averages the rule rather than the exception, has caused many people to shake their heads and talk sagely of rabbit balls. This is nonsense. Since the switch from the rubber core to the cork center, made in 1909, there has been no change whatsoever, nor is there any difference at all between the balls used in the American League and the National League.

(Continued on Page 96)

JUNGLE TO ZOO

By FRANK H. BUCK
With WESLEY STOUT



The Largest Orang Ever Brought Out of Borneo

Orphant Annie, Baby Orang of the Philadelphia Zoo

A Standard Shipment of Twenty-Five Rhesus Monkeys

THERE are just two Indian rhinoceroses in America, one in the Bronx Park Zoo, New York, the other in the Philadelphia Zoo. The public takes its zoo specimens pretty well for granted. These animals are a long way from home, yet of the thousands who have seen them, how many have asked, "How did they get here?"

That is my story. Since 1914 I have made an interesting living collecting wild animals and birds for zoos, circuses and dealers, operating principally in Asia and crossing the Pacific forty times. Dr. William T. Hornaday, then director of the New York Zoölogical Park, called me in at the end of one of these voyages. "Why not get us an Indian rhino next trip?" he asked. "There hasn't been one in America for thirty years. We want one. So does Philadelphia."

The Indian rhino is the single-horned, armor-plated beast, greatest of the species; old bulls weighing up to six tons—more than an elephant. It now exists only in Nepal, where it is royal game and where the white man is not permitted to go. I pointed out some of the difficulties. But Doctor Hornaday called up the late Dr. Charles Penrose, brother of Boies Penrose and then president of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Society, and together they advanced me $7000 as a working fund; the only condition being that the rhinos should not cost more than $7000 each.

Royal Rhinos

NEPAL lies on the northeast boundary of India, up against Tibet, such a land as the mythical Rukh over which George Arliss reigned so ruthlessly in his play, The Green Goddess. Foreigners are permitted only in the narrow valley leading to the capital, Khatmandu, where a British resident is stationed to advise the Maharaja on foreign relations and to keep a watchful eye on the Russian bear. But the rhino's habitat is not in this valley, and it would be a foolhardy adventurer who would attempt to penetrate the forbidden districts and hunt a game restricted to royalty. The Maharaja is an Oriental despot and Nepal is the home of the Ghurka, the best fighting man in the East and the only Indian soldier the British used on the Western Front.

I went back to India, landed in Calcutta—still with no idea of how to begin—and took train for Raxaul, the railhead near the Nepalese border. There I learned that General Kaiser Shum Shere, nephew of the Maharaja, following the custom of many Indian princes, would be leaving shortly with a retinue to spend the season in Calcutta.

I have many friends in Calcutta and, returning there, I appealed to the wife of one, a woman of high social position in the British colony. I suggested that she invite Shum Shere to her next tea and invite me as well, which she did. When we met, I expressed an interest in Nepal and asked for an appointment. He named an hour to call at the house he had rented in Park Street.

I speak no Nepalese, and when I presented myself, his Ghurka guard drove me away. But I came back with my No. 1 boy, Lal Buhudar, who had been born on the Nepal border and knew the dialect. Lal was little—he died last year—but he brushed aside the Ghurkas contemptuously and we went in.

Shum Shere is a great *shikari*, a mighty hunter. It was he who conducted the Prince of Wales on a tiger and rhinoceros hunt when the Prince was in India. "No, you cannot catch the rhinos," he told me. "You cannot even enter the regions where they live. I have not the power to permit you, but I can get them for you and deliver them to a place where you may call for them. The way I shall get them is this: There is a section where they have not been hunted for many years. They increase and the rice growers complain that the great beasts wallow in their rice paddies and destroy the crops. I shall say to the Maharaja, my master: 'Perhaps I had better appease your subjects and shoot some of these beasts,' and he will say, 'By all means, do so.' But you wish them alive. How is that to be done? You will have to tell me."

Though I had had no experience with the great Indian rhino, I knew the habits of the Malayan and the African species. The calf is not weaned until it is two to two and a half years old. It remains with the mother until it is nearly half grown, and will not leave her side if she is killed. So I told him to look for two nursing females with a large calf each, carry 2000 feet of rope fencing, and corral the calves in the usual way. The terms, arranged by wire with the Maharaja, were to be 35,000 rupees for the pair.

Shum Shere led a troop of thirty elephants and a company of Ghurka soldiery into the rhino country and killed twenty adults, to the delight of the peasants. I remember Doctor Hornaday's indignation when I showed him a snapshot of a row of the dead beasts, so rare and desirable in an Occidental zoo, yet slain as vermin in the shadow of the Himalayas.

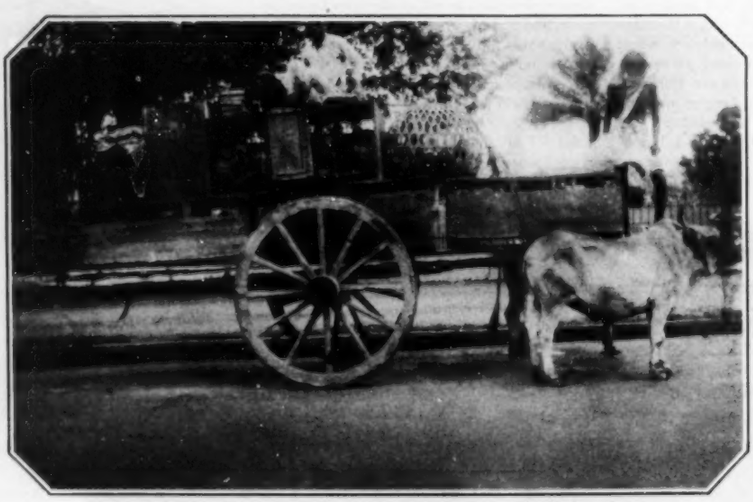
Bagging a Pair of Husky Infants

THE first calf captured weighed a shade more than a ton. The elephants, soldiers and an army of volunteers from among the country folk slowly closed in on the baby standing beside its dead mother, netted it about with rope, then ringed it in with a corral of heavy stakes driven into the ground, leaving enough rope inside to prevent it from injuring itself in trying to escape. The second calf weighed a ton and a quarter. Goats were brought from the village to supply milk, fresh jungle leaves were dumped into the corrals daily, and balls of boiled rice soaked in milk were prepared twice daily for them.

Shum Shere returned to Khatmandu and wired me that the pair would be turned over to me at a point between Khatmandu and Bilgunge. A government representative would meet me at Raxaul and accompany me into Nepal, and an armed escort would be provided back to the railhead.

Meanwhile I had been busy collecting a miscellaneous shipment at Calcutta. I had been in the United Provinces for birds, scouting in Burma for what I could find, and at the British Government elephant sale at Silaguri to buy two on order for the San Diego zoo. Elephants exported from Asia for zoo or show purposes usually are young and recently wild ones, but San Diego wanted a full-grown pair and it was easier to fill such an order with work elephants.

Leaving this lot in Calcutta, I set out with Lal and another boy and with 50,000 rupees in gold and currency in a silk cloth around my waist, for a district in which your throat will be cut cheerfully for fifty rupees any day. At Mokamaghat, on the Ganges, the northeast monsoon overtook us. When the monsoon breaks in Northern India, it is like the Biblical flood. All transport stopped. When we had waited for two weeks, we were told that it might be another month before the holiest of holy rivers and its



One Hundred Monkeys Bound for the Calcutta Docks and America

Adult Rhinos Shot by the Shum Shere Party; the Two Calves are in the Log Corral at the Left

tributaries to the north should subside sufficiently for us to reach the border. And I was trusting a valuable collection in Calcutta to Hindu boys—who cannot be trusted.

So I wired to Shum Shere that I was starting home without the rhinos if he would agree to keep them until I could return. He assented

I sailed for San Francisco, turned around there in a few days, and started for Raxaul again as soon as I had landed in Calcutta. Once we crossed the Ganges, Lal and I kept watch and watch in our railway compartment to guard the cash required in a country where banks do not operate.

The Nepalese official was not at Raxaul to meet us, but came the next morning, after we had spent the night at the railway rest house, the only accommodation for white travelers. He brought a string of mountain ponies as transport. Mine was of Shetland size, and I weigh 208 pounds, but he packed me right into Bilgunge, where we picked up our elephants and military escort.

It was a lovely spot where the two young rhinos awaited us, crated in two great log cages on runners, made by native craftsmen without the use of a nail and with scarcely any tool but an adz. We might just as well have begun the return march that day, but you may recall what Kipling said of the man who tried to hurry the East. It was three days before we were in motion.

Two Rhinos, F. O. B. Raxaul

IN PART, this delay arose from money matters. The major in charge demanded the stipulated 35,000 rupees before all else.

Had I paid, he and his soldiers would have bid me godspeed and left the two boys and me to wangle three tons of rhinoceros to Raxaul as best we could.

I laughed at him and reminded him that the contract called for delivery at Raxaul. He in turn reminded me that I had the money on my person, that there was no other white man within a hundred miles or more, and that it would be ridiculously simple for him to take the money from me.

That made me mad, and I pretended to be even madder than I was. I shifted my .38 revolver from its holster to my belt, abused him in the picturesque metaphors of the East, and asserted a boon friendship with General Shum Shere somewhat booner than the facts warranted.

When this typical Oriental skirmish had died away and my bluff had topped his bluff, each crated rhino was loaded on a great bullock cart pulled by two big water buffalo, with an elephant bringing up in the rear of each cart, to push when needed. Other elephants carried my two boys and our gear and a supply of leaf fodder for our captives against the open prairie passage beyond Bilgunge. We carried rice as well, and boiled it at every stop for the beasts. The soldiers marched beside the carts while the major and I on horseback rode ahead, grand marshals of the parade down this, the principal highway of Nepal.

It was a road, however, only in the sense that the Santa Fé and the Oregon trails were roads—a plainly marked, commodious trail, that is. The soldiers braced the cages when they listed, and chopped trees to bridge ditches, and in the soft spots the elephants pushed like helper engines on the Truckee grade. So we came to Raxaul.

Shum Shere's Rhinoceros Expedition on the March in Nepal

"Now," said the major, "our money and let us be gone." But the two flat cars I had ordered to be waiting at the narrow-gauge terminus were not there. There were plenty of coolies hereabouts to aid us in loading the rhinos aboard, but the coolies were Hindus, and the Hindu has a superstition about the rhinoceros which disqualified him. So I declined to pay until the flat cars arrived, and it was three days before they came. When the cargo was entrained, the major, Lal and I stepped into the railroad station, I untied my girdle, paid over the 35,000 rupees, took a receipt and exchanged old troubles for new ones.

Most of Asia holds the horn of the rhinoceros in superstitious regard. The Chinese believe the ground horn to be a sovereign love powder. The Malays believe that merely to rub the horn is to drive away all devils. The Hindus go a step farther. To obtain a fragment which can be held in the mouth is to own a panacea against every ill.

I had two perfect young specimens, their horns just sprouting, and to get these horns intact to Calcutta would take some doing. So all the way to the sea Lal rode on one flat car, the other boy on the other, and at every stop I would leap off the mixed train with a long stick and flail off the natives who crowded on.

A Nonreducing Diet

FOR all this vigil, one of the animals reached Calcutta with a hole two inches deep and about the size of a rupee in his soft horn, gouged out, possibly, by some trainman who slipped up while the boy slept. That rhinoceros, now much larger and a resident of the Bronx Park Zoo, appears to have a double horn like his African kindred—the wound having caused the horn to separate as it grew.

The narrow-gauge railroad ended at the Ganges, where the rhinos were transferred to a boat, then reloaded on standard-gauge cars on the farther bank. We continued to carry with us a supply of boiled rice and jungle leaves, but at Calcutta began to mix hay with the leaves, and crushed oats and bran with the rice, gradually increasing the proportions.

Few wild animals die from romantic homesickness, few die from mere change of climate, but many die from change of diet, and the first secret of transplanting them is to substitute slowly for their natural diet the most similar foods to be had cheaply and in quantities where they are going. Almost all young animals and birds thrive on boiled rice, particularly if soaked in milk. The only dependable milk supply in the East comes in cans from American evaporating plants, and I always travel with many cases of it.

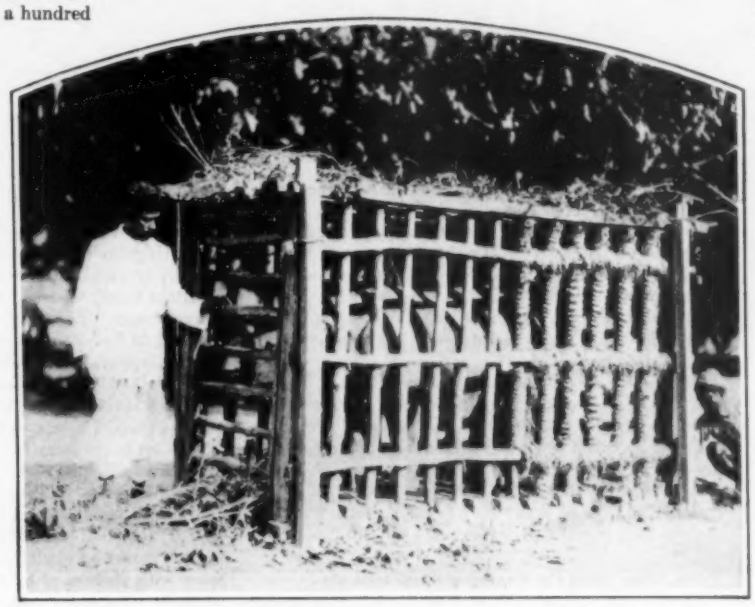
Mr. Buck and a Baby Orang on Board Ship

Native carpenters at Calcutta built me two new teakwood cages with iron clamps and proper carrying poles, and coolies loaded the rhinos, with the balance of the collection, on the deck of the little American freighter, Lake Gitano, plying in the Pacific Mail's feeder service to Hong-Kong, where we transshipped once more to the liner President Wilson.

I prefer to carry animals on deck, and the rhino crates were stowed forward and lashed on two sides of the mainmast. The first day out we ran into a typhoon and within an hour green seas were breaking over the flush deck and washing heavily about the crates. I was standing on the bridge with Captain Nelson and studying the rising sea and the crates, when I thought I saw one shift slightly. The captain thought not, but peering through the scud with his binoculars, he confirmed me. Once deck cargo begins to shift in the least in such circumstances, it is not long before it has shifted overboard, unless prevented.

I asked for a sailor to help me secure the box. Captain Nelson refused. "A couple of more good swipes

(Continued on Page 185)



Mr. Buck's No. 1 Boy, Lal Buhudar, and a Crated Baby Rhino

DANCE WITH ME

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

NEW YORK met Judy with a roar as she came out of the stage entrance, and she stood still for a moment, bracing herself, getting her breath. Taxis, four abreast, swept by, for it was a one-way street. Horns blew, insistent, raucous. People hurried past in groups, in streams. Umbrellas bobbed. The gutters were rivers reflecting lights. The wet pavements were mirrors reflecting lights. The day was darkening to its close, and the city, under the speed of its own momentum, had gone mad. It roared. It whistled. It blew. It crashed. It grimaced at Judy, bracing herself there in the stage doorway. It laughed. It flaunted. It jigged. It performed. It beckoned. It said, "Hello, Judy Lefevre, little one, pretty one! Look at me. Admire me. Fall down and worship me. I'm power. I'm wealth. I'm civilization. I'm Now. I'm the greatest city in the world. Watch me. Respond to me. Listen to my roar. I'm roaring my best for you, Judy. I'm singing you my song. I'm the greatest city in the world. Come along, Judy, and dance with me. I'll give you diamonds for your lovely ears, pearls for your lovely throat, gold slippers to your feet, silver fittings to your car, and maybe, some day, sweetheart, a sable coat. I'll give you luxury, beauty, ease; breakfast in bed on a cold morning, Judy; sprigged china, pink petunias in a little vase, honeydew melon, warmth, ease, satin covers to your bed and snow driving against your windowpanes."

"Taxi, Miss Lefevre?" said the stage doorman. "It's good weather for ducks."

"Ducks?" said Judy Lefevre. "Are there still ducks, Mack?"

"Sure. Two-fifty a portion. Taxi, Miss Lefevre?"

"Thanks, Mack; I'm walking."

"Excuse me, Miss Lefevre, but the boss wouldn't like that. Somebody might see you—a reporter. We been guarding you from the press like our right eye in a sandstorm. Let me call up the boss' car."

"Thanks, Mack; I'm walking," said Judy Lefevre, and forthwith she walked. Across Broadway, across Sixth, across the long block to Fifth. Her hat drenched, all the powder washed off her little nose, wet stockings clinging to wet ankles. It was a one-way street, sunk deep beneath high buildings and lined with small shops—Floriana's, Mary Emily's, The Green Gate Tea Shop. The tea shop was set down two steps, and one stumbled more or less upon it and into it. Judy looked through the window. Judy saw that the tea shop was empty.

"Is that a real fire," asked Judy Lefevre of the tea-shop girl, "and is there anyone hiding behind that screen? People seem to bother me."

The tea-shop girl was English, pink-cheeked, serious. There was no one about the place but herself, miss—a dull day. . . . Oh, yes, Judy might take off her shoes if she liked. The table could be pulled close to the fire.

"Does the canary sing?" asked Judy, arranging her small shoes on the hearth. "Could you persuade him not to with a cloth or something? Noise—even very beautiful singing—seems to bother me."

"I could put him in the entry, miss."

"In a draft? With his feelings hurt? He must stay, I think. I can put my fingers in my ears."

"Yes, miss. And what will you have to eat, miss?" asked the tea-shop girl, staring at Judy, as well she might.

"Oh, anything," said Judy. "You choose."

"Yes, miss. And what will you have to drink? Coffee, tea, sweet milk?"

"Say it again," said Judy.

"Coffee, tea, sweet milk?"

"Sweet milk," said Judy. "Sweet —— But this is New York."

"Yes, miss," said the English girl, submissive.

"There's pasteurized milk in New York," volunteered Judy. "There's Grade A and B and C, and perhaps D milk. There's canned and powdered and crystallized milk. There's plenty of gin. There's tons of orange juice. There are cases of sauterne. There's good cold water. But there isn't, in all of New York, such a thing as sweet milk, my dear."

"Ours is quite fresh, miss."

"Fresh," said Judy, "but not sweet, my dear."

"Yes, miss. And what will you have to drink, miss?"

"Tea," said Judy. "With lemon."

She took a taxi from the tea shop to Grand Central. Vanderbilt Avenue was jammed with cars. Forty-fourth, Forty-third, deadlocked. Signals turned red, turned green, but nothing could move. Whistles blew. Meters ticked. Motors hummed. Tempers were lost, and found, and lost again. Nerves were on edge. People in the waiting cars smoked cigarettes and tapped their fingers and jiggled their feet. People choked in the thick blue air and sneezed and talked in half-finished, clipped sentences. People fretted. Judy sat in her taxi with her eyes shut and her fingers in her ears. She tried not to breathe. She tried to think of green pastures, of still waters. She tried to think of sunshine and seashores and children in white dresses. But the city was dominant.

"I'm power. I'm wealth. I'm force. I'm the triumph of civilization, of the machine age. My buildings soar to the stars. My foundations go down, down, down. I rest upon bedrock. I'm the greatest city in the world. Stay with me, Judy darling. Don't leave me. I offer you everything."

"Not sweet milk," said Judy doggedly aloud to herself in the darkness of the taxi. "Not—sweet—milk."

People looked at her in Grand Central, or at as much of her as they could see between her huge pulled-up fur collar and her small pulled-down French hat. Lines of people, groups of them, streams. Upper level, lower level—trains, trains, trains. The patter of feet on the marble floors sounded to Judy like a tap dance done out of time to the music, a continuous, dreadful tap dance done in time to the roar. The ticket man looked at Judy, as well he might, but all he could see was one eye and a lock of burnished hair and the tip of a nose and the corner of a scarlet mouth.

"I want to get away from New York," said Judy to the ticket man. "Noise seems to bother me. Can you suggest somewhere quiet—on your own railroad, of course?"

The ticket man stared at Judy and suggested Boston. But it appeared that Judy didn't want Boston. She wanted somewhere with an open fire—a real fire—and a room with shelves of books to the ceiling and no sound whatever—not even a clock ticking. And outside she just wanted plenty of grass for the cow.

Her Body Was as Light as a Summer Breeze in a Garden. She Was Joy. She Was Enchantment

"The cow?" said the ticket man, much as he might have said "the hippopotamus." "Well, let's see."

Together they consulted a time-table, and behind Judy a patient line formed and waited. The ticket man sensibly enough put his finger on a station called Green Farms, but it appeared that Judy didn't want farms. Judy put her finger on a station called Dunham.

"But that's a big town, miss," objected the ticket man. "I been through there myself. They got a munic'pal band playin' in the park."

"All the time?"

"Cert'nly not. Cert'nly not. Summers."

"And this is fall," said Judy brightening. "I think I will have a ticket to Dunham, please, if you don't very much mind."

The people in the train looked at Judy, although she hadn't taken off her hat. She leaned back in her revolving chair with her eyes shut, with her small high-heeled feet quiet on a velvet cushion. Whenever the wheels click-clicked over a switch, she winced, and once, when the whistle blew, she dug her pink nails deep into the palms of her hands. People went in to dinner and came back again and looked at Judy, but Judy didn't move. Judy didn't look at anyone. Once she did look at her wrist watch. Benny would be calling up her hotel by now. The telephone, shrill, insistent, would be ringing in her room. "Sorry. Miss Lefevre is not in her apa-artment at present," Benny would be told. Benny would be downcast. He wouldn't understand. He would call up again later. The telephone would be ringing insistently throughout the evening in her empty room.

The station at Dunham was larger than Judy had expected, and a great many bricks seemed to have gone into it in a geometric design. Judy had rather hoped for wood. Behind the station stood a row of taxicabs. Judy had rather hoped for horses. The station clock pointed to 11:05 when Judy reached Dunham. By now Benny would have given up ringing her room and would be at Sally's.

"Hello, here's Benny-with-the-long-face!"

"Here's old Chief Bennikins with blood in his eye, looking for Judy Lefevre!"

"The girl's walked out on you, boss. She left the theater after rehearsal and walked outa your life into the rain."

"East where the river lies."

"Sure. Mack said so."

"Have a li'l' drink, Benny, an' maybe you'll find her under a chair."

"Which is the best doctor in town?" asked Judy Lefevre of a taxicab driver.

"Doctor Smith's a good doctor, miss," said the taxi man.

"Thank you," said Judy, "but I'm sure there must be someone better than good. In such a large city as this. And someone not Smith, please. Someone different."

"Yes, miss," said the taxi man, staring at Judy. "There's Doctor Loring at the hospital. But he's a surgeon. And he wouldn't hardly be at the hospital as late as this."

"Where would he be?" asked Judy.

"Likely at his home, miss."

"Drive there," said Judy.

They passed a park. There were elm trees in the park. Judy looked out at their bare branches outlined against the quiet sky, at the fallen leaves heaped into piles, at the deserted band stand, the rows of empty benches, and there were tears in her eyes.

She felt very tired. Her head felt very heavy and her body felt lighter than it had ever felt in any of her dances. Funny. To feel so heavy and yet so light. Funny. To have such cold hands and such burning cheeks and such a pounding heart.

"Here's the new bullevard, miss. It's finished clear out to Benton's Lake. Summer nights on this new bullevard ye can't hardly cross for the cars, miss."

"Doctor Loring's house," said Judy hopelessly, "is on this boulevard?"

"Oh, no, miss. Doctor Loring's house is way out, miss. Used to be his father's house and his grandfather's, too, I guess, before that. It sets so's ye can't see it at all from the road. They say the box in the hedges was brought from the old country."

"Is this Doctor Loring young or old?" asked Judy, bracing herself.

"Oh, he's young, miss, but he's not so young at that. Maybe thirty-five or better."

"Married?" asked Judy.

"Well, he was married, miss, but his wife died and he didn't marry again. Anyways not yet."

"What did his wife look like?"

"I never saw her myself, miss. I only lived here six years. . . . The new reservoir's over there, miss, but ye can't see it so good in the dark. Holds a million gallons more or less when it's full."

Judy turned a little faint when she smelled the box hedges, but when one turns faint one can always dig one's pink pointed nails into one's palms. If you dig hard enough the sting will usually bring you back. Branches, reaching out, swept over the taxi roof, tapped at the taxi windows. They were going up the drive, now, and everything was dark. Everything was quiet. They were stopping before the house.

"I can wait if you like, miss," said the driver after Judy had paid him. "In case ——"

"Don't wait," said Judy, going up the steps.

The taxi had gone before Judy rang the bell, for she waited for quiet, for courage. Just pushing the button with her forefinger took courage. Just holding herself there, not running away, waiting for the light to be switched on over her head, waiting for the door to open, took supreme courage. The light was switched on. The door was opened.

"Doctor Loring," said Judy steadily. "They tell me you're the best doctor in town. I've come from New York. I'm sick, I think."

He stood for a moment looking at Judy's pulled-up fur collar, at her pulled-down French hat, and then, oddly enough, he glanced down at her feet. He didn't exactly hesitate, but there was an instant before he spoke. And he moved back a little.

"Come in," he said briefly. "I don't usually see patients here. My office is downtown. The door to the right, please. I'll see you in the library."

Judy was sitting on a chair near the door when he came into the library. He had spoken to someone in the hall. "It's all right, Scott," he had said, and then he came in and shut the door behind him. Judy was shivering a good deal and her teeth were chattering a little, but her cheeks were burning. The library was warm, lighted, quiet, but Judy hadn't looked at the library. Judy had looked at the floor. But when he came in she looked up at him. It took courage, but she looked up at him. And he stood for a moment looking down at her. Then he walked away from her across the room and folded his arms and leaned against the big table. "Take off your hat," he said.

Judy pulled off her hat and dropped it on the floor. Judy came out of her hat like a hibiscus flower—a hibiscus flower that is covered up, hidden, folded away and then suddenly, breath-takingly, is there. Judy's beautiful little face looked like a flower against the dark paneling behind her. Judy's hair flamed against the dark paneling behind her. The room had been quiet before, but when Judy took off her hat the silence deepened, lengthened, held until Judy couldn't endure it, until she had to fling out with something and break it. She put her hand up to her hair.

"It—it isn't quite real," she said. "It's tinted."

"Tinted!" he said.

"Rinsed with henna," explained Judy, "after a shampoo. There's a place in New York where—where they do such things very carefully and cleverly."

The Room Had Been Quiet Before, But When Judy Took Off Her Hat the Silence Deepened, Lengthened, Held Until Judy Couldn't Endure it, Until She Had to Fling Out With Something and Break It

(Continued on Page 104)

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Next Week, She Cheered Herself, She Would be in Winifred Baker's Cabin, High Up in the Mountains, Overlooking Misty Ranges of Blue and Amethyst and Amber. And Richard Dirk Was Coming Up to Drive Her Home

By OLGA MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

DO YOU really think you're so fascinating?" asked Dahlia.

"No," he grinned, "but what's my opinion against thousands of women? Seems to me, young person, you're getting rather brash around your employer. Don't you know you're supposed to be practically tongue-tied in my presence?"

"Oh," she said with weary impudence, "I know you're important. Why, you're to Mullenstown what Mussolini is to Italy and what Pat Sullivan is to the Fourth Ward. Does that satisfy you?"

"That's swell. Where did you collect this stock of shop-worn flattery you get off on the slightest provocation?"

"Oh, I'm a girl what have been about," she murmured, "even if my getting about has been mostly jumping up and down in one place. Don't you know, my son, that I've worked in this office eight years, and in those eight years I've seen six editors come and go? One was a poet and one a politician and one a vegetarian and one a Rotarian, and the other two socialists."

"And all the time," he said reproachfully, "you were sticking out your tongue behind their backs."

"Oh, no," she corrected him. "They were really sweet, in their own way. And terribly interesting. Though, of course, you're the most interesting."

"Thanks horribly." He sauntered over to her desk and sat on one corner. "Now I almost have to fire you or you'll think you've put something over on me." He picked up a tiny brass elephant she was using as a paper weight and turned it over idly in his hand. "Pretty piece of junk, isn't it? I wish you could see the little gold and ivory elephants they peddle in Burma. And in Rangoon they make them of teakwood."

Her eyes—amused, tired eyes—lifted swiftly to his.

"Oh, I'd love to! You know, it's always been a sort of ambition of mine—thought I'd like to be a shopping expert. Sort of a personal importer, if you know what I mean. Just wander around over the world and pick up funny, lovely little things for people. Here in Mullenstown, I do everybody's Christmas shopping for them, but you don't get much travel out of that."

"Not much," he agreed. "You don't have to go to China for Aunt Hannah's bedroom slippers."

"Nor to Paris for Violet's pressure cooker," she took him up. "But really I think it would be fascinating work. And it would be a form of art for me. I can't paint. I can't sing. I can't dance. I can't even write very well. But I can shop. I've got a knack for digging out odd things and I can bargain like nobody's business."

"Well"—he smiled gently—"why don't you?"

"Oh, I have a job here—at least till you fire me. And just bumming around I wouldn't have a home or anything. And it would be awfully selfish of me. I may be vain, but I like to think my family couldn't get along without me."

He lit his pipe and puffed savagely for a minute, his bold blond head outlined against a stack of dusty files.

"Why do you do it?" he asked at last.

"Do what?"

"Bury yourself here. A kid with your ability and your funny sort of charm. I can't see why you're content to stay here, getting dusty and dry and pure. What do you think you'll be ten years from now?"

"An exceptionally nice old maid," she assured him, though some of her jauntiness was gone. "An old maid in a big way, if you know what I mean. Not the sour, sniffy kind, of course. I think I'll run more to the giggly type—the life of the party at bridge dinners."

"You don't need to." He spoke very softly and took one of her thin hands in his. "You know what I said the other night ——" She drew back as if frightened, and rose swiftly, pulling on a small, rather battered hat.

"I played right into your hands," she admitted a little ruefully, "yearning for travel and all that. But don't you see, Dirk"—she made a small, helpless gesture—"I'm not that kind. What you want is an animated walking companion, a superior lady hobo. I'm a pussy cat that craves her own corner. I've got a nice corner and a family that's devoted to me. Oh, I know they're unreasonable at times, poor dears, but it's just because they're so fond of me. Don't you understand?"

"Yes," he said, a little sadly, "I understand. Go on home now, before I throw you out. You've been looking tired as the devil lately, and we'll have to be on deck early in the morning. Two conventions to cover."

"Compared with me," she assured him amiably, "the milkman will be a piker."

She sauntered out, a gaunt, gallant figure, and paid a barelegged newsboy a quarter for the paper she had helped write. She had meant to go straight home, but somehow the little Oriental shop on Second Street drew her. There was that ebony idol whose squat, inscrutable smile had tugged at her for days. She must go in and see him for just an instant, just touch his sleek face and sniff the queer old incense that clung about him like an exotic garment.

Green with jade, dusky with sandalwood, dull, deep gold with old brocade, the Oriental shop wrapped itself about

Dahlia's ragged nerves and smoothed the lines from her tired young face. It was so cool after the hot street. And so foreign. It looked and smelled the way Dirk talked—different, disturbing, not quite nice. Not a bit nice, really, according to Mullenstown standards. Sneering at the home and the family, saying it was all pompous piffle. Somewhere back in her eyes a tiny spark flickered and died, and her face grew wintry. Not the sort of man for her sort of girl to listen to. And an Oriental shop was no place to linger. She should be in Schmidt's Delicatessen, buying cheese and cold boiled ham.

Wearily she marched up the street, the long, dull street with its neat, dull cottages, that led to home. Behind her she left teakwood and carved ivory.

It was the hottest summer she had ever known, and her feet seemed to shrink from the touch of the blistering pavement. The heat crushed down on her like a soft, resistless weight, and all the air was glassy with it.

But next week, she cheered herself, she would be in Winifred Baker's cabin, high up in the mountains, overlooking misty ranges of blue and amethyst and amber. She would have long days on upland trails and long crystal nights beside a lake. She would have pine needles and deep, green pools. How sweet of Winifred to invite her for the same week she was having Charlotte Conroy, the writer, and that fascinating couple, the Inmans, who always made her think of people in a play, too swift, too glittering, too personal for Mullenstown. And Richard Dirk was coming up to drive her home. She might have trouble explaining that to her mother, she thought guiltily. She disapproved of him. She wished she could afford that green sports costume in Seigman's. Something sort of Robin Hoodish about it.

"But you're a vain, disgusting thing, Dahlia Miller," she told herself sternly, "thinking about clothes, when Violet's going to have another baby—and the last one not paid for."

Her back throbbed and her nerves were tight with fatigue when she pushed open the door to the dark, steaming little parlor and faced her family. Three small children were playing on the floor. The smell of hot bodies and drying clothes hung heavy in the air. It meant her sister Violet was home.

Proudly and complacently, Violet was weeping. Tears slid down her face and made a gray-white pulp of her handkerchief. Two other women surrounded her, clucking and prying. Dahlia, sitting down and lifting Violet's baby to her lap, thought they looked like large pillows about to fall on someone. Violet's rather pretty lips quivered with a fresh burst of sobs.

"I suppose," she prompted, "I haven't been a really good wife to him or he'd ——"

"Good wife!" her mother snorted. "No, you wouldn't call it being a good wife to give a man everything you have; to slave for him, morning, noon and night; to bear his children and cook his meals—no, that's not being a good wife!" Her heavy voice trembled with sarcasm.

"You work your fingers to the bone for him!" quavered Mrs. Mulholland.

"And let your nose get red for him and your hair straggle down for him," broke in Dahlia from her corner. Expertly she finished pinning up Violet's baby's flannel lingerie and set him on the floor. Violet's drenched eyes widened in hurt astonishment, while her mother's lips were thin lines of reproach.

"I suppose you want Violet to go around looking like a movie actress!" she rebuked. "Spending several hours a day rubbing fancy lotions into her face. I suppose a mother has time for all that! I'm surprised at you, Dahlia."

"He took all my youth," sobbed Violet, "all my freshness —— Jane, sweetheart, leave Auntie Dahlia's vase alone! It might break and cut you."

"'Tain't looks that holds a man, anyway," piped Mrs. Mulholland; "it's character."

Dahlia rose and slipped an apron over the dress she had worn to the office. She was a frail thing, with a delicate face framed in a misty cloud of hair. She had a shadowy sort of charm, but she was not beautiful. Her gray eyes might have been lovely, but they were tired and had no radiance. Her mouth was sensitive and quaintly curved, but there was no lilt to it, no sparkle; only sophistication and a friendly cynicism. It looked as if it had not been surprised for a long, long time.

"There's something elfin about you," Richard Dirk had said one day, "if you can imagine a cynical elf, a tired, good-natured, disillusioned elf."

Foolish, strange things, he said. Better not to think of them. Better not to think of him, even. At least, not here. It was almost sacrilege to think of him in this scene of tranquillity, surrounded by the dear, small decencies she had always known. It was better to forget Richard Dirk, idler and rounder, penniless and ruthless, who laughed at the sweet, safe things of life.

One could think of him at the theater, perhaps, when the curtain was rising on brilliant, alien scenes, or when one was reading a book about blue monkeys and coral and tinkling music in forgotten temple gardens. But one should never think of him in a home with a baby's garments hanging on a chair.

"A poetic bum," she thought sternly, "an entertaining tramp!"

Aloud she announced: "I'm going to make a salad. I brought home some tomatoes and cheese, and we'll have ham and deviled eggs and spiced peaches. Don't you think a cold supper will be good after such a hot day?"

Her mother sighed and looked betrayed. "You know," she murmured, "cold food doesn't set well on my stomach. But if it's what you want, dear, just go ahead. I really don't need to eat anything. I invited Violet and the babies to stay to supper, and I rather thought we might have liver and onions, but it doesn't make any difference. Just fix things your own way."

"Yes, just what's easiest for you," seconded Violet. "Jimmy, you mustn't mark up Aunt Dahlia's book with your crayons. I like to give the children a warm meal at night, but I can heat something for them later."

"Oh, no," protested Dahlia gayly, "we'll have a supper so hot it will sizzle you. . . . Where did you put the liver, mamma?" It really didn't matter. Up at Winifred's there

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"I Played Right Into Your Hands," She Admitted a Little Ruefully, "Yearning for Travel and All That"

ALIBI

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Robbed in the Open Street?" "Two Bandits! They Spied on Her at the Opera and Followed Her Out"

BRUNER, squatted in front on his toes, glanced appraisingly at the taxicab ahead. He was not pursuing the taxi; he was merely following it. He weighed the distance between the two vehicles, and then, looking behind him, his distance from the nearest traffic in that direction.

"Steady, bo!" he cautioned his driver, his fingers on the handle of the side door.

A moment later he had edged through the door and found foothold on the running board.

"Cut!" he said.

The car leaped forward catlike; so quickly responsive, it had drawn up even with the taxicab before its presence was suspected; so delicately handled, Bruner was able to step from one running board to the other. When the taxi driver at last saw him through the glass, he saw at the same time the shielded black muzzle of a pistol.

"Turn south!" Bruner commanded sharply.

His own car had already forged ahead to point the way. The taxi had no choice, but swerved into the dark side street behind it like a hare dropping back to follow the hound.

"Under the L against the curb!" snapped Bruner.

As the taxi came to a stop his own driver, free now, ran back to add his weight to the attack.

"Take this guy, bo, and watch him good while I chin with the janes." Flinging open the door, he added: "And now, ladies, your diamonds, if you please!"

He collected his toll swiftly but intelligently, naming each item as he thrust it into his pocket. When he was through he lifted the hood of the taxi, stripped off such wires as he could reach, warned his victims to remain motionless, and stood guard while his driver backed up for him. Then, slipping into his place, he again felt the black car leap forward.

"That was the easy part," Bruner said. "The rest is brains."

Life is as we live it. Sometimes it resembles nothing so much as a twisted red thread thrown down at random upon a maze of spilled roads. If it falls so and so, men say of us that we have intelligence or lack it; or wealth or lack it; or even that the red thread could not have fallen otherwise, mankind being what it is.

Donovan, for example. The twisted red thread of his life, thrown down at random, had fallen across the Union Station. At the time of Bruner's raid on the taxicab he was standing before a ticket window, asking for a lower berth to Fort Wayne.

"Nothing left but uppers," the Pullman agent said.

"An upper to Fort Wayne," Donovan amended.

His train did not leave until midnight, but he sought out his car to see if he could get some sleep before then.

"What's happening in Fort Wayne that all the lowers are taken?" he asked the porter when he saw what he had drawn.

"It's Chicago where what's happening is happening. Tonight is Indiana night at the grand opera. All the tuxes in the Maumee portage are out with their ladies, and I don't mean maybe. We're running three cars tonight."

"Good idea. Who's behind the thing?"

"Mrs. Hyers is the lady," replied the porter.

"Mrs. Burley Hyers?"

"That's the lady. She's a millionaire. They say she owns a necklace a prince used to own in Europe."

"I've heard of her," said Donovan as a surface car rumbled across a viaduct overhead, filling the night with noises.

He had not only heard of her but knew her; for Redelos Indemnity, for which he acted as jewel expert, had insured her diamonds. The necklace spoken of by the porter was doubtless the one said to have gone to Brazil with Carlota of Bourbon on her flight from Portugal. The necklace was priceless, but Mrs. Hyers could have afforded a finer, for her husband controlled a vast system of power lines in the Middle West.

"What's that noise?" he continued.

"Van Buren Street viaduct, over our front end."

"How long do you have to keep those aisle lights going? They blaze down on my pillow."

"My passengers ain't come yet, suh."

"I'll stump around for a while outside," said Donovan. "Nobody can sleep in that upper berth at this hour."

Digging into his pocket, he found his pipe, then tobacco and matches. He strolled up the platform at the head of a line of blue smoke, and then out through the gate into the station concourse, tired and restless, but with his mind at peace.

And then suddenly the red thread of his life, untwisting half a kink, fell across another spilled road, and the blue smoke began ascending faster.

The man had black hair and penetrating, watchful eyes, and across his chin lay a welted scar. Donovan recognized him as a former gangster from the West Side. Taking his time, he sought out the train conductor, who was an acquaintance. He managed to approach as the black-haired man was leaving.

"This makes five, six, seven times I've told that black hombre something," grumbled the conductor, "and he doesn't know as much as I do right now. He's as full of fool questions as a brood comb is of bees. That hombre was waiting with a question when we opened the train."

Donovan, affecting indifference, asked diplomatically, in case he should be overheard: "Who is he?"

"Lower 7 in Car 21, Pittsburgh ticket."

"Lower 7, and doesn't use it, and I have upper 3, and can't. He must have bought early."

The man of the welted scar moved on. Donovan watched him out of the corner of his eye until he disappeared down the train shed, then he asked softly:

"Did you notice anything odd about that man, Garrick?"

"What would I notice? The scar on his chin? I'll know him again, if that's what you mean."

"As conductor of this train, you ought to be told. That man has a pistol in his pocket."

"Thanks," said Garrick, after a moment.

"I know him of old. He's a crook named Barker, or Baker, or sometimes Boker. Ever hear of the Barker gang? You were talking to its brains. The last I heard of him he was living at Joliet. He must have come up for parole."

"A convict?"

"Formerly. He may not be one now. The Barker I knew was a bad egg—very bad. Ever hear of a crook

known as the Alibi? No? We called him that because of his elaborate foresight. He must have reformed, or he wouldn't be dropping Chicago for Pittsburgh. Either that, or ——"

"Either that or what?" asked Garrick.

Donovan recharged his pipe, lighted it, pulled it into glowing life before he answered. His lean face was devoid of expression.

"Either that, or he's on this train for a reason," he replied at last.

"Up to some deviltry, do you think?"

"No deviltry connected with you. That wouldn't be his style. The man does possess brains, Garrick. At the same time, you can't overlook his having that pistol. What would an honest man want of a pistol in Pitts· gh? He may be up to something outside."

"I'll keep my eye on him," said Garrick.

"Not necessary."

Donovan strolled back into the train shed. As he passed Car 21 he noticed that Barker was standing beside the steps. He heard himself addressed:

"Mister! The conductor says you want a lower berth. Did I get him right?"

The smile with which the question was received did not appear in Donovan's eyes. He replied gravely that he wished a lower berth in order to go to bed.

"I got one I will trade."

"Fine! Where are you?"

"This car, right here."

"I'm in 43."

"Where is that car, mister?"

"The third car forward," said Donovan.

The head of the Barker gang seemed displeased, although why he should be did not appear. Donovan caught a look of quick inquiry in the bright eyes before their owner withdrew them.

"Too much street cars. I better stay in my lower. What time is it, mister?"

Donovan replied, giving the hour.

"Not so good. You look like a Gray Sox catcher name of Spot Sullivan. Got a baseball? We can see."

"Not with me."

"I make me something," said Barker.

"Now, why did that crook say all that?" Donovan asked himself as he moved away.

Upon reaching his car he glanced idly back. Either Barker had found a something, or had swiftly made one; he stood tossing into the air what looked like a child's bean bag. So crudely was it fashioned, the man at times was obliged to catch it by its protruding red cloth ears.

"Why?" he repeated. "Why is this Barker gangster suddenly so anxious to be seen? Why all the questions he asked Garrick? Why did he stop me? He doesn't know who I am. Why so particular about the time? And why this childishness of the bean bag? He must have an object. I'm becoming interested."

But later he decided otherwise. He had troubles enough of his own, without hunting out new ones. When he had smoked out his pipe he did remark to his porter:

"I suppose these opera ladies will be wearing their finest jewels."

"Yassuh. All the gimcracks they can hang on."

"Aren't you afraid of a holdup?"

The porter showed every sound tooth in his head.

"Ever see a Pullman holdup, boss? Them bandits wouldn't find enough hardly to buy themselves a breakfast—just some dollar bills for the porter, if he's lucky, and some screenings you can't count hardly. Just stickpins and nickels and a brass watch or two. The big gimcracks would all slide down behind where nobody can get at them, or anyhow, not in a hurry. I swept up one night after a bandit. Me, I made more in tips out of that holdup than the bandit made himself."

"I'll remember what to do," said Donovan, dismissing the subject of Barker from his mind. "And now, if you'll get me my ladder, I'll try again for some sleep."

The light shone into his lean face, but he threw his arm across his eyes and did not see it. The noises of Van Buren Street struck downward now and then, trickling along the metal roof like sounds through beaten tin. For a while he heard these noises; then he dozed off into slumber.

Donovan was awakened indefinitely later by what might have been a crash in the street overhead, except that it seemed nearer. Yet he did not remember it as loud. In part it may have been dreamed. Or it may have had some other origin.

Whatever its cause, it awakened him sharply, and he lay listening for further noises, like a housewife roused by burglars. So sharp was the impression left by the sound, he lay back motionless, expecting that what had startled him awake would somehow be heard further.

But although he lay listening for it, no sound recurred that even remotely resembled that other. Noises there were from the street—the occasional dull rumble of a truck, the grinding roll of west-bound surface cars, and once the shrieking of a siren as a police ambulance dashed past. None of these was the sound that had awakened him.

He lay back so, the doors of his hearing thrown wide, until he noticed through his other senses that the train was not in motion; whereupon he saw that he could not have slept as long as he had imagined. He inferred from the foreground silence that the opera party had not yet arrived.

Later still, but not so much later as it seemed, he heard a burst of voices outside and the sound of people swarming up the steps and down the aisle, all talking excitedly among themselves without thinking to speak softly.

A woman in the aisle at his elbow was talking to a companion. Except for the curtain, she might have been talking into his ear. He could not help overhearing her.

"My dear, it was dreadful! She lost everything she had!"

"Robbed in the open street?"

"Two bandits! They spied on her at the opera and followed her out. She lost that diamond necklace, and her rings, and those platinum bracelets, and the brooch she bought in Italy, and her diamond tiara."

"Her husband too?"

"He couldn't come. Mrs. Ames was with her. She lost her jewels, too, but some of them were paste."

"How did it ever happen?"

"A black car crowded them against the curb. Their driver tried to read the license plate, but the bandits had daubed it with grease."

The voices passed on, to be joined by others and succeeded by others. After a little the train began moving. Donovan, who had not undressed, slipped into his coat and shoes and rang for the porter.

"No use. I can't sleep. No one else is trying to. I think I'll camp with my pipe in the smoking room."

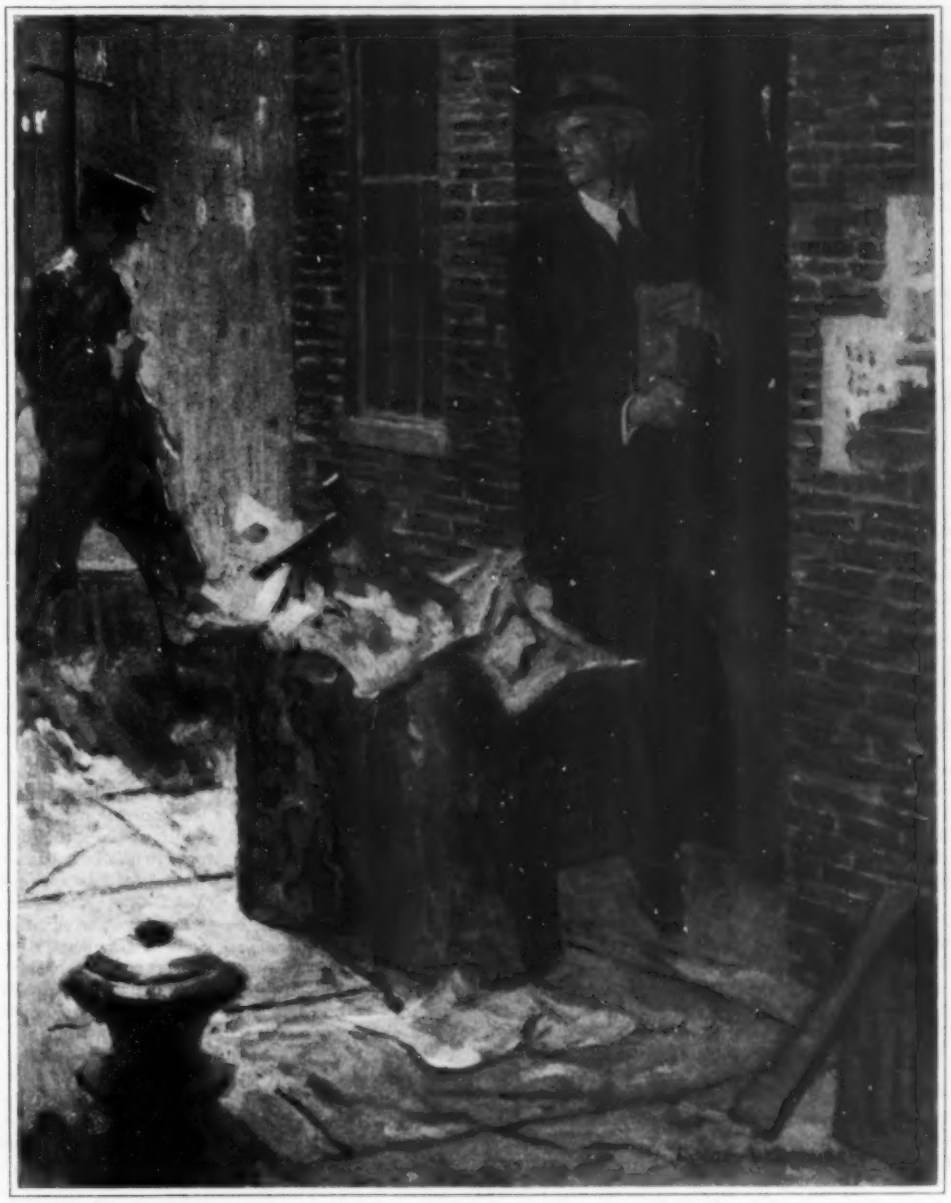
"We had a robbery," said the porter.

"So I gathered."

"Diamonds," said the porter.

"It's always diamonds, isn't it? Why will women carry around diamonds at night, openly, without the slightest protection?" And such was his state of mind, Donovan did not so much as inquire who had been robbed. It was the porter who ventured the important information.

"Yassuh. Mrs. Burley Hyers had her necklace stole."



Bruner Dodged Into the Shelter of a Door Like a Petty Thief, Emerging When the Watchman Passed On, Like the Moon From Behind a Cloud

II

THIS story begins with a piratical raid upon a treasure-lined taxicab. It now returns to that raid.

"The rest is brains," Bruner had said.

When he had thrown his pistol into a dark entrance, to be recovered later, and had exchanged his gray hat for a green, and had turned a few corners to confuse pursuit, he swung into a line of traffic to seek the greater safety of the West Wide. Later he left the thoroughfare for a dark side street. Here he stopped to wipe off his license plate, finishing the job with his red bandanna handkerchief.

He did not reënter the car. Instead, he lifted out from behind his seat a package done up in brown paper. Again he made a swift, but careful reconnaissance.

"All jake, just like we said. You duck two, three more corners and you can run in the bus. Me, I slapfoot it from here on my dogs."

With that the car disappeared into the night. Bruner had become for the first time in his life a professional pedestrian. With his bundle under his arm and his pockets stuffed with diamonds, he set out down the street like a belated clerk; harmless, unregarded, able to look any man in the eye.

But after all there is a difference. He believed he looked like a clerk, but in his heart he knew he was not. He could not quite feel at home on the sidewalk, could

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LAST LEAVES—Relatives

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

RELATIVES are queer people, because they sustain an adverb relation to one another by the very law of nature, and will use it to qualify and define one another with a thoroughness never to be found in a dictionary. If you are a relative, as you are almost sure to be, your other relatives may love you, be loyal, help and even support you in time of trouble, but they do not consider themselves bound to like you. On the contrary, they may become the very nouns of adverse judgment when sitting in family council on your case. Without being divine, they proceed upon the hypothesis that "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and do it "for your own good," delighting in this kind of goodness. But as mere people, not relatives, they are polite and can use the speaking arts of a Talleyrand toward other men and women equally in need of chastening, but who have the advantage of not being blood kin to them.

I have long desired to express the whole of my opinion on this subject, but have been restrained by the possible consequences. Relatives are not only a sensitive breed, taking offense where nothing worse than back-handed praise is meant, but in any family every member of it, however distantly related, has the gift of tongues and a power of invective in dealing with the others certainly not to be lightly risked by one who can claim no more than a literary use of words. But speaking now with rare discretion, using my own memories and experiences merely to indicate what an anomaly of human nature relatives really are, not discernible in other animals after maturity, I go ahead with the worthy purpose of saying things others, virtuously suppressed, will read with gladness.

But Every Time I Stared Belligerently at Mr. Dobbs and Resolved, if I Married a Man and Had Twenty-One Children, I'd Call Him Anything I Pleased

Our Fiery Debaters

AS I REMEMBER us from my own beginning, we were never the most prominent people in our respective communities, but have always been the most willful. We do what we set out to do, right or wrong, with a singleness of mind that has ever made a righteous wound of what would have been a moral abrasion in people less elastically ethical than we have always been. We were fiercely religious, regardless of our transgressions and according to the doctrines of our own church, but could never bear to live in brotherly love with one another in the same church. Therefore, for the sake of Christian peace, various branches of the family belonged to different denominations. This accounts for the fact that my own more intimate branch of the family retired two generations ago in the Methodist Church.

My suspicion is that by nature we are all Baptists, but by that time too many of our abler connections were already affiliated with that church, and by a wise spiritual discretion my parents went prayerfully into the Methodist fold, where we have flourished reasonably and some of us have been more prominent than we ever could have been entirely surrounded by Baptist Christians; though to this day I feel wittily kin to the last one of them and can frequently detect a Baptist personality in a room full of strangers, even when the conversation is far removed from the doctrinal aspects of salvation. This is not due to hypersensitive spirituality on my part, but probably to religious atavism, the subconsciousness of Calvinism inherited from the elder generations of my people. Baptists are deeper bitten than other Christians by their creed.

I passed my earliest years in that zone which, to so many children, seems entirely inhabited by their own kinspeople—aunts, uncles, grandparents, and what may be called the small fry of cousins. In the case of our family, this was not a temperate zone, stirred as it was by too much masculine weather, brainstorms, cloudbursts, quick changes from hot to cold, according to the temper of those engaged in the arguments and contentions that determined whether the occasion would be mild or stormy. What I mean is that we were violently social in our disposition and preferred to wrangle with one another. Otherwise we lived in reasonable love and charity with the rest of mankind; unless one of them married into the family, in which case he must take his chances along with the others already indignantly in it. Every man of us could and would raise the wind upon the slightest provocation an assertion of opinion afforded. I recall only one mild man of that generation, and he alone still lives and has become the archives of pleasant memories in his old age. How he manages it I do not know. For the younger ones in that era in the late '70s had a hot-head, supper-table habit of growing wroth and inviting one another to "come outside" with the dark intimation of settling the debate more to their liking. The flushed faces and belligerent pose of the prospective combatants, the pale faces of my meek lady relatives on these occasions, are stamped upon my memory by the excitement and the lively hope I had that nothing might happen to keep them from this long-deferred climax.

I was at this time a small and negligible child seated in a high chair beside my mother. And I doubt if anyone ever suspected the savage longing in my innocent breast to see men in mortal combat. But nothing commensurate to the disturbance ever came of these affairs. The senior lady present would rise with the finest, most contemptuous elegance of authority I have ever seen exhibited anywhere in this world, and she would step between these fiery young men and the door—not between them, you understand, which was a very fine point to make, because the code of manly gallantry then was to show fight on the dropping of a hat, but never under any circumstances to commit the brutality of a blow in the presence of ladies. Thus, in a soft voice, she calmed them with a few well-chosen words of singular mildness.

The Bar Sinister

THE bloodthirsty ones resumed their places with an apologetic air, and went on with the carving of their meat, which was a favorite food, doubtless accountable for their irascible tempers. I now recall that peace was suspiciously easy to restore at such times. Still, my contention is that the men of that period had a histrionic talent for heroism as real as any other gift, and that it was more flattering to their pride than the men of today enjoy, defeated as they are by a rational perception of their natural hypocrisies.

Quoting from the recollections of the small, snooping, listening child I was then, it is clear to me now that we were the peasant descendants of a noble line of ancestors. Our men were of the tankard type, carnivorous, not brilliant, but ruthlessly intelligent and informed with a sort of heavy eloquence which imparted weight to their opinions. Few of them were rich, none of them parsimonious, always made their own way, taking their time about it. Not one of them ever died in the ditch, and always enough of them engaged in war to shed a proper luster on their name. Their women were brave in prayer, and very meek. They accomplished all things with some kind of demure pride which I still remember with a great deal of pleasure and some sorrow, because demureness in women is a lost grace which makes their pride more brazen than beautiful, as it used to be. In matters of piety, these of the 1870's were of what would be regarded now as an appalling rectitude. Yet I have heard some of the best of them in my family refer almost arrogantly to the fact that we are descended from a Huguenot countess who was not married soon enough to our noble but Irish forefather. So that the first-born of our American line was christened in the Episcopal Church the same day his parents were united there in the holy bonds of wedlock. Looking behind them through two hundred years of glories and vicissitudes, these strict ladies relaxed sufficiently to enjoy the distinction conferred upon them by the romantic turpitude of the countess. This goes to show how much the tone of time may do to restore the reputation of fair women. History, poetry—all literature is replete in its brighter pages with similar instances of other fair and frail ladies not connected with our family. It is very discouraging when you think about it in the

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SOCIAL ARBITER

ILLUSTRATED BY ADDISON BURBANK

MY CAREER as a social leader started, as most successful careers start, in childhood. I have deliberately compared my achievements with those in broader fields, because in order to secure and maintain my power against all competitors, I have had, on occasion, to employ the tact of a diplomat, the skill in organization of an industrial or military general, and the intuition of an artist. To those readers who feel that the use of such talents in a purely social realm was a waste of effort, I shall explain that when I was born, in 187—, there was no other avenue of accomplishment open to a girl of good family, no matter how much physical vitality and mental forcefulness she possessed. These two invaluable gifts were mine. All social leaders I have ever met—and every community, large or small, has had one—possess them.

When, at the age of twelve, I was sent to Miss S——'s Academy for Young Ladies, which was a select day school, I discovered that I was by nature a leader. During my years at home, when I was taught by governesses, I had taken command of the nursery, as the eldest of five children. It proved excellent training; already I had the habit of authority. It never occurred to me that my rule would be disputed; consequently, it rarely was.

And I learned, almost at once, another truth which has served me well: People love to be led! The other girls at Miss S——'s were delighted to find someone who would tell them what games to play, what clothes to wear; someone who could be consulted on any matter and could give a prompt decision.

However, it was one thing to establish myself as their leader, and another to keep on leading. For the inevitable rival cropped up; a girl, Ruth ——, a year older, with far more money, and much prettier than I. It is amusing and probably significant that almost no great social leaders have been beautiful.

The first conscious strategy of my career was to vanquish her aspirations to generalship. I have used the same method countless times since. I was never on the defensive. I pretended not even to notice her claims. But I was careful never to give her any orders. I could not risk insubordination. Nothing is so contagious. I accepted the followers who turned to me of their own free choice; I annexed a few more here and there, but not until the Christmas holidays was there any open conflict.

Then one of my satellites told me that Ruth was planning a beautiful party on New Year's Day, with favors and sweetmeats and presents to be sent all the way from Metropolis!

"Oh, that's too bad," I can still hear myself inventing, while I was thinking hard, "for that's the very day of my party! But of course mine won't be elaborate like hers. I guess you'd all better go to Ruth's."

I was counting on the fact that in the social background all of us shared, due to the gradual impoverishment of many of our most distinguished families, money and extravagance were not considered quite refined. Had I lived under another set of conditions, I would have used some other argument.

I added, "And I can't invite all the girls. Not more than half of them. Mine will be just a little party."

As I foresaw, these two statements when repeated formed a challenge no one could resist.

I had found the corner stone of the entire social structure—exclusiveness. Instinctively I knew that which all my experience since has corroborated—that it is never so important with whom you associate, as with whom you refuse to associate. The power to ask people to a party or to get them into a club is far less than the power to keep them out. The right to veto is what makes a social leader.

On that first occasion, my triumph was assured. I was too cautious to issue my invitations until the last possible moment. Hence every girl was agitated for fear she would be one of the fifty per cent I had said I could not ask. When Ruth approached them, each one hesitated to accept. Not only did she hope she would be invited to my house but she felt that by appearing at Ruth's—or more important, by being absent from mine—she would automatically be considered one of the ineligibles.

Consequently, Ruth herself came to me and asked if I expected to invite her.

"I had intended to," I said, "but since you're giving a big party, of course you couldn't come."

She then suggested that she change the date of hers, which I graciously allowed her to do, but insisted that she give hers first.

The welcome news that there were to be two parties was credited to my kindness by one of those miscarriages of justice which favor a popular leader. It was hardly necessary for me to provide the entertainment I did for my guests; they were so grateful at being asked, they came feeling it a privilege to be there. At Ruth's, where they saw everyone, they felt no sense of gratitude at being included.

Since that time, no matter how much money I have had at my disposal, I have never competed on a purely materialistic basis.

This is one of the many vital differences, incidentally, between a social leader and a social climber. Not that I have any prejudice against the social climber—by their very choice of a goal they pay tribute to my own. I have helped many of them in my day—but this belongs later in my story.

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Never Have I Seen a Person Who Was at Once So Magnetic Yet Inaccessible

HARD MONEY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"We Shall be Vastly Obliged," She Said With a Cunning Affectation of Age and Sophistication

V

"THAT is a fine coat you have, my son," said Anneke Van Horn. "I never looked to see a son of mine in such a coat."

"It is a necessary coat, mother," said Jan.

"It is easy to make our vanities seem necessities," his mother replied succinctly. "A man does not grow rich buying fine blue coats with shining buttons."

"I go to see the patroon," said Jan, as if that explained everything.

"Your father went to see the patroon in his homespun and with his pack on his back."

"To sell old coins for Mynheer Van Rensselaer's collection," said Jan. "I do not go as a peddler. I go as a banker."

"Is it so then? Will the patroon trust a blue coat more readily than one made from home-fashioned threads?"

"I think already he is prepared to trust me. It is not that. He must also respect me as a man able to deal with money. I must have the look of money about me."

"There is something in that," admitted his mother; "but for all that, money saved is money saved."

"I save," said Jan, "but one does not get rich by saving. He must also spend. To make money a man must have connections. He must associate with men of money. Therefore I have spent time searching out old coins and I have sold them to the patroon at a loss. I have watched for opportunities to do him services which would come to his ears. He knows who I am."

"Do you wish to borrow from him, Jan?"

"No. It is his name I want, and the names of his friends and relatives. Was not his mother a daughter of Philip Livingston? And his wife a daughter of Peter Schuyler? All great folks! If I could get to handle a very little of his business, it would not be long before I would handle more. Through him I would reach the Schuylers and Livingstons and the rest."

"You fly high, my son."

"I mean to perch high, mother."

"A high perch means a long fall."

"Not if I climb slowly up a safe ladder, mother."

"I think you may be trusted to do that," she said. "Well, my son, God go with you."

So Jan set out for the manor house in quest of a patron, and was received by Stephen Van Rensselaer in that room which he used for the transaction of business.

"Well, my boy," he asked affably, "what is it today? More coins for my collection."

"No, sir. It is a matter of business."

"Ah, business? And the nature of it, Van Horn?"

"These are dangerous times, sir."

"Aye, dangerous, what with Orders in Council from the English which practically confiscate our shipping to her uses, and Milan Decrees and Berlin Decrees of Napoleon which enunciate the theory that all neutral merchant ships have been converted into British vessels, we are like to be in a bad way."

"Betwixt them, sir, they will drive our commerce from the seas or destroy it. It bears hard on everybody. Merchants can't sell when there ain't goods on their shelves, and merchandise comes from across the ocean. If we can't send abroad our furs and tobacco and what not to sell, where will money be coming from?"

"We would fight," said the patroon.

"With Mr. Jefferson laying up all our fighting ships and letting them rot? And now comes this embargo!"

"A malign measure," said the patroon. "A cowardly measure! Our President argues it is better to forbid our ships to leave our harbors, to keep them tied to their wharves, than to send them out to certain destruction by the French and English. It will come to war, I tell you, young man, and the sooner the better."

Jan shook his head. "War is bad, sir."

"It is bad, Van Horn, but dishonor is worse."

"Dishonor, sir, is for gentlefolk, but merchants and farmers and artisans think more of three meals a day."

"The more shame to them," said the patroon. "But what of your business, young man?"

"As you know, sir, I have been dealing in exchange and lending money."

"I know. I have heard you well spoken of."

"My hope has been to be a banker," said Jan. "Already many people have placed funds on deposit with me. On the first of the month, sir, I intend to announce that I am prepared to carry on the business of banking in all its branches."

"Including," asked the patroon, "the issuance of more wildcat currency?"

"I shall issue no bank notes. I do not believe it is sound business for private banks to do so."

"You are a revolutionist, Van Horn."

"There will come a day," said Jan, "when a dollar of paper money will be worth a hundred cents from ocean to ocean."

The patroon frowned. "Ocean to ocean! There are thousands of miles of wilderness betwixt us and the western ocean."

"It will not always be wilderness, sir."

"Nonsense. Why, it requires not months but years to travel across this continent."

"Are you, sir, acquainted with the experiments of Oliver Evans in Philadelphia?"

"I have no knowledge of them."

"He proposes to move a carriage from place to place, on land or water, by means of a steam engine. Four years ago he built a conveyance which would run on the road or travel in water. People laugh at him. I think there is something in it."

"Nonsense."

Jan shook his head stubbornly. "Maybe this is not the way, but a way will be found. Suppose, sir, there were a

mechanical carriage which would travel at a rate of ten miles an hour. One could go from Albany to New York in fourteen hours. Or across the whole of the continent in three hundred hours."

"Impossible," said the patroon, with an air of finality. "But to return to your bank. How does it concern me?"

"If," said Jan, "you could see your way clear to doing some business with me—if only a very small business. If it were known that you intrusted funds to me on deposit it would elevate me in the opinion of the town."

"Ah, and what assurance have I that my funds would be safe?"

Jan paused. When he spoke, it was with a certain dignity which was not without impressiveness. "The Van Horns," he said, "have lived upon the patroonship from the beginning. None of them has done a dishonest act. No man has lost money who has trusted them."

"It is not your honesty I question, young man, but your ability."

"I know money," said Jan, "and the ways of money. Ask any banker or merchant in Albany."

"So I have heard. Also I heard how you refused to be a party to a certain piece of chicanery which would have made you much money. It was talked of in private. I do not see why I cannot deposit a reasonable sum with you."

"Thank you, sir," said Jan.

"Certain moneys have come in yesterday and today. Out of them I will deposit with you, say, five thousand dollars. I will have it fetched."

Jan hesitated. His fortune was excellent, and if he could do no better he would be content. It was, however, his tenacious Dutch way always to reach for what he wanted until he was convinced of its impossibility.

"When," he asked, "will you come to Albany, sir?"

"Tomorrow—the next day—very soon."

"If it will be all the same to you, then, will you fetch the money yourself? I wish the town to see you stop before my door and come into my countingroom. It will be talked of in every shop and house in town before nightfall. It will be said that the patroon transacts business with Jan Van Horn."

Van Rensselaer threw back his head and laughed. Then he leaned forward and scrutinized the sturdy Dutchman with appreciation and with shrewdness.

"By Gad," he said, "I'll double the sum. I'll make it ten thousand, and curse me if I don't drive up with outriders and a coach. I know brains when I see them."

"I'm obliged," said Jan.

"We'll drink to the bank in a glass of Madeira—just arrived by a ship of my cousin's."

Here was condescension indeed. Jan glowed with a pride not understandable by those of a later day when no patroons exist and when caste has become a matter of money rather than of birth and of those other matters which made the true aristocracy of the post-Revolutionary days what it was. That glass of Madeira was Jan's first great upward step in the social world. It was a symbol which he cherished.

"There will be few more ships coming to port," he said as he sat, glass in hand.

"More's the pity," said the patroon. "They tell me the wharves of Boston and Baltimore and New York are crowded with idle ships. They say that grass grows in the streets of Salem and that business stagnates north and south. Mr. Jefferson is a poltroon!"

"Sir," said Jan, "has the idea presented itself to you that ships can be bought for a fraction of their value, and that an owner who dared evade the embargo and sail from port with a cargo for a foreign harbor would make greater profits than shipowner ever made?"

"Ah," said the patroon thoughtfully.

"If a company of men," said Jan, "were to buy and fit three ships, and load them, they could well afford to lose one of the three to gain the profits the two remaining ships would earn."

"Hum," said the patroon.

"There must be harbors which are not watched," Jan said, "and guards who are not vigilant. The business of this country needs the merchandise, and it needs the money."

"But Mr. Jefferson regards the embargo as a weapon of offense. By depriving England of necessities which come from us, he hopes to starve her into a modification of the Orders in Council."

"He denies that, sir, and says the matter is only protective."

"I could not associate my name with such a project," said the patroon. "Nevertheless—nevertheless ——"

Jan arose and made his bow. "I hope to receive you in my countingroom, sir," he said.

"Tomorrow or the day following. And we will talk more of this shipping notion of yours. There may be—who knows—something to be made out of it."

Two days later Albany watched the progress of the patroon over its unpaved streets and opened its eyes with astonishment as his equipage stopped before the modest house whose window bore the freshly applied sign of John Van Horn, Banker. It will be perceived that the homely Jan had been dropped in an official manner and its English equivalent substituted for all the world to see and to use. Except Anneke.

Democratic young noses pressed against the window after Jan had made his sedate appearance to welcome his patron at the step of his carriage and escort him inside, and Van Rensselaer's fine eyes twinkled as, for the public benefit, he made some parade of his business.

"Mr. Van Horn," he said, "I wish to arrange to deposit a considerable sum of money in your charge if you can accommodate me."

Jan's eyes were not without an answering twinkle and a side glance at the knot of curious people outside his door as he replied, "I am happy to be of service to you, sir."

"I trust," said Van Rensselaer, "that this marks the commencement of long and mutually satisfactory business dealings betwixt us. And, by the way, Van Horn, on Friday evening a company of gentlemen dine at my house.

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"I Wish the Town to See You Stop Before My Door and Come Into My Countingroom. It Will be Talked Of in Every Shop and House in Town Before Nightfall"

My Friendship With Roosevelt

By OWEN WISTER

TO BE our President must have kept all but a few of them extremely busy. I often saw how busy it kept Roosevelt; yet he never lost track of his friends. All but one of the following letters are an illustration of this. The remaining letter is about the things that were keeping him busy.

"WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON
"APRIL 10, 1904.

"*Dear Dan:* I have your letter of the ninth, and look forward to seeing you on Saturday, to stay as many days as you can at the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt may be away at Groton School, but I shall be here. Will you be alone, or will Mrs. Wister and the various young 'Smoots' or 'Smootinas' be with you? We have lots of room.

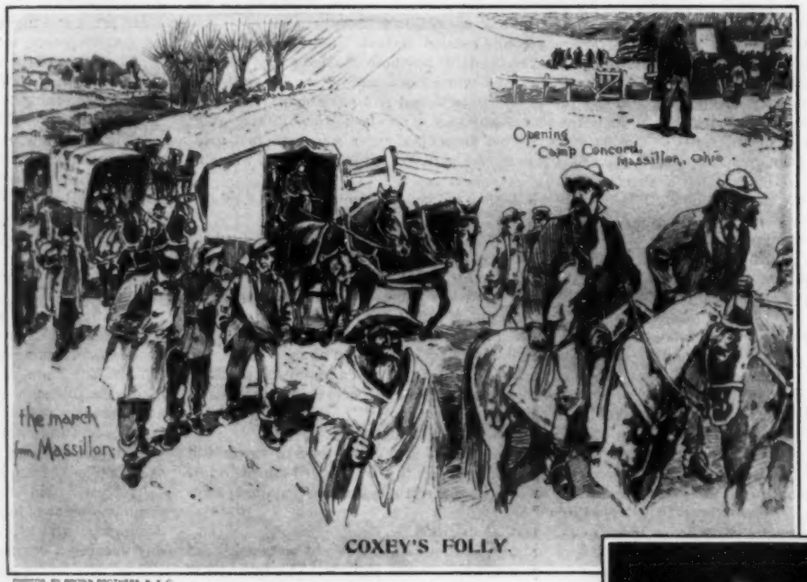
"I am concerned at what you tell me about yourself.

"Always yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

"WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON
"NOVEMBER 11, 1904.

Dear Dan: Hearty thanks to you and the madam from The Sun of York.

"Always yours, "T. R."



PHOTOS. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

A Contemporary News Drawing of Coxey's Army's First March on Washington

A sweeping majority had elected him a few days before, and we had telegraphed him: "Richard Third, Act I, Scene I, Lines one and two." He knew the rest; hence "The Sun of York." Four years later, when his term was ending and Congress would do nothing that he recommended, I think that probably he had to open his Shakspere to decipher what we then telegraphed: "Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Scene I, line three preceding Mercutio's exit." The words are: "A plague o' both your houses!"

"WHITE HOUSE
"Personal. "NOVEMBER 19, 1904.

"*Dear Dan:* Later I do want you and Mrs. Dan to spend a night here at Washington with us if you can.

"I value much your letter. You give expression to exactly what I have felt. I have been most abundantly rewarded, far beyond my deserts, by the American people; and I say this with all sincerity and not in any spirit of mock humility. The stars in their courses fought for me. I was forced to try a dozen pieces of doubtful and difficult work in which it was possible to deserve success, but in which it would not have been possible even for Lincoln or Washington to be sure of commanding success. I mean the Panama business, the anthracite coal strike, the Northern Securities suit, the Philippine Church question, the whole Cuban business, the Alaska boundary, the Government open-shop matter, irrigation and forestry work, and so on. In each case, partly by hard and intelligent work, and partly by good fortune, we won out. Moreover, Parker, who had been most carefully groomed for some years to bring the Democracy back into power by uniting the Bryanites and Clevelandites, and who had very strong political and financial interests behind him, when actually tried in the great strain of a struggle for the presidency, proved a poor type of candidate; so that many outside circumstances, over which I could have exercised but partial control, favored me. Of course, it would be foolish for me to say that I did not think that I myself was responsible for part of the victory. I have done a great deal of substantial work. I have never sought trouble, but I have never feared to take the initiative when, after careful thought, I deemed it necessary. Moreover, in Hay, Taft, Root, Knox and one or two others I have had as staunch and able friends and supporters as ever a President had. My relations with these men have been very close and very, very pleasant. If circumstances had been different I would most gladly have served in the cabinet of any one of the four men I have named; and we have had the most thorough comradeship of feeling now that circumstances have been such that they have all served in my cabinet.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The President at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1903

"Moreover, it is a peculiar gratification to me to have owed my election not to the politicians primarily, although of course I have done my best to get on with them; not to the financiers, although I have staunchly upheld the rights of property; but above all to Abraham Lincoln's 'plain people'—to the folk who work hard on farm, in shop, or on the railroads, or who own little stores, little businesses which they manage themselves. I would literally, not figuratively, rather cut off my right hand than forfeit by any improper act of mine the trust and regard of all these people. I may have to do something of which they will disapprove, because I deem it absolutely right and necessary; but most assuredly I shall endeavor not to merit their disapproval by any act inconsistent with the ideal they have formed of me.

J. S. Coxey at the Time of His Second March on the Capital

"But the gentlefolk, the people whom you and I meet at the houses of our friends and at our clubs; the people who went to Harvard, as we did, or to other colleges more or less like Harvard—these people have contained many of those who have been most bitter in their opposition to me, and their support on the whole has been much more lukewarm than the support of those whom I have called the plain people. As you say, I do not at all mind what Mr. Baer, or Mr. J. J. Hill, or Mr. Thomas F. Ryan does in the way of opposing me. Mr. Baer was doing what I thought wrong in the coal strike. Mr. Hill was doing what I thought wrong in the Northern Securities Company. Mr. Ryan was doing what I thought wrong about the franchise-tax law in New York. And I upset them all. They are all three big men and very wealthy. They are accustomed to being treated with great consideration, and they have doubtless quite sincerely come to feel that their own wisdom and right-mindedness are such that it is improper to oppose them. I do not wonder that they are bitter toward me.

"But the Evening Post crowd, the Carl Schurz and Charles Francis Adams crowd, are hypocritical and insincere when they oppose me. They have loudly professed to demand just exactly the kind of government I have given, and yet they have done their futile best to defeat me. They have not been able to do me personally any harm, but they continually do the cause of good government a certain amount of harm by diverting into foolish channels of snarling and critical impotence the energies of fine young fellows who ought to be a power for good. Take Carl Schurz's attack upon me for acting as any gentleman would act with Hanna and Quay when they were on their deathbeds; or take his statement that because I had seen Addicks and Lou Payn I was to be repudiated, as 'the friendship of the wicked has its price.' In the first place, I had seen Lou Payn just once, at his request. I have seen Addicks perhaps three times, at his request, of course. I have never since I have been President done for either Addicks or Payn one single act; never made an appointment for either of them or done anything else for either.

"In the next place, I shall continue to see both of them whenever they choose to call, and to see anybody else who chooses to call—unless it be some creature who renders it impossible for me to see him. For instance, if Hearst, while congressman, calls upon me, I shall see him as a matter of course. I continually see Dry Dollar Sullivan. If my virtue ever becomes so frail that it will not stand meeting men of whom I thoroughly disapprove, but who are in active official life and whom I must encounter, why, I shall go out of politics and become an anchorite. Whether I see these men or do not see them, if I do for them anything improper, then I am legitimately subject to criticism, but only a fool will criticize me because I see them. Moreover, the hypocrisy of Carl Schurz and the Evening Post crowd is the more evident because they support Parker, who owes his political existence to Hill and is the intimate social and political friend of Hill, Sheehan and Tom Taggart, and yet attack me for seeing men not one particle

worse than these men whom Parker has seen all the time, and with whom he is on terms of hand-in-glove intimacy. To choose Tom Taggart to run his campaign was precisely as if I had chosen Lou Payn to run mine; and the morality of Hill, his creator, is no more advanced than the morality of Addicks.

"Of course, in my work I have made certain mistakes, as was inevitable when I had such countless questions to meet all the time. I do not think that they have been very numerous or very important. Furthermore, there are some decisions I have made where I think I was right, but where, doubtless, other people with the same state of facts before them would think I was wrong. But in the great majority of the cases for which I am criticized by the people in question, the fact simply is that they have criticized in ignorance of all the circumstances of the case; in ignorance of the conditions which I, being at the center of affairs, must know better than any one else, and upon which I must act upon my own responsibility.

"There—I have written you a long screed!

"Good-by and good luck.

"Ever yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"P. S. Take the college-bred men of the country on a whole, and I think I have the majority."

"WHITE HOUSE
"WASHINGTON
"Personal. "DECEMBER 2, 1904.

"*Dear Dan:* Don't you want to come down here and spend a week in the White House, just to rest yourself? I would see a good deal of you at odd moments, and you would have plenty of chance of resting. You could read, walk about, see the Congressional Library, and know that you were with people who were very glad to have you in the house. The change might really do you a little good.

"Always yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

This solicitude for his friends, when they were in trouble and he thought that he could help them, might be termed a habit of mind with him—or rather, perhaps, a habit of his heart; no matter how busy he was, nothing turned him from it. Enough illustrations where I was concerned have been given, and to these I will add but one more, which concerns another of his close friends. This friend arrived, not very well, for a short visit to Sagamore Hill, and fell into a sort of nervous collapse the next day. This compelled a much longer stay than had been expected. Quiet, rest, and a very little gentle exercise in the fresh air were the only medicine prescribed. Each day, at an hour in the afternoon when the sun was favorable, Roosevelt knocked, took the visitor downstairs, and they walked up and down the piazza together for the length of time that was recommended; after which the host conducted his guest back to rest and quiet.

XI

IN THE preceding pages certain words have recurred more than once, and in Roosevelt's letter from the White House, dated November 19, 1904, which is evidently an answer to whatever I wrote to him after the sweeping victory of his election, some of these words appear again: ". . . the Panama business, the anthracite coal strike, the Northern Securities suit. . . ."

And farther along in the same letter he says:

". . . I do not at all mind what Mr. Baer, or Mr. J. J. Hill . . . does in the way of opposing me. Mr. Baer was doing what I thought wrong in the coal strike. Mr. Hill was doing what I thought wrong in the Northern Securities Company. . . . And I upset them all. . . . They are accustomed to being treated with great consideration. . . . I do not wonder that they are bitter toward me. But the Evening Post crowd . . . are hypocritical and insincere when they oppose me. They have loudly professed to demand just exactly the kind of government I have given. . . ."

I wonder how much these various sentences, written in a political and social past which the Great War has pushed so far behind us that it seems a century ago—I wonder how much they signify to the reader of today, how loud they ring in the ears of a man of thirty, or even of forty?

The air was full of the din which they made during that first decade of our century; you heard "Panama," "Coal Commission," "Northern Securities," issue from people's lips as frequently and violently as you are hearing "prohibition" during these later decades. This din did not cease with Roosevelt's triumphant election in November, 1904; it grew louder; and it was my lot to be sitting in the middle of it from first to last. The fact that he had been renominated by acclamation and was the first Vice President in our history to become President and succeed himself, is more than strong evidence; it is absolute proof of what the American people as a whole thought of this gentleman and Harvard graduate who had become the storm center of our fortunes. But what Mr. Baer furiously said to me was: "Does your friend ever think?"

That was early in the storm; the storm had begun to rage in February, 1902, when the suit against the Northern Securities was started, and the stock market sank like lead. In the following October, the Coal Strike Commission turned the storm into a hurricane, and Mr. Baer made his remark. Not the least striking part of it is that he made it in the presence of George Gray, who was chairman of the commission, and at that time, I suppose, the first citizen of Delaware.

It must have been at the November dinner of the Mahogany Tree Club in Philadelphia that it occurred. I was the youngest member of this company, a group of agreeable, busy men, who met for pleasure and talked well. All are dead, and none have filled their place. They knew that I had been an intimate friend of Roosevelt's since long before he became President. "They" were a group of men such as A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railroad, Senator du Pont, of Delaware, James Mitchell, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, Judge Gray, Weir Mitchell, and others; doctors, lawyers, each in some way eminent, and none, save Dr. J. William White, with much admiration for Theodore Roosevelt. Doctor White was a brilliant surgeon, with a rough tongue, and very dear to the students of the University of Pennsylvania on account of his interest and influence in athletics. He was enthusiastic about Roosevelt, whose outdoor pursuits and outspoken way of talking were the sort of thing that particularly appealed to him.

Some fifteen of us sat dining at that round table, where Roosevelt's latest "outrage" against law and the vested rights of property was being forcibly condemned by the lawyers and the railroad magnates; and so George F. Baer, whom I warmly regarded, and saw often, shouted: "Does your friend ever think?" He almost literally roared the word "think."

"He certainly seems to act," I answered, very mildly.

"Why don't you stand up for him, Owen?" called Doctor White across the table. "Why don't you fight 'em?"

"What good would that do? I couldn't kill 'em! They know what I think of him, and it doesn't happen to be what they think. But every citizen has a right to discuss the public actions of the President."

At that same Mahogany Tree table, not many years later—but just how many I cannot remember—George F. Baer said to me:

"About the best thing your friend ever did was to appoint the Coal Strike Commission."

Does this amaze the reader? It certainly amazed me so deeply at the moment that I sat perfectly silent, and our dinner went pleasantly on. No one present reminded George Baer of what he had said in November, 1902, when the Coal Strike Commission was Roosevelt's latest outrage. Perhaps they had forgotten. Other outrages had followed—the Railroad Rate Bill, the Pure Food and Drugs Act, the Anti-Rebate Law, Employer's Liability. Had these wiped the coal business out of George Baer's mind? What did his remark mean? I shall never know, but it gave me my most striking and abiding lesson about the value of human judgment. I believe that then and there I began to suspect what I now know clearly—that emotion, and not reason, is the force which precipitates human affairs and tilts the minds of men this way or that.

(Continued on Page 153)

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G. F. Baer, Reading Coal and Railroad Magnate, on His Way to a Strike Conference

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The Late Samuel Gompers

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The President on a Hunting Trip in Northwest Colorado in 1905

HAPPY LANDINGS

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XII

OF COURSE the green-and-mauve splendors of the hotel were not long for Eve. She paid her bill at the end of one week and with a diminished purse, removed, upon Timberlake's recommendation, to the Studio Club, an attractively rambling edifice in creamy stucco, built around a patio. There, for about forty dollars a month, she dwelt in comparative ease in a pleasantly airy room, overlooking a stretch of green lawn and a pepper tree. The room bore above its door the name of Charlie Chaplin, which faintly startled Eve when she first saw it, but which the smart gray-haired woman who officiated as hostess assured her merely signified that Mr. Chaplin had endowed the chamber. Other doors, other donors—Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge—cinematic stars twinkled all up and down the corridors of the Studio Club, affording shelter to Red Riding Hoods from Maine to Oregon.

Keeping wolves at bay, with the comforting assurance of two meals a day and do your own laundry in a room with tubs and electric irons gratis.

All very cozy and safe. But remembering Anne, Eve experienced from time to time distinct qualms of homesickness. Anne had spoiled her for making her own bed, picking up her own clothes and putting them neatly away in closets and chests of drawers. "What 're ye thinkin' of?" Anne used to cry to her, when Eve couldn't find a thing that would be sitting right under her nose. "If it'd been a snake, it would 'a' bit ye!"

Being scolded by Anne for losing things was infinitely pleasanter than simply having to keep on till one found them for oneself in silence. Too, for all her grimmest endeavors at rationalizing the situation, Eve did not enjoy being in a building full of women.

Woman, as an individual, she could put up with, sometimes even enjoy, although her preference in friends was for men; but woman in the herd affected her strangely and unpleasantly. Eve considered that women are usually either so shrewd as to be dangerous or so dull as not to be amusing. One has either to watch them continually or simply can't bear to watch them at all. She was a trifle ashamed in her heart of this peculiarity of hers, remembering the quantities of noble beings like Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Jephthah's daughter, and so on, who have bespangled, or at least clogged, the pages of history. But there you are! A lone wolf is a lone wolf and a white blackbird is not a wren.

Naturally, with this psychosis disturbing her Eve did not settle down, as she might have done, into a sheltered if active existence at the Studio Club. At night, instead of talking in the really delightful central sitting room to other young women bent on the conquest of Hollywood, she sat in her own room and read. As a matter of fact, she talked to no one when it wasn't strictly necessary, except to girls who happened to sit next to her at table or preceded or followed her at the electric iron. And to these last she had much better not have spoken at all, because she never got over a certain personal bitterness in the matter of washing out stockings and step-ins. Anne, beyond a doubt, had spoilt her. Eve was recklessly considering sending for Anne to give up her excellent job as housemaid and come out and live with her, when she met Lillian Lloyd. And the first time Eve saw Lillian Lloyd, sitting in a corner, behind a tea table, on Sunday afternoon, with a blond young man with a very slight mustache, alongside, Eve thought she was seeing a certain famous Norwegian star; and wondered idly why the star should be teaing at the Studio Club, when all her publicity was to the effect that upon leaving work she retired instantly into the simple silences of her home, not coming forth again until more work was to be done or a première at Baumann's Japanese Theater to be put over, or something of an equally exigent nature.

Just Before He Went Away He Took From His Pocket a Small Object Clumsily Wrapped in a Sheet of Letter Paper

In her surprise, Eve went so far as to inquire of someone: "Isn't that Gerda?"

"Gerda!" said the person thus interrogated. "My dear, not a chance! That's Gerda's stand-in. Her name's Lloyd. She's been living here a couple of months now. Isn't the resemblance marvelous?"

Eve persisted, "What's a stand-in? Sorry to be so dumb."

A stand-in, the other girl explained, was someone who stood about in scenes while the cameras were being focused and saved the star for those rarer moments when the picture was going on. "Of course, she's got to be the same height and weight, and all that. Wear the same clothes, so that she looks just the same to the cameraman—colors and everything. A double—that's what she is, really. Lloyd's simply perfect. She's got Gerda's face, her slouch ——"

"Everything, in fact, except what Gerda's got," said Eve, and went upstairs to her room, smiling to herself over the cunning in the hand of the potter which could turn out two women utterly alike in every contour, yet one just simple human flesh, the other so much voltage in silken skin. Because Lillian Lloyd was simple, delightfully so; Eve felt that before she met her.

She had the pale smooth hair, curling up at the ends; she had the long, narrow eyes, heavy lidded and inscrutable; she had even the thin upper lip, the slightly pouting lower one, that gave the star her most startling effect of chill sensuality; but in Lillian, hair, eyes and mouth were fresh as a half-ripe wheatfield.

Eve felt, before she met her, that she should like her—and did.

It appeared, in their first conversation, that Lillian had on her side observed Eve.

"I like those little sleeveless silk dresses you wear," said Lillian gravely—"the plain cream ones. Gosh, I get so tired slinking around in these drapes." She wriggled her thin shoulders, lifted her gracefully hollow chest. "When I get through with this job," she said, "I'm going to get me a wind-blown bob and put on about twenty-five pounds. I'm going to change my type ab-so-lutely!" There was something in her Midwestern burrs and nasals as refreshing as a creek running under willows.

"Do you like it here?" she asked Eve curiously, when Eve had been living at the Studio Club for about a month and they had developed a definite if casual friendship. "I know it's a wonderful place for a girl to live and you're as safe here as in your mother's arms, but do you like it?"

"I hate living in any sort of—institution," said Eve concisely.

"I'm no orphan by nature myself," said Lillian Lloyd. "Listen here. Why don't we look around for a furnished bungalow, somewhere in the neighborhood of National Players? Between us we could afford it."

"You mean, you and me?" said Eve, startled. She hadn't thought of that.

"Sure!" said Lillian briskly. She was by nature brisk, when she wasn't cultivating the languid prowl and cryptic lip and eyebrow movements of her star. "There's plenty nice little places like that; and I'd keep out of your way, you'd keep out of mine. Seems to me it'd be an improvement on this place."

"I think it would," said Eve slowly. She surprised herself with the sense of relief that the thought of a bungalow somewhere gave her. "Can you cook?" she asked doubtfully.

"I hope to tell you! Can't you?" returned Lillian.

"That's one thing I can do," said Eve. "I'd adore to get my hands on a kitchen again."

"We could get in a girl to do the dirty work," said Lillian sensibly. She added, "You'll probably get a raise with your next picture, or have you got a long contract?"

Eve said her contract was only for three months. And she had no idea she'd be raised.

"Oh, yes, you will. You've got a future, Eve," said Lillian earnestly, "with Timberlake backing you."

So the fact of Timberlake's backing her was common talk. Eve didn't worry greatly over that. The Hollywood legend.

She said, "All right. Let's start looking around for a place."

And that was the beginning of the small gray cottage at the end of a rambling up-hill-and-down-dale street, where eventually Eve's trunks and her dressing-table things and her picture of Eddie laughing out of the cockpit of his plane came to rest.

Lillian asked no tiresome questions about anything. "Army?" she commented, regarding Eddie's picture, set forth on the table beside Eve's gray-painted bed, and that was all.

"When that was taken, no," said Eve. And that was all too.

Lillian Lloyd knew how to mind her own business—a very precious thing in woman. She produced, on the day of their moving in, and set up on her own bedside table, the photograph of a young man in the uniform of a naval officer, with his cap the merest trifle to one side of a well-shaped head, with a small blond mustache above an amiably wide mouth.

"Looks a little like musical comedy, don't he?" she suggested proudly. "His ship's at San Pedro now."

"Have you known him long?" asked Eve, with the respectful interest she felt she owed to any of Lillian's belongings.

Lillian said, "You don't have to know the Navy long, Eve."

With Lillian in it, the gray cottage could not help but be a haven.

"Take care she doesn't get on your nerves," said Timberlake, upon learning of Eve's most recent domestic arrangements. "Pretty dumb, isn't she?"

But he sent a great package of books over to the cottage, and a shining cocktail shaker with a dozen glasses. "Let me come by for one occasionally," he wrote on a card he sent with them.

"That's what they say about him," observed Lillian, unwrapping the glasses with solemn care. "At least, that's one of the things." She inquired of Eve, when they had been in the cottage several days and things were growing moderately orderly: "Why don't we have that fella from the South out for dinner some night—the one that came to see you sometimes at the club? I'll make fried chicken," promised Lillian.

When she said fried chicken, her eyes narrowed, her lips parted. She slumped her shoulders and arched her slender neck.

"Gosh!" she said. "I stood around today in long white riding pants and a sport shirt till I thought I'd drop, while her ladyship got a little sleep in her dressing room. . . . Well, how about the dinner party?"

"Why, I think it would be nice," said Eve, wishing remorsefully that she had thought of it herself.

So Traill was asked to dinner, and Lillian Lloyd cooked fried chicken for him and Eve made him dripped coffee. And just before he went away he took from his pocket a small object clumsily wrapped in a sheet of letter paper and offered it to Eve with a highly deprecatory smile.

"I don't know if you're superstitious or not ——" he drawled.

It was a small pot-bellied god with a wide grin on his face, with his minute hands finger-tipping in his lap—an exquisite bit of carving.

"White jade!" cried Eve, entranced. Her fingers curled round the god caressingly.

"Probably just soapstone," muttered Traill.

"Isn't he a honey!" said Lillian Lloyd, but without conviction. "Kind of homely, though, isn't he? Or is that the way he's supposed to be?"

Eve set the god on a table between a copper jar of Shirley poppies and the silver cigarette box Eddie had given her only a year ago, on her twenty-fourth birthday.

Later, on the steps of the gray cottage with a half-moon silvering the smooth round stepping-stones that led to the rambling street, she accused Traill suddenly: "Jed, that was your lucky piece! Why didn't you say so?"

"Not much of a recommendation," said Traill, "is it?"

She put her hand on his arm. She sensed in him an even deeper consciousness of defeat than before. "Have you begun work yet, with Carman?"

He had told her Timberlake had signed him for a double. Other than that she had not discussed the matter with him.

"Not yet," he said. "A whole flock of delays; one kind or another. They're starting next week—so they say."

"Well, I suppose that's Hollywood," said Eve.

"That's life," said Traill. "Hollywood's just like any other place."

She wanted to ask him how he was making out for living expenses. She didn't quite dare. His pride was like a naked sword between them. His smile was politely aloof. But his eyes hurt Eve's heart with their dark disquietude.

She said: "Did you use to carry him with you, flying—the little god?"—very gently, like laying a finger on a deep cut.

"Yes," said Jed Traill. "What did you think he was grinning about?"

XIII

WITH Jed Traill's lucky piece on the table in the sitting room, life in the cottage went forward under favorable auspices. Lillian, as she had frankly boasted, was an excellent cook. Eve had herself a deft hand at certain things, including beaten biscuit, baked ham and other symbols of the South. The girls got their own breakfast, lunched on the lot, as a rule, and got their own dinner when they were not going out.

It surprised Eve to find how simple and uneventful their routine actually was. Life in Hollywood—which should have been all wild parties and scandal, all wild women and dangerous men, if one were to believe the lighter forms of American fiction, even the pictures themselves. Of course, working as Eve was doing—as Lillian was doing, too, for that matter—one simply couldn't have afforded wild parties, even if offered.

"But just because you don't see 'em, don't think they can't be had," said Lillian wisely. "Of course, for one thing, you're stage; not movie really. And when you come right down to it, Hollywood's not so hot on importations from the stage. There's a lot of stuff goes on you don't get asked to and never hear about." She snickered as at some pleasing inner thought. "The less anybody hears about Hollywood parties, the better Hollywood likes it."

Eve said, "I thought what they wanted was publicity"—a bit surprised.

"Yeah, but it's got to be the right kind," said Lillian seriously. "You see, you never know when the slick-haired lad somebody brings on a party may not turn out to be Cholly Knickerbocker. And most of the fellas and janes in Hollywood," said Lillian, making a long arm for a cigarette, "are terribly scared of the newspapers."

"That's a common fear," said Eve; "that isn't just Hollywood, darling!"

Lillian insisted, "But Hollywood's got cause. More than most. When your professional success depends on your social reputation ——" She was grave as a judge about it. Frowned when Eve laughed. "All right. But no kiddin', I've been on a party that was aimed for the sky like a rocket, everybody on the crest of the wave just rollin' in, when all of a sudden the hostess'd come up to me and whisper, 'Pipe down. Pipe down, kid!'—and there'd be a strange face with a pencil behind its ear—so to speak, you know—I mean, what with all these writers streamin' out here from New York, Hollywood's just not safe any more. And everybody knows it. Everybody's got a fear complex."

"What!" cried Eve, laughing. Lillian nodded, squinting cannily through a smoke ring. "Sure they have! They

(Continued on Page 190)

Traill's Voice Was Low, With the Strange Quality She Had First Noticed in It of Heartbreak and Desire

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Past and Present

THE fires which occurred several months ago in both the White House and the Capitol in Washington revived interest in one of the oldest and most widely approved of, but as yet unrealized, projects of the National Government—namely, an archives building to house the priceless historical documents which link the present with the past. No nation can afford to ignore its own history, and the difficulty of making history real to those living, when the records upon which it rests are neither accessible nor safely cared for, is manifest. The labor of going through countless documents, even when they are found under the best of conditions, is very great. The layman has no conception of the vastness and richness of American historical material, nor of the discoveries of value which may yet be derived from it.

The statement has been made that if the average citizen knew what the government archives contain and the kind of papers to be found among them, his passive interest would become an active one. These irreplaceable documents, which, in addition, have an enormous monetary value, are scattered through the storerooms of various departments, often unavailable and unindexed, and frequently subject to destruction by fire, dampness and other enemies. The smallest business concern would be ashamed to care for its routine records as poorly as the Government looks after papers which are vital to the whole understanding of modern civilization.

Countless thousands of American citizens have made historical pilgrimages and gazed upon the carefully preserved Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. These are, no doubt, the high spots in our national archives, but a catalogue of all the other priceless records would be nearly endless. There are, for example, all the treaties in our history, including those with the Indians and those with Napoleon. There are the ratifications of the Constitution by the states, and all the diplomatic correspondence.

Obviously there should be an adequate national-archives building, with a carefully worked out system or organization for the collection and preservation of historical documents. It is not enough to have a vast warehouse, where trucks will back up and dump packages. There is the problem of making the material available to students, and part of it needs to be exhibited in museum fashion; the educational possibilities being unlimited. In these records are the maps and treaties which show our territorial expansion; in a sense, the springs of national intelligence and pride must be fed from these various kinds of material.

Even with respect to as recent an event as the Paris Peace Conference, there is a scattering of official papers in at least five different places, in three different states and the District of Columbia. It cannot be hoped ever to have all archives of the Government in one place, and perhaps that would not be wise. But the need to bring together for better care and fuller use a great mass of the historical documents and records is self-evident. Fortunately Senator Smoot has interested himself not only in providing a building but in setting up a suitable organization. With the possibilities of a real museum of American history, the national archives might well become one of several coördinate bodies, of which the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian Institution are examples, all making for an indigenous culture. There is true inspiration in the thought that the materials of American history can be made more useful and vivid as time goes on. It is an objective which should appeal to many citizens and not be confined merely to the historical specialists and a few legislators.

Gains and Losses

AS EVERYONE knows, a drastic movement in prices is accompanied by striking gains and losses. A pronounced rise in the price of stocks or of real estate brings gain, and an equally marked decline produces loss. All this may seem too simple to repeat, and it is well understood generally. But there is a curious and, for the most part, erroneous deduction from these elementary facts. It is the idea that all losses must be matched by gains, or even that all gains are necessarily matched by losses. If stocks go down and margined holders lose, there are always those among them who bitterly insist that "they"—meaning some mysterious power—have gained at the losers' expense. The counterpart idea that all gains must be matched by corresponding losses is not quite so common, being more confined to those of socialistic attitude.

The stock-market panic of last autumn revived the old fallacy that all losses must be matched by equal gains, and the same doctrine may have a further burst of popularity because of price declines in other markets. This belief that the losses of one speculator in the stock market are necessarily paid over to someone else is not only based upon a misunderstanding of the facts but is unfortunate because it leads to a sort of witchcraft or demonology type of economics. Social and economic progress cannot proceed on any such basis. There is trouble enough in the economic world without assuming loss to be due to a sort of personal devil.

In the long run, those who had the cash or credit to purchase stocks at last November's low prices may secure profits. But these gains cannot be offset in any exact way against the losses of those who were obliged to sell. These gains will not be actual or realized until the stocks are sold again or until many dividends have been paid upon them. The periods of time required to realize such gains will vary enormously; in some cases the purchasers will have died before any gains are made. Mr. A was forced to sell at a loss in November. It is conceivable that Mr. B, who bought that particular block of stock, kept it only a few days and sold at a profit much smaller than the loss of Mr. A. Or he may have the stock yet, with a paper profit, but as yet no realized profit. In fact, he may keep it for years. In other words, no exact correspondence can be traced.

It is true that stock speculators help to support brokers and banks by paying them commissions and interest. But it would not be accurate to say that the losses were paid into the brokerage offices and the banks, since these two groups receive commissions and interest in the same way when the stock speculators are gaining instead of losing.

The main point to drive home, however, is that a large part of the so-called losses was not real, and, not being real, could have no counterpart in gains. Stocks had risen and then fallen; gain and loss were both on paper. The idea that some wicked group of interests had taken unto themselves the billions which dropped from prevailing quotations is whimsy, because no one can take what does not exist. Some people say they do not see how billions of dollars could go out of existence, and so they feel certain that "powerful interests" must have seized these billions. But the billions never were in existence, in any substantial sense. No more valuable lesson can be drawn from last autumn's events than the simple but wholesome truth that gains and losses alike are mainly imaginary until they are realized. In other words, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

A Great Public Servant

IT HAS been given to but few men in public life to serve the country with honor and distinction and in such varied capacities as fell to the lot of Chief Justice Taft. As the first civil governor of the Philippines he proved his abilities as harmonizer and administrator. As Secretary of War and, later, in the White House, he exhibited executive abilities of a high order.

As a jurist his genius had no less ample play. Endowed with an unusually acute legal mind and fortified by long and varied experience, he addressed himself to some of the most stubborn of the practical problems of the law. Though his stature as a judge did not overtop that of such towering giants as John Marshall or Roger Taney, he rendered his countrymen three distinct services in the domain of jurisprudence which can scarcely be overvalued. He was one of the boldest of American jurists to declaim against the antiquated machinery of the law and to employ practical methods to recast it in molds better suited to the demands of twentieth-century life. His fruitful efforts to simplify and codify the law, to expedite justice, to curtail the law's delays and to cast off the hobbles of sundry outworn legal traditions, constitute an achievement of the highest order. The vast undertaking he initiated is still far from its goal, but it still moves steadily forward under the impetus he gave to it.

Mr. Taft's second great service grew out of the resolute energy with which he cleared the calendar of the Supreme Court, cluttered, as he found it, with formidable and seemingly hopeless accumulations of undecided cases and unfinished business. It is not too much to say that he did more than any other Chief Justice of our time to expedite the decision of cases in our court of last resort. His successors in office can deserve the gratitude of the nation by their maintenance of equally effective effort in the same direction.

The third of Mr. Taft's great achievements in the domain of law was the extraordinary extent to which he raised the tone and standards of the Federal Judiciary. He was much consulted in the matter of appointments of United States judges; and he wielded his influence with such wisdom and discrimination that the whole period during which he could make his power felt was characterized by a long series of wise and happy appointments to the bench of the Federal courts. In this respect he set a third shining example which must ever be followed if our United States courts are to maintain their present high level of ability, respect and moral authority.

Mr. Taft was ever a happy warrior. Whether the battle was going for him or against him, his winning, boyish chuckle was ever to be heard. No man in our time did more than he to sweeten the waters of American politics. He was a clean fighter and a square shooter. Though not a stranger to the art and technic of practical politics, he never ceased to be the man of honor; and if his friends loved him, his political foes had no reason to distrust him or to doubt his essential honesty of purpose.

Though a man of strong convictions, Mr. Taft possessed the invaluable faculty of seeing the other side, of being able and willing to apprehend and take cognizance of his opponent's point of view. His amiability was disarming. He is as sincerely mourned as a man and as a beneficent personality as he is as an upright and distinguished public servant. Would that we had more men like him in public life.

A New Farmer on a New Farm

By Arthur M. Hyde

Secretary of Agriculture

As Told to Chester T. Crowell

AGRICULTURE in this country has undergone such momentous changes since the World War that the period just before the war seems now almost as remote as the period before the Civil War. Some of the things that have happened within the past five years represent progress toward better conditions; other developments represent merely the supplanting of one problem by another. Out of this turmoil will come unmistakably improved conditions in due time. At present the informed observer must be impressed with the rapidity of the evolution, for we confront today a new farmer on a new farm, doing new things.

The farmer has been looking at himself and his farm and his business methods with little disposition to boast. He has become critical of everything, including himself; that is a state of mind quite likely to lead on to profitable action, however many blunders are made. Fundamentally, the farmer's problem is the need for more profit—whether it comes through cheaper production, more economical distribution, or a higher price for his products. He and his farm are not the self-contained unit that they once were. There are a great many tasks which machinery could perform for him very cheaply if he had money to buy the machinery. He could save himself much sweaty labor, also time—days and days and weeks of time—by the outlay of money. But that saved time must translate itself back into money in order for the transaction to become profitable. He is trying to adjust his business and his methods to bring about such a situation.

We have in this country entirely too many farms where the farmer's profit is represented simply by what he and his family get along without. That, of course, is really not profit at all. The farmer finds it important today to look after his interests beyond his line fence. He used to think that his hope of greater profit depended entirely upon what he did within his line fence. Now he knows that the things that happen to his crop after it rolls off the place also determine whether his work shall show a profit or a loss.

Mechanized Agriculture

IN THE attempt to solve his problems he is doing a great many revolutionary things which already have changed his life and his farm, and which, in the course of the next four or five years, will make still more radical and impressive changes. For example, many students of agricultural problems used to tell the farmer indiscriminately that he ought to diversify his activities, that he ought not to raise just one crop. Now we are not so sure on that score. It depends on the area, the distance to market, and the demand. In a large part of the agricultural states diversification is needed. But there are farms admirably suited to one crop and not very well suited to any other. We often see situations in some sections where there is a new form of diversification—employment at wages during that period of the year when the farmer is not engaged in growing his one most profitable crop. Great central power stations nowadays furnish electricity for industrial use in the small towns as well as large cities, so that it becomes profitable for certain small industries to seek the smaller towns. There they tap the new labor reserve. This is looked upon by thousands of small farmers as an opportunity to meet their pressing financial needs.

Some years ago the wheat farmers discovered that they could save a great deal of money by harvesting with what is known as the combine, a vast assemblage of machinery which cuts and threshes the wheat all in one operation. These machines are so large that when not pulled by mechanical power they require from ten to thirty horses. But the combine does its work so rapidly that it has brought into being another problem no less severe than the one it solved. This new problem is the movement of the wheat which pours out of the field so rapidly that there are not enough railroad cars to contain it or storage facilities to store it. Moreover, if we had the railway equipment to move it, we would not be able to pass it through the ports for export. There are not ships and wharves enough. Under present conditions the wheat harvest can be so speeded up that it strains the machinery of trade and finance as well as transportation. Everything that affects the disposal of the wheat crop will have to be adjusted to the combine before we can realize the full benefits of the use of it. Here is a notable achievement that has thus enabled farmers to harvest their crops at reduced cost, but increases the strain of marketing.

The farm is becoming mechanized. There are now in use on the farms of this country 900,000 tractors, 32,000 corn pickers, enough combines to harvest a large share of the wheat crop in the Central States, and much other machinery. A large part of this machinery has come into agriculture since 1922. Of course the progress of the prosperous, well-managed farm in an excellent location is vastly greater than that of a poor farm in a bad location, where there is really no profit at all except as the farmer and his family get along without things that they really ought to have. We look at such a farm and conclude that nothing has changed much since the Civil War. Then we look at the prosperous farm and perhaps get a mistaken notion as to how fast mechanization is moving. Nevertheless, the general average will show that progress in the direction of mechanization has been made during the past seven years, and a great deal more will be made just as soon as the farmer has the money to buy equipment. In the city one is prone to think of the mechanization of the farm as something that can be done suddenly, as things are done in a city. For example, one day you have a vacant lot on a certain corner and a few months later you have a hotel there, reaching perhaps thirty stories into the sky, and the whole job is complete.

PHOTO, BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Haying in Southeastern Pennsylvania

Aided by Good Roads

ON A FARM such things do not happen. They move more slowly. We already have more mechanical power and machinery in use on American farms than will be found anywhere else in the world, but we could use a great deal more, and we are getting it entirely too slowly, according to our own standards. However, if we accepted the standards of other parts of the world, no doubt we would say that we are getting it rapidly. There will not be a time when we shall all congratulate one another because the American farm has just been mechanized. Long after the process has gone much farther than it has today, we shall probably still be saying to one another that what the farm needs is mechanization—more mechanical power. A problem of greater immediate concern, however, than the need for more mechanical power is to make as nearly as possible full-time use of the power with which farms are now equipped.

During the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1929, Federal aid was extended for the construction of 7402 miles of good highway. This brought the total mileage initially improved with the aid of Federal funds since the inception of this policy by the Federal Government to 79,796 miles. Here we have another revolution which lays the predicate for still more revolutions. For example, farmers are now shipping cattle to the packing plants in motortrucks. There was a time when cattle moved to the big packing plants only by car lots. This change tends to stimulate the development of the smaller packing plants and to decentralize the market for livestock. The next question that arises is whether decentralization of the cattle market is good for the livestock growers, or bad. There is fervent testimony on both sides. Experience will furnish the answer. Probably the new condition is much better for some producers and not so good for others. Cattle raising is thus also in process of evolution.

More than half of the hogs received at Indianapolis, Oklahoma City and Sioux City are now hauled in trucks. What good roads have done for the dairying industry is, of course, widely

(Continued on Page 126)

POST SCRIPTS

The Party Line

SCENE: *A debutante party.* NATIKA PAPRIKA *is discovered dancing around with* HERBERT PISH, *who has just cut in.*

HE: You're a swell dancer.

SHE: Oh, I'm not at all!

HE: You certainly are!

SHE: My dear, I'm really not at all a good dancer, but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

HE: You know you're a good dancer!

SHE: I don't know at all, my dear! I mean heaps of girls around here are loads better dancers than I am!

HE: Oh, go on! You dance better than any girl around here.

SHE: Honestly, my dear, you embarrass me to tears, no less, because loads of girls you know are better dancers than I am!

HE: Who, f'r instance? *(At this point somebody cuts in.)*

SHE: Hello, Ed!

HE: Hi, Natika!

SHE: You were an angel to rescue me, my dear!

HE: I saw the distress signals.

SHE: Well, my dear, I couldn't help it! The oaf was stepping all over me and telling me what a divine dancer I was. Can you bear it, my dear?

HE: Well, he's right about that—you certainly are a honey of a dancer.

SHE: Oh, Ed, you're too sweet to me! Anyone could dance well with you.

HE: Oh, go on! I'm not much of a dancer!

SHE: You're the best dancer I know.

HE: Coming from the best dancer I know, that's certainly a compliment!

SHE: Well, it's the truth, only I'm not the best dancer you know.

HE: You certainly are!

SHE: Oh, go on, Ed! Heaps of girls around here dance better than I do!

HE: Name one. *(At this point somebody cuts in.)*

SHE: Gerald!

HE: Natika! How are you?

SHE: My dear, these sticks have me on the verge of collapse!

HE *(treading heavily on her foot)*: How so?

SHE *(flinching, but game)*: Why, my dear, you're the first person I've danced with tonight who hasn't practically walked all over me. You know the type!

HE *(kicking her in the shin)*: I'm so sorry! I guess I'm not dancing any too well tonight myself.

SHE: My dear, you dance divinely!

HE *(getting out of step)*: Anyone could dance well with you.

SHE *(as they stumble)*: My fault!

HE: I'm sorry!

SHE: Don't be silly! It was my fault.

HE: Gee, you're a wonderful dancer!

SHE: I'm not at all, Gerald, but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

—LLOYD MAYER.

DRAWN BY F. STROTHMANN

A Weather Forecast for the Literal Minded, "Rain Today"

If Winter Comes

IF WINTER comes, as winter has
A most untimely way of doing,
With all the North Wind's blaring jazz
Where Boreas and mate are wooing,
As some bard queried at his task,
Quite likely in his daily grind,
If winter comes—I rise and ask
Can Ruth be far behind?

If winter comes—and here it is,
Just as it was this time last season,
Where ice abounds and raw gales whiz
With sting enough to wreck one's reason;
As Shelley, who had several laps
On most of us, once had in mind,
If winter comes—can bunkers, traps
And dubs be far behind?

Ah, yes, the sky is cold and gray
And it is raining hard or snowing;
Or, if the sun is out today,
At least a nipping wind is blowing;
But cheer up as young Shelley trills
Clear, liquid notes that Pan will find—
"If winter comes"—can Helen Wills
Be very far behind?

—Grantland Rice.

The Truth About Travel

AS EVERY year more and more of my fellow citizens sell the family sedan and set out for foreign parts, I feel that I, as a veteran globe-trotter, should point out for their benefit a few of the fallacies in which most Americans on their first trip abroad firmly believe:

1. That the captain of the ship can tell you, five hours after you have left New York, exactly when you will reach a port in England or France. [He can't.]

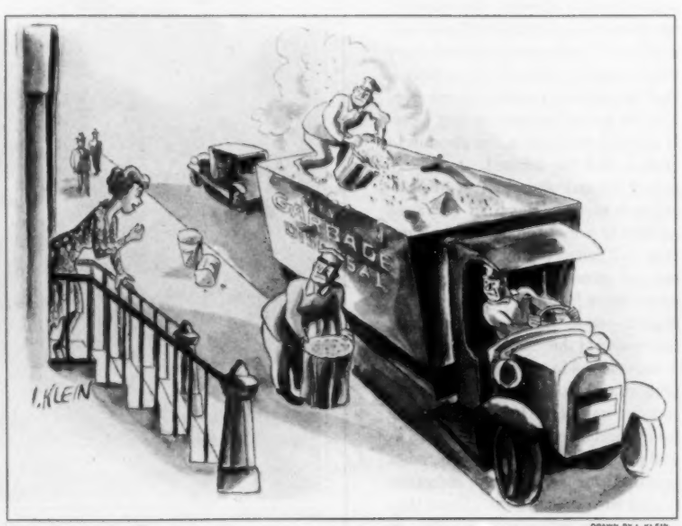
2. That your cabin steward can tell you to the minute when you will reach port. [If he does tell you, he's a liar.]

3. That your dining-room steward can tell you. [Ditto.]

(Continued on Page 93)

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

"What Do You Think of the Long-Skirt Régime?"
"Pretty Bad—But Conditions are Fundamentally Sound"



DRAWN BY I. KLEIN

"You Didn't See a Cute Little Nail File in Our Ash Can?"

Vive DeLisle!

Head Chef Emeritus of the Campbell Soup Company

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The French Nation decorates Campbell's Soup chef for sending the finest cooking throughout the civilized world!

For twenty-seven years Louis Charles DeLisle presided over the kitchens which have made Campbell's Soups internationally famous for quality and savor.

Now, as Head Chef Emeritus of the company to which he brought that subtle sense of fine cookery inborn in the French, he has been signally honored by France.

For his grateful compatriots recently decorated him with the Cross of Chevalier du Merite, Agricole, for having contributed in distinguished degree to the appreciation of the artistry of French cooking throughout the entire civilized world.

You serve Campbell's Tomato Soup or any of the twenty other delicious Campbell's selections with the knowledge that in them combine the genius and the art of the world's most famous chefs! 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

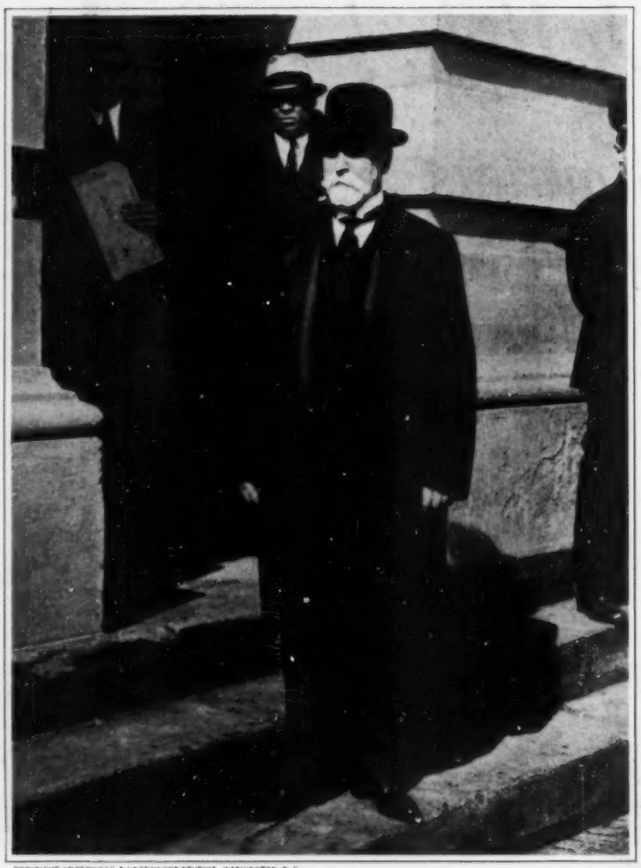
American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

HORSE-CAR tickets! Horse-car tickets!" A slender young man shuffled his way through the aisle of a long train filled with excursionists—not on pleasure bound but returning home from a look at suburban land. The journey was not longer than a mile and a half, but ten passenger coaches were filled. It was nearly sixty years ago. There were not enough horses and buggies to convey such a crowd to the auction, so the promoters hired the train. The sixteen-year-old dispenser of horse-car tickets was getting his start in business. Many years later he was destined to be a captain of industry, a banker, and finally a Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinets of three Presidents.

We were talking of panics and depressions, of the vicissitudes of business and the advantages in long-range perspective when the Secretary grew reminiscent.

"It was in 1871," recalled Mr. Mellon, "just before the panic of 1873, when I had my first experiences in business. My father had bought some land in Baltimore, in conjunction with Doctor Oliver. I was still in school, but anxious to get some business experience during the summer vacation. I rode all night from Pittsburgh in a railroad coach—it was before the days of sleeping cars. I could not have slept anyhow. For I was so excited over the trip and so anxious to look at the stations en route.

"Nor did my excitement vanish the next morning on my arrival in Baltimore. I suppose the first thing I should have done was to get some breakfast, but as I came up the street from the station I saw the monument erected to the memory of George Washington, and I went up inside of it and got a wonderful view of the surrounding country. Bear in mind that Baltimore was not built up then, and that the thirty acres which my father owned were only a mile and a half from the Camden station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. People were reading the news from the Franco-Prussian War and, as you can imagine, life was vastly different and much more simple than it is today.



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Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes

"My duties were to prepare for the sale of the land. We did not sell all of it at any one time—the sales were held on successive Saturdays. I hired two spring wagons and went down to the wharf, and for almost a negligible price bought all the bananas and oranges that I could load on the wagons. We made lemonade and sent it out to the grounds where the sale was to be held. We had yellow handbills printed, which were distributed all during the week. There were no newspapers in the modern sense, so we had to do our own advertising. It was very important, therefore, to have the handbills distributed as widely as possible. My job was to watch the boys to see that they actually distributed them. An important distribution center was the market place. I checked up and found that one of the boys had left a big pile of handbills in one of the stalls at the market.

"By the time the sales were started we had worked up considerable enthusiasm. I remember on one Saturday we sold nearly thirty thousand dollars' worth of land. It was the biggest day of the season, and with a great deal of pride I telegraphed my father of our success.

"We, of course, gave the people a free ride to the lots, furnished them refreshments, and did everything we could to make them interested or else to get them to tell their friends. On the way back from the sale I distributed horse-car tickets. Of course, there was no obligation on our part to see that the people got home from the railroad station—but there were other Saturdays to follow."

There was a twinkle in Mr. Mellon's eyes as he related this last incident, for even in those days good will and good salesmanship were interwoven.

"I went to Pittsburgh that autumn," he continued, "feeling that I had made some progress in business, and a year later, when I finished college, I borrowed some money from my father and started in the lumber business. We also sold supplies for draymen. I was doing pretty well until the panic of 1873 came. You could not give lumber away then. I was worried. It was my first business venture. And then a lucky thing happened—the lumberyard of my competitor burned down. I say 'lucky' not because of his discomfiture but because it afforded me a way out. What he wanted was not sympathy but lumber. I offered to sell him all the lumber I had at exactly the price I had paid for it. He accepted. I went out of business, paid off the loan in full to my father and had three thousand dollars' profit."

Sixty years of American business have passed since those days, and Andrew W. Mellon has lived through its ups and downs. Few, if any, people are alive today who bought lots from him in 1871. Those lots have become the heart of a big city. A big mail-order house recently reared a new building of several stories on the ground where that auction took place. The horse buggy has disappeared and the automobile jams the thoroughfares. France and Germany have again been at war and the United States has experienced several business depressions and readjustments. Science and invention have multiplied America's opportunities and increasing population has stimulated production. Export trade has risen to unprecedented proportions.

When there came a shock to values late in 1929, whose opinion counted most in the months thereafter? Who really could judge of the future? A calm-mannered man, modest and unassuming, sitting in the Treasury Department, radiating all the youthful enthusiasm of yesteryears, looks objectively at conditions in the spring of 1930.

"What do you think of the business outlook today?" I asked as I rose to go.

"Improving gradually," said Mr. Mellon. Two words born of an unparalleled judgment of sixty years of American business.

* * * * * * * * * * *

John W. Davis, who was Democratic nominee for the presidency in 1924, does not share the political views of Charles Evans Hughes, who ran for the presidency on the Republican ticket in 1916, but the two men may well be said to be among the foremost of the legal profession in America.

Mr. Davis was munching some crackers and milk at midday while the Senate was debating Hughes' nomination.

"Radical—conservative—I wonder if people really realize," he said, "the meaning of those terms when applied to a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States."

"The debate," I suggested, "turns on economic views."

"That's just it," he said. "The most important thing is not the economic theories of an individual—they take care of themselves nowadays—but does a Justice construe the Constitution conservatively or radically? If he sticks to the Constitution and refuses to be diverted from it, I presume we should call him a conservative. Certainly if he departs from the Constitution and reads into it things that are not there, and legislates, so to speak, he may be called a radical. There is no doubt in my mind which of the two the American people want to sit on the Supreme Court."

Charles Evans Hughes believes wholeheartedly in the fundamentals of the Constitution and, curiously enough, the basic attack on him—that he had left the bench to run for public office, implying that he was obligated to a political party—is a theory against which Mr. Hughes has again and again expressed his opposition. Mr. Hughes lectured two years ago at Columbia University on the Supreme Court of the United States, and pointed out that Justices never paid any attention to politics, nor did they feel obligated to the party or the individual from whom their appointments came.

"President Roosevelt," related Mr. Hughes in his lectures, "was deeply interested in the prosecution and success of the suit brought to dissolve the Northern Securities Company. He had appointed two Associate Justices, but one of these, Justice Holmes, joined with the appointees of President Cleveland in dissent, writing a strong opinion against the contentions of the Government. Very recently the Supreme Court decided a question, which had remained open from the foundation of the Government, as to the President's power of removal. The case arose out of the action of President Wilson in removing a postmaster of the first class without the advice and consent of the Senate, although the postmaster had been appointed under an act of Congress which provided for removal with such advice and consent. President Wilson's action was sustained by the court in an opinion delivered by the Chief Justice, a former Republican President, but both the Associate Justices appointed by President Wilson—namely, Justice Brandeis and Justice McReynolds, who had been Attorney General under President Wilson—dissented, being of the opinion that the action of President Wilson had been outside constitutional power. If conscientious, able and independent men are put on the bench, you cannot predict their course as judges by reference to either partisan motives or party loyalties. If you could get further down to the bed rock of conviction as to what are conceived to be fundamental principles of government and social relations, you might be able to get closer to accurate prophecy."

How Mr. Hughes must have wondered while the debate in the Senate was going on as to how much some of his opponents really knew about the operations of the Supreme Court.

In the first place, a Justice never sits in a case in which he has formerly been employed as counsel or with which he has had the slightest relationship. Secondly, he never considers himself bound by any previous opinions, briefs or arguments, but weighs the case before him solely on its merits and on the law as presented or interpreted.

(Continued on Page 102)

Delicately tinted petunias of the large-flowering, single variety, grown by Mrs. W. A. Mills at her home in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Mills is another Vigoro enthusiast. "It's the ideal plant food," she says, "for every lawn and garden use."

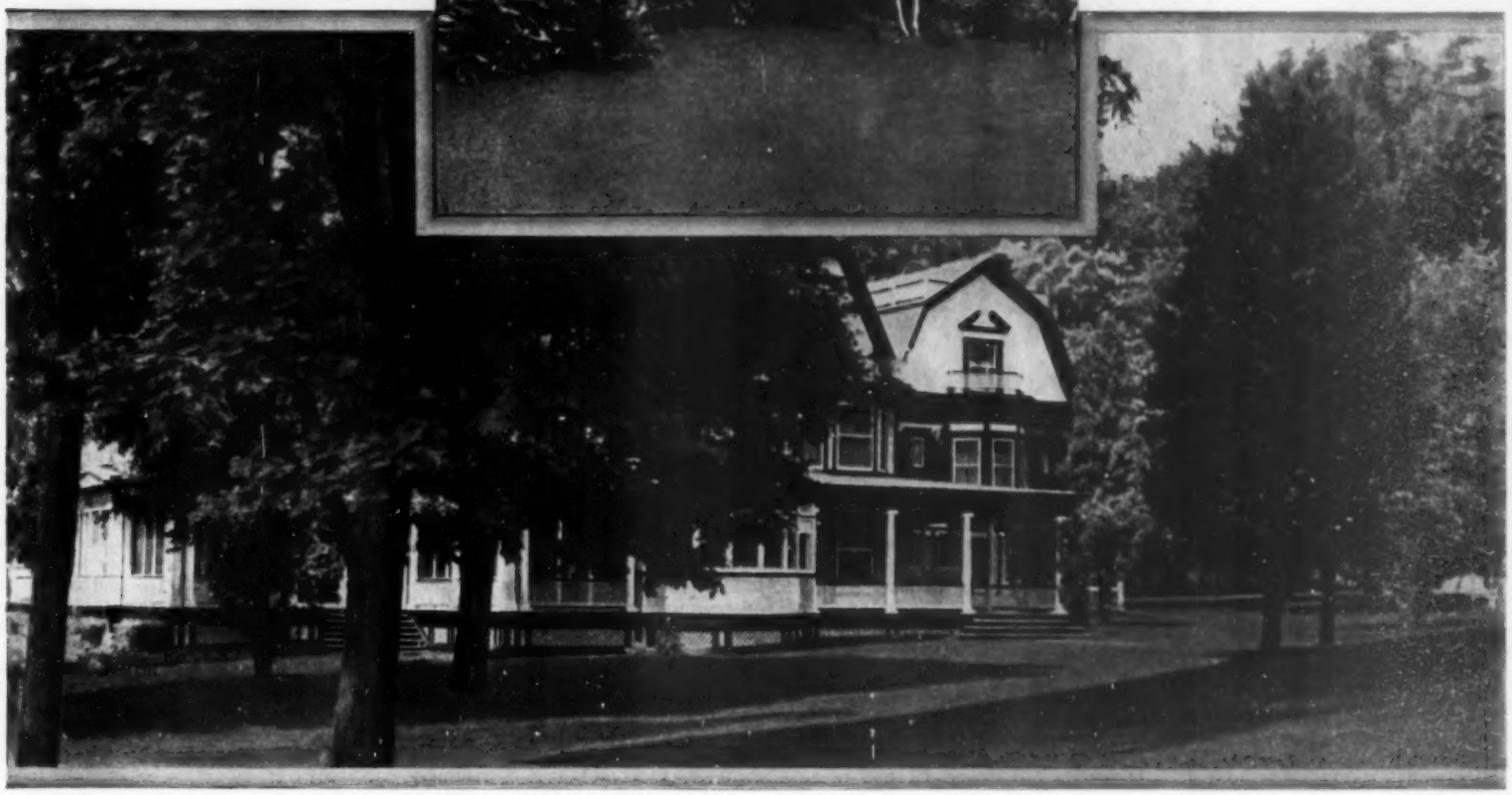
On the WRIGLEY *Estate*

(Below) *A glimpse of Green Gables, the beautiful William Wrigley, Jr. Estate, at Lake Geneva, Wis. "Our worries vanished," says Evar Love, Head Gardener, "when we changed to Vigoro exclusively. In the greenhouse—out on the estate—everywhere results have been remarkable. Roses, carnations, bedding plants, grass, trees and vegetables have been greatly improved with Vigoro."*

From the rose garden of Mrs. Clarke Worthington, Staunton, Va., where Vigoro is used with marked success. "And on our lawns, too," says Mr. Worthington, "Vigoro brings the grass out wonderfully each spring."

At the home of CHARLES ROBINSON

(Left) *Essence of the beauty that marks all Sleepy Hollow Manor, North Tarrytown, New York! The home of Charles H. Robinson. "Here, as everywhere in Westchester County's most attractive residence park," writes Bernard Rifkin, Landscape Architect, "Vigoro has been used on lawns, trees and flowering shrubs with remarkable success. And this despite very discouraging soil conditions."*



See what VIGORO has done!

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All because of *proper plant feeding*. Not the old makeshifts, but one complete plant food containing *all* the elements that plant life requires.

Vigoro! Complete, properly balanced. Clean, odorless, pleasant to handle. Formulated by the plant food experts of Swift & Company.

Easy to apply! Just three simple steps: Read directions; apply evenly as you would grass seed; wet down thoroughly.

Vigoro makes better root systems, early vigorous growth—makes plants more resistant to disease. Increases humus. *Helps choke out weeds.*

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Vigoro comes in 100, 50, 25 lb. bags; 5 lb. and 12 oz. packages. There's a dealer near you. Get enough for everything you grow.

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Complete plant food for lawns, flowers, gardens, shrubs, trees

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OFF THE ARM

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

IT WAS in the winter of 1929 that I found myself in Hollywood, and picked up the trail of Cass again—and a very faint and feeble trail it was, and a very dim and uncertain Cass, compared with the blazing egotist I had last seen three or four years previously.

I was merely one of the multitude of New York writers the movie magnates sent for that season, in the wild hope of getting help with the new thing they suddenly found upon their hands when the talkies began to shout the silent drama down. They are still coming and going, incidentally; many of them stick and go native, but many others are learning, immediately upon arrival, to note the location of the red lamp that marks the nearest exit.

"'Is They Some Peenancial Trouble Somewhah, Miss Sally?' Asks Aunt Caroline"

I had been summoned in haste, and was being allowed to repent at leisure; a Hollywood movie czar always wires or telephones a New York writer to take the next train—or, better yet, there is an airplane that will arrive October ninth, which will save two precious days. Flattered, the writer takes the airplane, and arrives October ninth. He doesn't get to see anybody who has ever heard of his existence before November fifteenth, and then he is asked where he has been all this time, and told to get to work and invent a story at once for Junipero de Pazazzas and Olga Nevsky Prospekt, bringing in a South American revolution, the rise, fall and death of Rasputin, gambling at Monte Carlo, an airplane duel in the Riff, the War of 1812, the Einstein theory of relativity, a touch of life in a Balkan monastery, good parts for George Fawcett and Baby Nellie, and a happy ending, and have it ready at eleven o'clock the next morning. He works all night and does it, and at eleven o'clock the next morning nobody knows who he is again, and it is January before he is reidentified, when they tell him they wanted the story for Sergey de Kremlinoff and Dolores del Dolorosa, and thought he understood that all the time, and there ought to be some rum-running and hijacking scenes in it, and a Chinese mandarin. And please hurry—"don't write the new story; tell it to us. Why can't you tell it now?"

If you can't take this game somewhat seriously, you don't make good at it; and if you take it too seriously, it kills you.

I was going through this process of being aged on the hoof—and I am exaggerating a good deal less than you think I am—when I ran across a ray of comfort—Tommy Cassidy.

Tommy discovered me gazing at the excited foyer of a theater that shall be nameless, wondering if the architecture and decorations would bite, and gave me the lowdown on certain aspects of Hollywood in a few rich Hibernian phrases.

"But come and meet a real person," he said; "I want you to know Fairfield."

Gratified, I went with him. Fairfield was in the large office which adjoins his studio at the United Artists; it was that time of day between work and dinner, and he was just out of the swimming tank. I say "office," but I never really determined what the room was. There was an office desk, but there was also a barber chair, in which Fairfield sat in his bathrobe, shaving himself. One wall was covered by an immense blue chart, which was a cryptic diagram of the progress of The Iron Domino, which he was working on at the time—for he invents his own pictures—and there was a clutter of swords, foils, costumes and properties about the other walls and in the corners. In this respect, it was like a dressing room. Twelve or fifteen people lounged about—directors, actors, menials, magnates—and they were all talking about the only thing—except the climate—I ever heard mentioned in Hollywood—moving pictures. And in this respect it was like a debating society. Some of them had just got out of the tank; some of them were getting ready to go in; and in this respect it was like the locker room of a club. In the next half hour I learned from their pithy comments and journeyman's slang more about the movies than three months of my own blundering experiment could have given me.

The door from the street opened at the height of the discussion, and a tall figure in a shabby overcoat stood in the aperture, looking about the room. Everybody turned that way, for the door let in a current of the cool air that comes with the sudden California dusk, and the room was warm.

"I was looking for ——" began the man; and there was something about the voice that seemed familiar to me.

"Come in and shut the door," interrupted a man just out of the tank.

"I guess he isn't here," said the man at the door, with another glance around, and he stepped back and shut himself out.

"Who is that?" asked Tommy Cassidy of a man standing in front of a mirror tying his necktie.

"A pest," was the reply. "Name's Cass. I saw him in the mirror and didn't turn around. Always has a bad scenario in his pocket and an ambition to borrow ten dollars."

"Not Hugh Cass?" I said, getting to my feet. I hadn't recognized him. For one thing, his beard was gone, and I had never seen him without one. His face was pale, and I remembered it as ruddy. He was at least twenty pounds lighter than the Cass I had known; he was shabby, and Cass had always dressed very well. But more than anything else, the man at the door had not been quite sure of himself. The Cass I had known would have stridden into the room and attempted to dominate the talk at once; and it would have made little difference to him whether he was acquainted with anyone there or not.

"Not Hugh Cass?" I repeated.

"That's the name," said the man in front of the mirror. "Friend of yours?"

"Why—yes," I said; "I used to know him."

"Oh, I know that fellow," Tommy Cassidy suddenly recollected. "Wrote a book once, didn't he, or something?"

"Something," said the man at the mirror. And then he turned and regarded me with frank appraisal. "See here, Mr. Wadleigh," he said, in a low tone; "if Cass was ever a friend of yours, better follow him up and feed him!"

"What?" I said. "That bad?"

He nodded. "Just a Hollywood ghost," he said. "One of the queerest of them all too."

I hurried out without any formality of leave taking, and even as I left I told myself that there was no reason why I should care whether Hugh Cass was on his uppers or not. Sally had starved; let him starve a little, too, and see how he liked it! But I had said that I was a friend of his, and the man who had called him a "Hollywood ghost" had evidently expected me to run after him and feed him, and I was making a move in that direction just simply because this man expected an old friend of Cass' to do so. There was neither generosity nor genuine friendship in my motive, although there was some curiosity in it; it was merely the conventional thing suggested to me by a chance stranger.

Cass was lingering by a street lamp a block away, watching the corner around which I must appear on emerging from the court in which Fairfield's office is situated; he had, then, thought that it was worth while waiting on the chance of getting hold of me.

"I didn't know you, Cass, when you poked your head in at the door," I said as I came up to him.

"I saw you didn't," he replied. And then, with the manner which I remembered so well: "I suppose you're out here to do some of your cheap hokum for the pictures?"

I saw that he wasn't going to make it easy for me to help him, and I did not mind that particularly; it was a gesture which he thought he owed to his self-respect, no doubt.

"Yes," I said; "and the last I heard of you, you were starting West to revolutionize the art of the cinema."

"Well," he said, soberly for him, "I haven't done it."

This gave me enough of an opening to approach the point.

"We all have our bad breaks," I said. "And then, when it looks as if things had reached the limit, they change."

"They do," said Cass; "they get worse."

We started to walking rather aimlessly down the street together. There are two things that are very hard to do when you know a man is out of luck and suspect that he is hungry—one is to make him ask outright for help, and the other is to offer it to him before he has asked. And yet, perhaps I was imputing a sensitiveness to Cass that he didn't feel; he had been described to me as a pest who was always wanting to borrow ten dollars; and he had waited for me with some sort of idea in his head. I was sorry that I had

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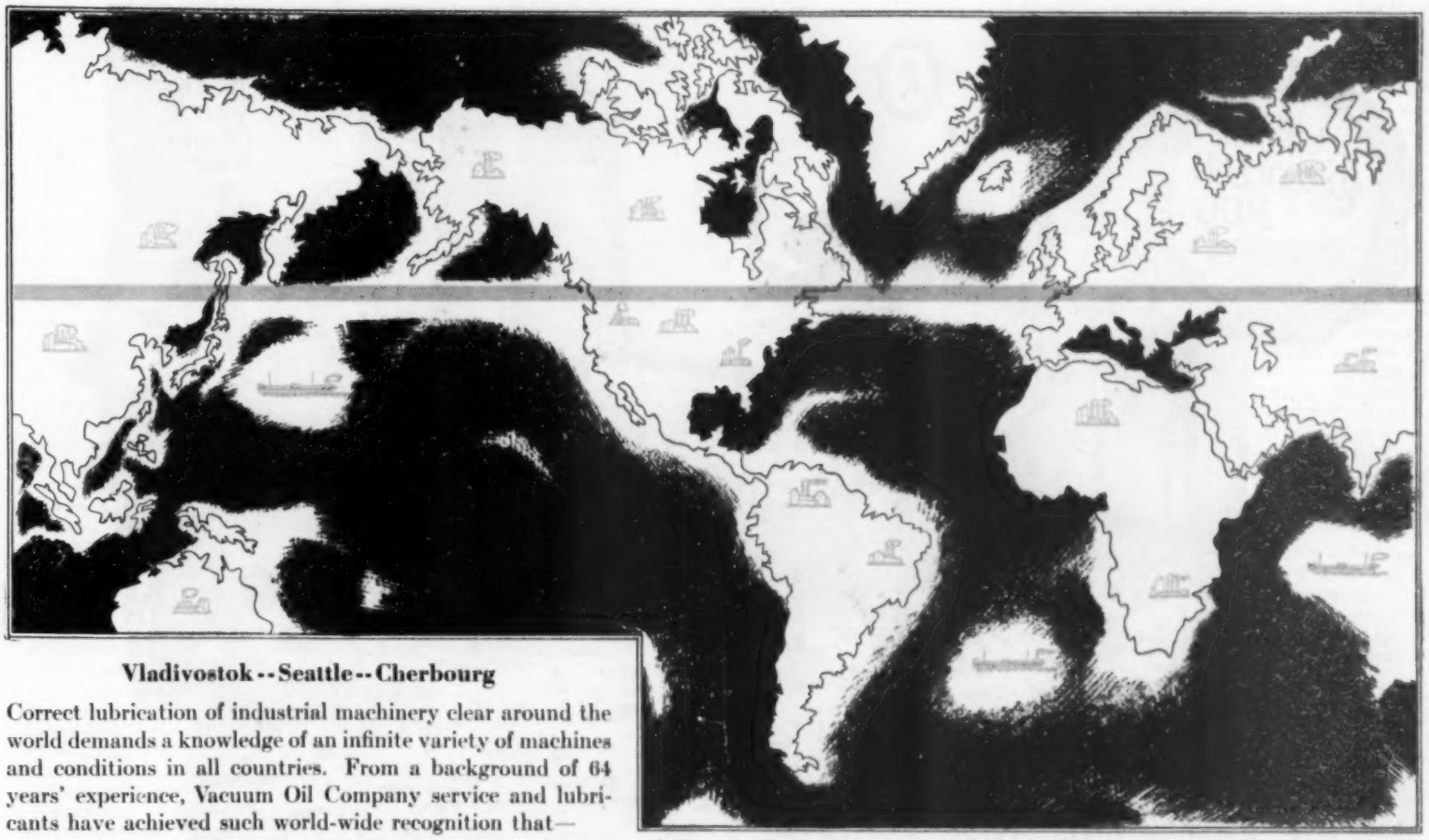

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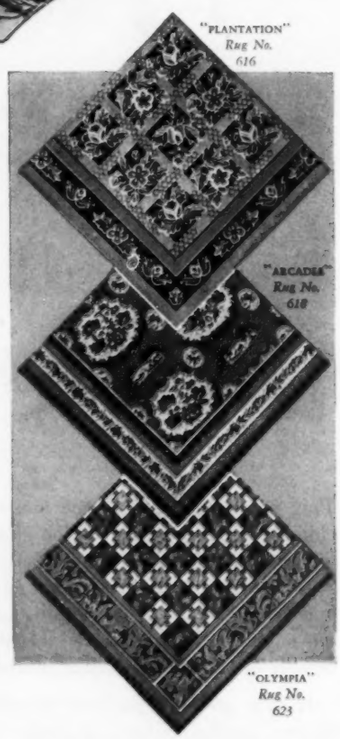

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(Continued from Page 40)

followed him, now; but I might as well go through with it, whatever it was going to be.

"Suppose you have dinner with me," I said; "and we can fan a little?"

He stopped in his long stride and looked hesitatingly at me—we were then under another street lamp.

"Listen, Wadleigh," he said; "I may as well be frank with you. I waited for you in the hope that you'd ask me to dinner, or else that I could borrow some money of you."

"Well, why not both?" I said; glad that we had finally come to it.

"Neither," said Cass. "Now that I've been with you three minutes, I realize that I can't do it. Your smug self-complacence always did get on my nerves—it's come over me all of a sudden how much it gets on my nerves! You've always been the perfect type of fat, mediocre success to me."

"All right, Cass," I said; "I might get descriptive myself about the way you affect me. But we'd better say good night and let it go at that."

"You've always been jealous of me," said Cass, looking down on me in the glow of the street light, and with an odd satisfaction working in his pale face. "You've been jealous of me because I can write better than you can, and because you were in love with my wife and she didn't care for you. You saw I treated her badly, and that made you feel superior to me—it was about the only way you could feel superior."

"So you finally recognize that you treated her badly," I said, leaving the rest of it unanswered—I couldn't answer it, for there was a certain amount of truth in it.

"I always knew I was treating her badly," said Cass. And then, queerly introspective, and as if I were not present: "I suppose I would have treated anyone badly that I was married to; I was in a rage at myself for having got married at all. An artist shouldn't marry. It destroys his freedom in every way. It cripples him."

"To say nothing of crippling his wife," I said.

"How should you know anything about it?" said Cass. "You've never had a wife, nor been a wife, nor been an artist."

I forgot that part of this may have come from an irritation heightened by actual hunger, and answered: "In the four years since you regained your freedom, Cass, nobody's heard so much of you artistically."

I turned and started to walk away. But he followed me and dropped a lean hand on my shoulder.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"How the devil should I know? Or why the devil should you care, now that you're rid of her?"

Queerly enough, he looked hurt at this—as if I had struck a malignant blow at innocent good nature.

"Why ask about her?" I repeated. "You never loved her."

He answered with an unusual simplicity. "I loved her when I married her," he said; "and now that she's gone, I love her again." And on top of that he said: "See here; I will borrow ten dollars of you, after all." His tone suggested that he was relenting and conferring a favor on me. I handed him the money.

"Now," he said, "will you come home with me and have dinner?"

"Why?" I said.

"Oh, well," he said; "we both want to talk about Sally, and there's nobody else for either one of us to talk to. But maybe we can't stand each other."

"I'll come," I said.

I began to get him a little—childishly enough, his having me to dinner, instead of my having him, made all the difference in the world to his mind. It was a reassertion of his superiority. The ten-dollar loan—he was telling himself—he would pay back sometime. But he would not be at any disadvantage with me in the way of having practically asked me for a dinner. He was engaged in the process known as "kidding himself along"; presently he would be patronizing me again, full steam ahead. I would be obligated to him for this dinner and not he to me.

I followed him, wondering what "home" was; visualizing some stuffy room in a cheap lodging house. But I was wrong. He suggested a taxi, saying briefly that it was a long way; and made a stop at a grocery and at a delicatessen store. He gave an address to the driver, and the cab began to follow the winding streets up into the steep hills which overlook Hollywood.

Partly from what he said himself while the cab climbed, partly from what I heard elsewhere at other times, partly from inference, I am able to understand what had happened to Cass in Hollywood.

He had arrived with a swelled head to supervise the filming of his novel, and had immediately offended everybody. He had told the movie executives all about everything—not merely in connection with his own book, but with regard to their business generally.

He must have had at least fifty thousand dollars in his pocket from book royalties and the sale of the picture rights, and he had, in addition, a three months' contract with the World Wide Film Company, at seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, and speedily formed the habit of spending fifteen hundred dollars a week, and found nobody in Hollywood to discourage him. His contract was not renewed after three months; the movie people had found him impossible to work with, and, finally, impossible to have around; Cass could never play any kind of game with anybody. The movie magnates did not go on with making a picture from Cass' book when they were rid of him; they merely retained the title, wrote down the money they had paid for the rights to overhead, and forgot the episode.

Cass, by the time his seven hundred and fifty dollars a week had ceased, was spending two thousand dollars a week. There are not unpleasant ways of doing that. He kept on, at that rate, out of his capital. It never occurred to him that he might not be able to get hold of another fifty thousand dollars pretty quickly and easily. He was an arrived celebrity. And it never occurred to him that he was through with the movies.

But he was. Six months after his arrival, his money was gone and he had written nothing more. With his conquering air he called on several of the film companies and offered his services. But everybody who knew him was sick of his manner, and many had never heard of him. Los Angeles had been vague about him even at the time his book was going strong.

He wrote a number of scenarios, but sold none. His ideas were all peculiarly unadaptable to the screen; never the sort of thing that might lend itself to visualization. He began to get puzzled, for he still regarded himself as a famous man. He puzzled other people by intimating—even, at times, insisting—that he was. He got a few jobs, titling pictures, and the like, but he did not last at any of them.

Then he began to borrow of the acquaintances he had made while he was prosperous, and borrowing became increasingly difficult. He began to find all Hollywood in conference when his name was mentioned. He finally despaired of reforming the art of the cinema.

"It's been at least a year since I've seen one of the damned things," he told me.

Nevertheless, he continued to attempt to borrow money of the votaries of the cinema or anybody else. For more than two years he had been panhandling, starving—a pest, a Hollywood ghost—living nobody knew where or how, or cared.

I got a glimpse of where and how. The cab drew up at the sliding doors of a big garage, and Cass took a key from his pocket and opened them.

I paused outside and looked about before I followed him. We were two-thirds of the way up a considerable hill; a mountain, it would be called in some parts of the country. There were hills stretching away in every direction, separated by gulches and canyons, traversed by a network of twisting roads that ascended and descended at grades that sometimes seemed impossible for motor cars—and canyons and hills and slopes twinkled with lights. Hundreds of houses clung to the sides of cliffs like swallows' nests to the eaves of a barn; there were buildings at every level, and every building seemed to have its rooms at several different levels; the dwellings ranged from modest cottages to large and ostentatious mansions. Most of them looked picturesque, but they suggested that they might be a little difficult to live in.

"This garage," said Cass, "is built on top of the house."

Astonishingly, it was. I found that a number of the houses in this region were constructed in the same fashion—with the garage at a street level and the rest of the house sprawled down the side of the hill behind and beneath; the only entrance from the street being through the garage.

Cass entered and struck a match, looking hastily around in the brief flare. On a packing case near the middle of the room he located what he was after—a candle. With a second match he lighted this and held it up. There must have been twenty two-for-a-nickel candles stuck around at different places, and they were of various lengths, some no more than half burned, and others almost guttered out. He lighted all of them.

The place was large, capable of holding three or four cars. There were several chairs, and at a glance they seemed to be authentic antiques. There was a cot in one corner; there was a cheap oil stove; and there were wooden butter dishes, candle ends and books scattered everywhere.

At least a quarter of the space was taken up by a big car. The tires were flat; there were other evidences of long disuse. This was a garage, but I never saw a car look more discontented in any garage; it seemed to have cultivated an air of haughty detachment from its surroundings. Over the hood was a piece of tapestry, not imitation but genuine. A contraption made of a dozen cheap tin candlesticks tied together with bits of wire hung from a hook in the ceiling; it was a practicable chandelier, and Cass began filling it with candles he had bought on his way home.

"I like a great deal of illumination," said Cass, lighting these candles also.

There was a stairway at the back which descended, I gathered, to the house proper; but Cass evidently lived in the garage.

"This house," he said, "belonged to Charlie Hastings, the movie actor—perhaps it still belongs to him, but nobody knows where he is."

I looked my inquiry.

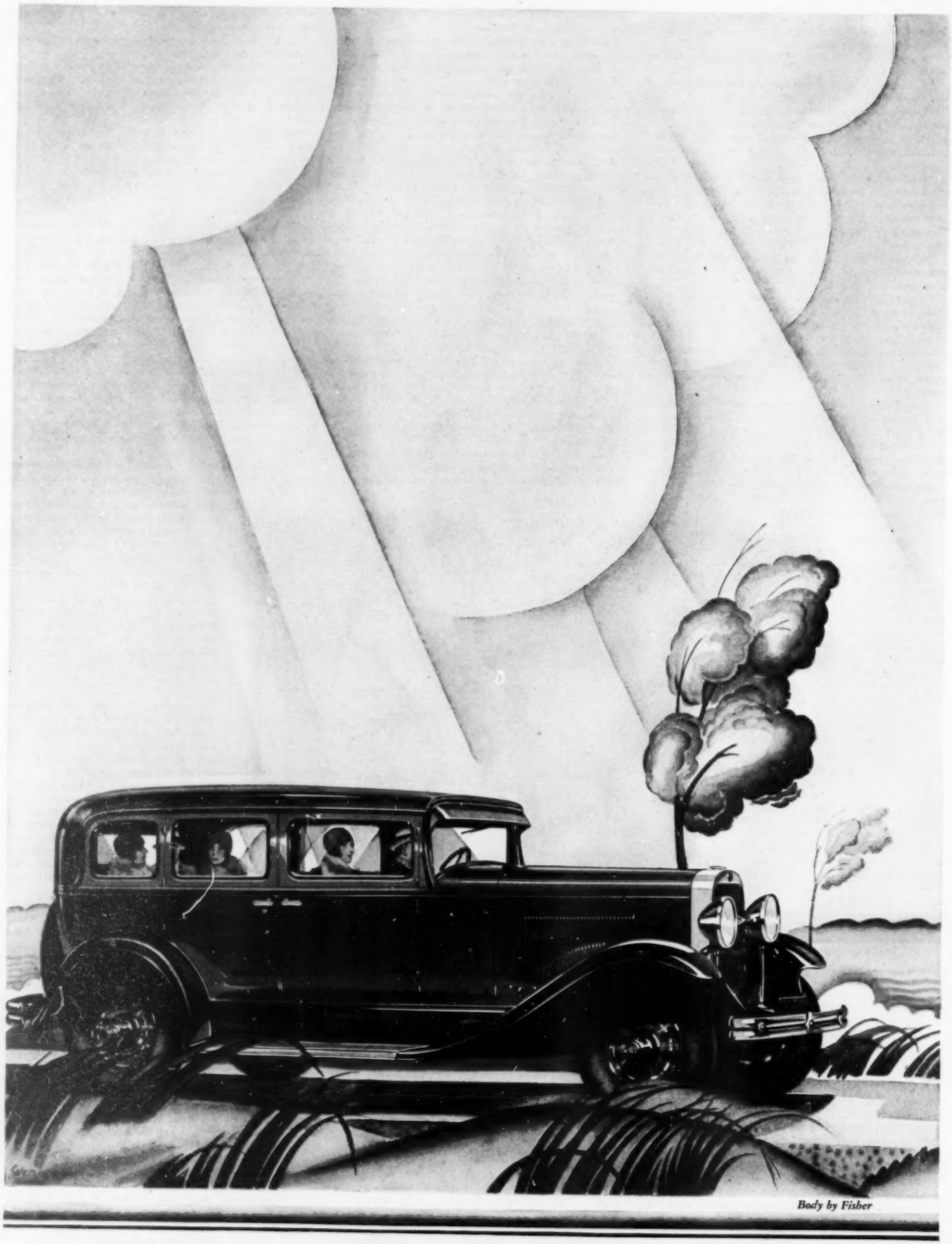
"He went away more than two years ago," said Cass, "and told me to live in his house and look after it till he returned. But he never came back. I heard he had been seen in Mexicali, and then I heard he had been seen in Honolulu, but I never had any direct communication from him again. He explained to me, when he left, that he wanted to go somewhere and think. I asked him what he intended to meditate upon, and he said upon anything but moving pictures. It has occurred to me at times that he may have been facetious."

"But don't you use the rest of the house?"

"I did at first," said Cass. He went on, with a vaguely worried air: "The remainder of the place is scarcely habitable any longer.

(Continued on Page 46)

She Shouted Technical Advice First to One Combatant and Then to the Other; and She Knew Something About Boxing



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(Continued from Page 43)

"First, the Filipino chauffeur left. Then the two Japanese boys went away. Then the gas quit, and the telephone quit, and the electricity quit. For some reason or other the water has never quit. I should have to remove to other quarters if it did. People began to come and get things before long—furniture, you know, and pictures, the piano and the beds, the radio and the silverware. There isn't very much left in the house below. They disturbed me for weeks, coming to take things away. There were bills and legal notices for a long time. But nobody ever came for the car, so I presume the installments were all paid. There have been notices at intervals saying that the property was to be sold for taxes, but evidently nothing has actually been done about that yet.

"The first year I was somewhat annoyed by girls who used to come and say that Charlie owed them alimony. There are a great many pigeons on the floor below this; they entered through a broken windowpane. But I haven't been any lower than that for nearly a year."

He was heating up coffee as he talked, and setting out the delicatessen dinner on the packing case, up to which he had drawn a couple of the authentically antique chairs.

"The floor below the pigeon floor," he continued, "has a family of rattlesnakes in it. Two men came to take away the gas stove about a year ago, and told me about it—the men went away without the stove. The snakes go out and lie on the hot stones in the back yard. I imagine the colony is increasing, but they never come up here. They visit the pigeon floor now and then after eggs and squabs. I used to go there sometimes myself and get hold of a pigeon or two for dinner, but one day I saw a snake who was on the same errand. We looked at each other a while, with the width of the room between us, and then he went downstairs and I came up. I don't interfere with them as long as they don't interfere with me.

"It's really been very fortunate for me, you know, that I've had this place to stay in—no room rent to worry me, and ordinarily I prepare my own meals on the oil stove there. It's astonishing how long you can live that way on a five-dollar bill. Sit down."

We sat down to the meal and he ate hungrily. I wondered how long he had been without food and how often he found himself that way. When Cass had finished he rolled himself a cigarette, lighted it and said:

"Are you very much of a liar?"

"About the average, I guess. Why?"

"Of course you were lying when you said you didn't know what had become of Sally. What you would naturally do, when you found she had left me, would be to hunt her up and try to marry her."

"I did," I replied, "but she turned me down."

"After she turned you down," said Cass accusingly, "you just simply let her drift away into oblivion again. You didn't care what happened to her if she wouldn't marry you!"

I looked at him incredulously and broke into a roar of laughter—this reproach from the husband who had mistreated her and deserted her was too much! I told him so.

"You adipose idiot!" he said. "When you finish your imbecile laughter, maybe you'll take the trouble to remember what I told you an hour or so ago—that I loved her again as soon as she was gone."

"Oh," I said, "you're hinting shame, remorse, regeneration, self-reproach—all that sort of thing!"

"One reason I hate you," he said, "is because you can't let a hint remain a hint; you insist on an explicit sentimentalization. It's one thing that makes your literary method cheap, as well as your personality disagreeable. When I told you I loved her I told you everything. Couldn't you let it go at that, without attempting a clumsy exploration for wounds with your fat fingers?"

"No," I said, "I couldn't. I'm interested in the psychological reactions of a born rotter who has finally learned he is one. If you're going to reform to the extent of showing one decent streak amongst nine yellow ones, I'll have to give up seeing you as the only 100 per cent cad I've ever known, and it disappoints me."

"Of course it disappoints you," he replied; "you're in love with my wife."

"She isn't your wife," I reminded him; "she wanted to be, and you wouldn't let her."

He looked at me frowningly. "Yes," he said; "that's true—she wanted to be, and I wouldn't let her."

We were both silent for a few minutes. He said finally: "Now that we've exchanged all these compliments, I'll tell you an idea that began to come to me when I saw you. I want you to try and find her and see—and see—well, see how she's getting along, and whether she needs anything. When I had money, you know, she wouldn't take any from me."

I opened my mouth to speak, but he interrupted me: "Now, don't ask me if I've worried about her, or why! For the love of heaven, man, accept at least one implication without a diagram!"

"I did try to find her," I said, "and failed. If she wanted to be found she'd write to me. She never did love me, and she's through loving you by this time, and the only thing to do is let her alone unless she chooses to come to light again."

He stirred uneasily in his chair.

"What makes you think she's through loving me?"

"She was trying to get over you the last time I saw her—and that was more than three years ago."

The surprising egotist replied: "Three years? She'll never get over me! That's what makes me reproach myself so!"

It was either laugh again or change the subject, and I did the latter.

"What became of that paternal grocery store?" I inquired. It appeared that here was something else Cass had to reproach himself for. His father had gone bankrupt about the time Cass had published Mismated, and had died before Cass had got around to helping him.

"Why don't you write another novel?" I asked. We had started talking about Sally, and, as usual, had got around to talking about Cass himself.

"I did write another novel," he said. "I worked more than a year on it." He paused.

"Yes?"

"It wasn't what it should have been, so I tore it up."

I must have looked a little blank. He laughed.

"You don't understand that, do you, Wadleigh?" he said, with a return of his patronizing manner. "Tearing up a year's work because it isn't exactly right! You wouldn't, of course!"

"Was it very bad?" I asked. "As bad as Mismated? If it was, I can understand your tearing it up."

"It was very good," he said. "Even better than Mismated, which was a good novel. It was good enough so that if you had published it, the critics would have said that Gerald Wadleigh was coming into his own at last. But it wasn't good enough for Hugh Cass."

He got up and went to the door of the car and opened it. He lighted a candle inside the limousine. I saw a dozen other candles, unlighted, stuck about. The car, it appeared, was Cass' study. He sat in the back seat, with a drawing board on his knees, and wrote. He kept his manuscripts in there. He returned to the packing case with a great bulk of yellow manila back sheets written on with lead pencil.

"I've been rewriting it, the last eight months," he said; "and I'm within six weeks of the end—if I can hold out that long."

I looked at the manuscript and I looked at the car, and I looked at Cass with reluctant admiration. A man who could starve along for months, and do his work all over again just to get it exactly the way he wanted it, must be regarded with respect, even if you do not like him. Rewriting is the hardest thing in the world to face—for me, at least.

"You're about one-third genius, Cass, and two-thirds faker," I said as I picked up a dozen of the sheets and glanced at the beginning of the story.

That was, I suppose, between eight and nine o'clock. I read very rapidly. Three hours later I laid down Page 700 of Cass' clear script and looked at him, where he sat hunched up in the driver's seat, smoking cigarettes. I did not know then that three hours had passed. Several times during the interval Cass had lighted more candles, and stuck them conveniently near me. And he had moved quietly about the place, cleaning up the litter from the dinner. About 10:30 o'clock, I think, he ate what food was left.

I laid down Page 700, calculating that about 70,000 words had been written.

"Two-thirds genius," I said, looking at the pile of manuscript.

"Three-thirds genius," said Cass complacently, getting out of the car; "and as much faker, besides, as you like."

It was always a mistake to compliment Cass.

"Even a hack like you can see that it's great stuff, eh?" he said.

"It's written," I said—"it's written to the queen's taste."

"It's written to my taste," cried Cass; "and that's better than any queen's that ever lived!"

It was the tale of an egotist, and the effects of his egotism upon everyone with whom he came in contact and upon his own life were uncompromisingly, unflinchingly, presented. There was a governed eloquence in the style; the thing as a whole had the hard brilliance of a jewel, with fires of truth and understanding shooting up from the central core of the material to its surfaces and facets.

"The author certainly looked into his own heart and wrote," I meditated aloud. "I didn't know you knew yourself so well."

"I know everybody," said Cass modestly; "and what difference is it whose heart I use, if I do as good a thing as that?"

"See here," I said; "you say it will take you six weeks to finish it; and it will be at least three months after that before it can be published. I'll stake you till the proceeds begin to come in—I'm getting more money from the movies than I ever earned in my life before; they don't use me, but they keep paying me. Otherwise you might starve before it's finished and published. I despise you, but I want to see that book published."

"All right," said Cass. "I loathe you, but what difference does it make whose money I use to help a thing like that along?" He added: "Don't you wish you could write like that, Wadleigh?"

"It's good—it's damned good."

"Good!" cried Cass. "Is that all you can say? Good? You envious little mediocrity! Why don't you say what you know is true—that it's the best book ever produced in the Western Hemisphere—or anywhere else in the last quarter of a century?"

This covered more territory and time than I quite cared to indorse, and I said nothing while he began to fumble in the back part of the car.

"Can you let me have fifty dollars now?" he asked as he explored the depths of this writing room. "I'll get out of this place tonight. It's served its purpose, but I'm fed up with it."

"Here," I said, "is the fifty."

He returned to the packing case with a shoe box in his hand. I gave him the fifty dollars. He made a note of that and of the ten he had borrowed previously on a piece of paper, opened the shoe box and deposited the note solemnly within. There were a hundred other similar memoranda there.

"About twelve hundred dollars," said Cass; "and all gouged out of men who don't like me. Most of them insulted me when they lent it, and I shall insult them when I return it with 6 per cent interest. The contents of this shoe box are a tribute to my superiority. They insulted me because of my superiority, but it was my superiority which made it impossible for them to refuse."

"Spare yourself these more assertive speeches and gestures," I said; "they make me suspicion that you really feel inferior, and are covering it up."

"Fifty dollars," he mused, "isn't very much. I'll need clothes, and a great deal of good food, and a certain amount of recreation to take my mind off what I've been through. Could you make it two or three hundred more tonight?"

I wrote him a check for two hundred more.

"For a certain number of weeks," he said as he pocketed it, "you'd better send me a hundred a week."

I acquiesced.

He rolled up the manuscript of his book, together with his shoe box filled with the memoranda of his debts, in the piece of tapestry which he took from the hood of the car, and tied the bundle with twine.

"I'll find a cheap hotel tonight, and a good one tomorrow," he said, and started down the hill without even closing the door or looking back. As I caught up with him he remarked:

"You know, Wadleigh, you ought to be very grateful to me! I've given you an opportunity to help the cause of literature in the only way you'll ever be capable of!"

The next morning Tommy Cassidy called me on the phone, asking me to be his guest that evening at a dinner at the Scribes' Club. I accepted with alacrity. It is always pleasant to be with Tommy; and I had a good deal of curiosity about the Scribes' Club, one of Hollywood's most interesting institutions.

It is one of the places at which representatives of various branches of the moving-picture industry meet and look one another over critically in their more intellectual mood. Actors, actresses, scenario slaves, title writers, dialogue experts, directors, novelists, press agents, dramatists, magnates and visiting firemen all meet there upon terms of equality. A few persons who seemed to wish to be thought superior to their surroundings I identified as newspaper critics—there was a glint about their horn-rimmed glasses and an aura of manner which seemed to hint that, if they chose, they could divide every published salary and reputation present by a certain numeral and arrive at a correct inside figure of net valuation. Nevertheless, the shindigs are enjoyable and festive, usually including two or three one-act plays most excellently presented, and, occasionally, the first semipublic showing of a new film.

Nobody except the newspaper critics seemed to be inclined to take life too seriously, and I discovered that it was a good gang to be with. I had a good time.

And I had a surprise.

"That's Bertram Rose, down there," said Cassidy, indicating a gentleman at the farther end of the speakers' table. "He doesn't look nervous, but I'll bet you that he is."

Rose looked like anything but his name; he was a large man, swarthy, with heavy, handsome features that might have been carved out of some dark stone, and he had a great chest and an immense spread of arm. A man of about forty, I should judge, who gave out the sense of power, physical and mental. His face was immobile, even when he talked to people, and I judged its immobility was habitual; his eyes were steady, cool and gray; the only indication of nervousness was in the rapidity with which he consumed cigarettes, which he smoked in an ornate ivory holder.

"I've heard of him," I said, "but I don't remember exactly what I've heard. Who and what is he, and why should he be nervous tonight?"

"You're certainly ignorant," said one of my new acquaintances, "not to know who Bert Rose is. He's Old Man Movie himself—best director in the business—had so

(Continued on Page 48)

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DODGE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 46)

many wives that he just practically lights one from another, like he does his cigarettes—and he's nervous about how we-all are going to take this new star he's hitched his motor to. She's his latest discovery."

"Ines del Arroyo," said Tommy Cassidy, explanatorily. "It's her first feature picture we're going to see; and one of the last silent dramas that will ever come out of Hollywood, according to the signs and omens."

Rose, it seemed, was not only a director but one of the important proprietors and producers.

I gathered that Miss del Arroyo was to appear in a major part for the first time that night—I was in on a historic moment. She had played a number of minor parts, and if she was a success in the present picture—Old California, it was called—she would go at once into a talking picture. Indeed, she was taking lessons in English now, it was understood, in a frantic endeavor to get rid of the remains of her Spanish accent. It was a crucial hour in the career of Bertram Rose, the discoverer, and Ines del Arroyo, the discovered, for tonight she faced the most critical and hard-boiled movie audience in the known world.

Señorita del Arroyo herself was not present. She never went anywhere. Hers, I learned from listening to the talk about me, had been a rather romantic history; hers was a most unusual personality; there was more than a little mystery about her, although she was still very young.

She was Mexican by birth, although of unmixed Spanish descent—the pure Castilian blood. She had been born in the City of Mexico, and it was there that Bertram Rose had met her, and had finally overcome the objections of her mother and the rest of her aristocratic family, and induced her to give her life to art. She had been educated in a conventual school near Seville, and even in Hollywood preferred to live behind a veil of aristocratic conventionality, so that scarcely anyone knew her except Rose.

The room was darkened, the chairs were hitched around towards the stage, the clatter of conversation died down. The first appearance of the heroine had been carefully and cannily prepared. We got a glimpse of her face only, stamped with whimsicality and anger—the briefest and most fleeting glimpse, it was, but it sent a ripple over the room.

And it made me sit up tense and tight with a jerk and lean breathlessly towards the stage, as if I had received an electric shock, for —— Surely, there could not be two faces like that!

I stared with my whole consciousness gathered into my excited eyeballs, waiting to see the face again, and telling myself that I was a fool for magnifying a resemblance into a certainty.

"Sally!" I said, and rose from my chair.

"Hush! Hush!" said half a dozen voices near me in the gloom, and somebody caught my coat tails and pulled me back into my seat. In my absorption and wonder I had spoken aloud.

"Sally Cass," I murmured again as I sat down.

I was, to put it mildly, flabbergasted. For fully two minutes I stared at the girl in the picture with my mouth open. Ines del Arroyo was plainly, unmistakably, indubitably, none other than Sally Cass. I knew it was she, but I couldn't believe it.

And for five minutes I continued to stare, certainty and incredulity struggling in me, and inanely whispering "Sally" to myself at intervals.

For Sally it was, and the director had got on the screen everything that was essentially Sally—all the explicit Sallyness of her, if you will—the dash, the snap, the grace, the charm of occasional gay inconsequence, the swift changes into appealing wistfulness and out of that mood again, into a laughing courage. It was not particularly and inevitably Spanish, though it fitted the story they had concocted for her well enough; but it was particularly and individually Sally.

There was no doubt of her success. A new movie star had been made. She caught them at once—as she had caught me at once in real life—with what she essentially was; and she held them to the end of the film, increasingly enthusiastic. I felt, illogically enough, a queer kind of personal pride in her triumph, and continued, from time to time, to whisper to myself: "Sally." I chuckled at myself, too—while Cass and I had been wondering how she was getting along, the capable wretch had been doing this!

Not more than ten minutes after the last flicker on the screen a taxi set me down in front of a dwelling just off one of the wide boulevards out towards the Beverly Hills district—a pretentious house in Beverly Hills itself would come later for Sally, I supposed. It was a modest place, but it was big enough to have its patio. No doubt the legend went that Ines del Arroyo could not possibly get along without a patio, and I wondered if Rose made her eat nothing but Spanish dishes also when she dined in public.

Sally answered the door herself when I rang, and greeted me in a whirl of excitement and exclamations.

She was as elastic and lithe as ever; and though she was now twenty-five years old, she still looked absurdly young. But if I were to let myself go and talk about Sally's appearance, and the effect she always had upon me, I should never get her story told. She listened, rapt and smiling, while I described to her the hit her picture had made with the highly critical audience.

"Bert Rose is a wizard," she said, when I had finished. "He did it. He's worked me nearly to death, but he's done something with me, Waddle. He knew it was going over, all the time." She paused, and then giggled, adding naïvely: "And you know, Waddle, when I saw the takes, I sort of thought myself I'd be a hit!"

"You are," I cried; "a bewildering smash!"

"Mr. Rose was so sure of this picture," she said, "that we started in right away making a talkie, without waiting to see how this one would catch on. And the talkie is going to be the real test—Old California is really just a part of the preliminary ballyhoo. Everything's going talkie from now on."

"Now," I said, "it's your turn—tell me how it happened."

"It's just a simple little tale of clouds and sunshine," said Sally, kidding herself as usual. "When the Smugglers' Cave blew up, I got another job, and Aunt Caroline went to cooking in a private family. But she couldn't stand that long; she's too used to being her own boss. She had a cousin in Los Angeles, and the cousin got her out here, and the two dinges between them raked up money enough to finance a tea room—Aunt Caroline in the kitchen, as usual, and white help in front for window dressing.

"After five or six months, she wrote to me, asking if I didn't want to come out here and be her head waitress. I'd had another spell of bad luck—out of a job again, and everything—and I jumped at it, especially as she offered to send me the car fare. She's with me now," she broke off the sequence of her narrative to interject; "she's the mainstay of this establishment."

I was glad of it, and said so; I felt more comfortable about Sally with Aunt Caroline around; although I don't know why I should have worried about anyone so used to the ups and downs of existence, at that.

"That old smoke will be with me until death does us part," said Sally. She continued: "I looked after the front of the house, so to speak—ran the waitresses, and the cash register too. But there wasn't much money in it; the tea room was just getting along, with nothing much to spare.

"And I'm ambitious—maybe you don't realize it, Waddle, but I always have been. Financially ambitious, that is. I want to spend my old age in ease and comfort, not doing tatting and tattling in an old ladies' home. So I began to look around for something better.

"Our heroine, Waddle, was attracted to the movies; little innocent moth that she is, that big light drew her. Innocent? Yes, and how! For our little Sally proved to be what the gang used to call a sucker, Waddle. She fell for a bunch of the cheapest crooks that ever disgraced the atmosphere of this sun-kissed suburb.

"Maybe you've heard about these fake outfits that advertise that they'll give you tests and lessons and things, and place you in the film business if you screen well; and then take all the hard-earned cash out of the honest biscuit shooter's gingham-apron pocket, leaving her nothing but experience and her permanent wave? Well, they're poisoning some of those rats now—giving them something that makes them crawl out into the open to expire—but a couple of years ago they just plumb infested this burg. It would surprise you how many of us feminine proletariat hearkened to those siren voices.

"The gonoph that bunked me was a smooth-looking old potato; and the thing that threw me off my guard was the fact that he was using the same name as one of the very prominent and quite reliable film operators. Otherwise, I wouldn't have played the part of one of the leading stupes, for I had heard and read of this bunk game.

"Anyhow, he got one hundred and eighty-seven dollars from me before I woke up. You can imagine how long it took me to save that, out of what I made in the tea room. He filmed me and he tested me with an empty camera; he flattered me, he instructed me, he promised me a tryout, he robbed me; and when I got wise and put up a sucker's squawk, as I did in the end, he smiled at me. And there wasn't anything I could do about it—these gyps either wrote the laws themselves, or else they've got lawyers that know where the holes are. Anyhow, I was robbed of every cent I'd saved, and sore as a tooth that's got an abscess on its conscience.

"One day, who do I see in the tearoom but Old Mr. Slick himself. I guess he'd forgotten where I worked, or maybe he never knew—or, more likely, there wasn't a place left in Hollywood or Los Angeles for this father of iniquity to eat in that didn't contain one or more of his fluff-headed victims, like me. He either had to face some indignant and indigent waitress he'd gypped, or else starve. He smiled, sort of vague and fatherly, when he saw me; as if he knew my face, but couldn't quite remember the name he'd once coaxed onto the dotted line.

"'I'll take that flicker of delight off your visage,' I said to myself; for I went mad all over, Waddle, as if I had a rush of eczema to the brain when he grinned at me in that forgiving way.

"'How are you Miss—er—Miss ——' he began.

"'I'm fine, papa, and many of them,' I said. 'How's your dishonest old heart beating today?'

"He looked surprised, but he looked still more surprised in another minute. One of the girls was going by with a big platter of spaghetti, all mixed up with tomato sauce and chicken livers. I grabbed it from her, and without another word, I dealt him one right off the arm. I crowned him with the platter, Waddle. The dish broke and he disappeared for a minute in the spaghetti. When he clawed his way through it, he looked just like a picture of Father Neptune coming up for air, all tangled with seaweed.

"'And a Happy New Year also,' I said to him, picking up a water bottle, for I was still mad, and thought I might as well get the rest of that one hundred and eighty-seven dollars' worth while I had this goof hanging to the ropes.

"But somebody caught little Sally's hand.

"'You'll kill him with that thing, child!' said the man who'd grabbed my hand.

"'Sure,' I said. 'Why not?' For, Waddle, I was actually bereft of reason for a moment; there was nothing but measles where my judgment should have been; I'd been brooding on this bozo and his methods for two months.

"'What's he done—insulted you?' said Mr. Bertram Rose, still holding me by the wrist—for it was none other than our hero whom you met tonight, Waddle.

"'He's done a darned sight worse than that,' I replied. 'He's gypped me, the old goo-eyed crocodile!'

"'Well,' said Mr. Rose, helping the villain up—he'd just sort of naturally gravitated to the floor—'you've got him licked; better let him crawl away.'

"'I'd like my money back first,' I said. Everyone in the place had collected around us, and Aunt Caroline had come in from the kitchen with a carving knife in her hand.

"'Is they some feenancial trouble somewhah, Miss Sally?' asks Aunt Caroline, whetting the carving knife on the palm of her hand.

"'There's one hundred and eighty-seven dollars' worth of it,' I said. 'This is the bad man I told you about, Aunt Caroline.'

"The old gonoph didn't say a word. He looked at the carving knife, and at Aunt Caroline, and then at me. And then, with hands that trembled, Waddle, he pulled out a roll that would have choked a cow and peeled off one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and handed it to me. He made an exit like an old character man, still shedding spaghetti.

"Mr. Rose had been looking at me all the time in that steady way of his, and after things had quieted down he beckoned me over to his table, still sizing me up.

"'Tell me about it,' he said. I did so, while he still sized me up.

"'You've got action,' he said, 'and you've got pep, and you're graceful. I shouldn't wonder if you'd screen well.'

"'Thanks,' I said. 'Your intentions are creditable, and I like your enterprise, but I'm going to start a bank with this one hundred and eighty-seven dollars, now that it's come home to mother again. I'm through investing in the film business, though I might look at some choice oil stock.'

"'I'm on the square,' he said; and gave me his card. 'Come and see me sometime.'

"I did. He used me in two or three minor parts. Then he took me and drilled me and coached me and bullied me and instructed me for—months, I guess. It seemed like a lifetime—like several lifetimes—like I'd died and been born again as somebody else. Then he built up the Ines del Arroyo story, and he thinks he's got a find. I hope he has, after all the time and money he's spent. I can't troupe, really, you know, Waddle—I'd be absolutely blah without him. He's a wizard; one of the seven wonders of the world. And if I do get across in these new talkie things, as you say I've done in this silent picture, I'll owe it all to Bertram Rose."

Her voice and manner testified to the fervor of her admiration for Bertram Rose. I wondered if that meant that she had finally got rid of her infatuation for Cass. Quite without premeditation, I heard myself speaking:

"Cass is out here, Sally. Did you know that?"

"Oh," she said, sitting up erect on the couch. "No, I didn't know it."

I knew she hadn't known it; I am afraid it was merely curiosity that had made me ask her that and made me go on.

"He's been on his uppers," I said. "Been having a terribly tough time for a couple of years—almost starved, I guess."

"Why, that's terrible!" she cried. It was evident that it was hard for her to think of Cass otherwise than as confident and self-assertive. "It was the strangest thing to me," she mused, "how he dropped out. I thought his book had put him across into the big time permanently."

"You remember," I pursued, "what you told me the night that you had the notion to drown yourself, in Paris—that something would have to put a big dent into him? Well, I guess he's had considerable of a wallop."

All this was calculated to make her think of Cass sympathetically; and I don't know

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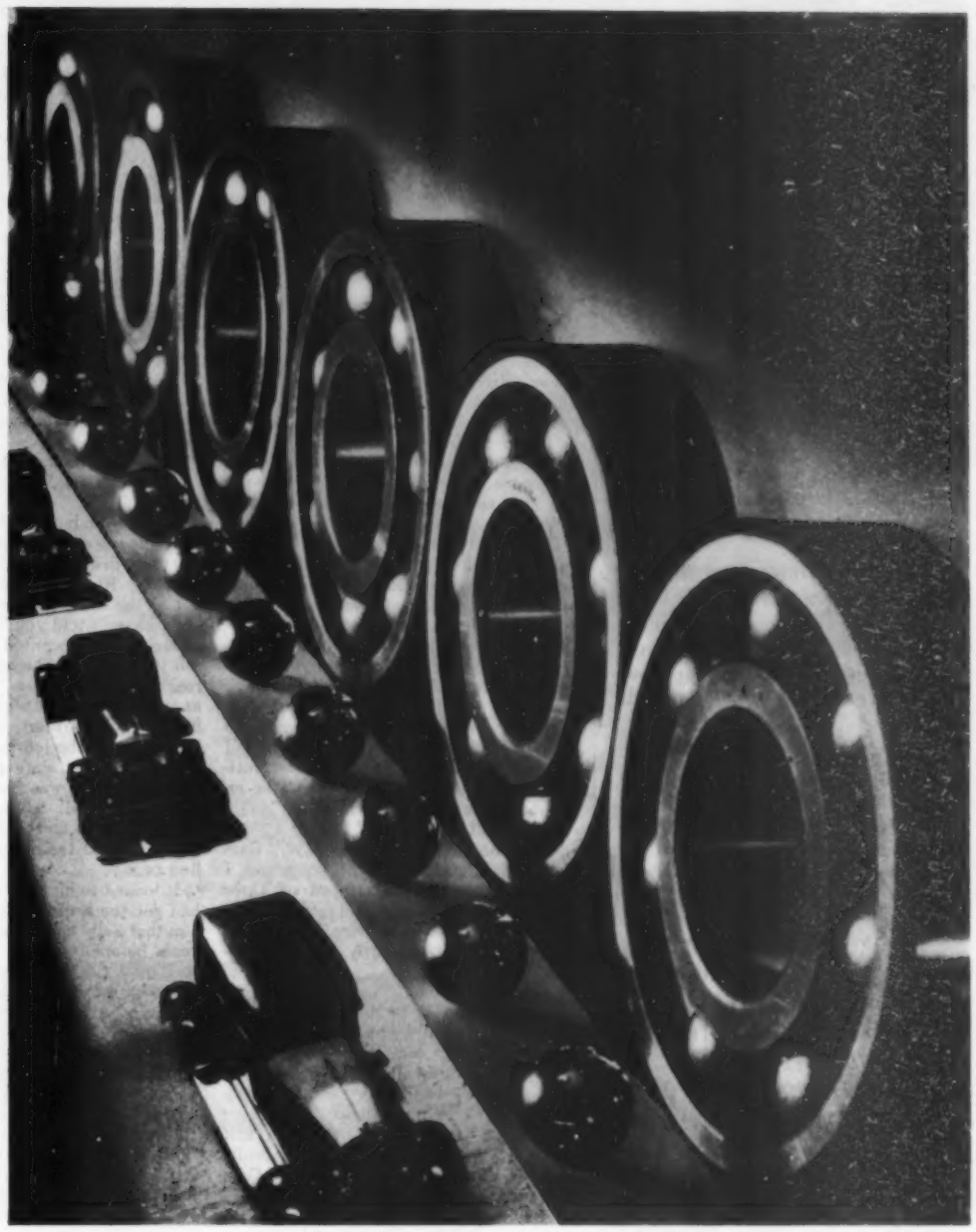
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Jeanette Loff

I HAVE always avoided the use of adjectives in this column because they seem like bombast and hokum to the public.

But in PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz" I feel that I am justified in using every superlative in the dictionary. It is so beautiful in every way, and so far outshines any previous production of its type, that big words are necessary to describe it.

The marvelous beauty of the groupings conceived and directed by the master in his profession, John Murray Anderson, and executed in gorgeous Technicolor, is a veritable feast for the eyes.

-C. L.

Principals in the Cast

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This talent was gathered from the four corners of the earth and may be titled a super super-production. It is glorious beyond words.

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

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why I said it, unless because it was calculated to make her think less of Rose—a futile bit of maneuvering, for it could not possibly matter to me, since she had so definitely turned me down, which one of them she was the more sympathetic towards. She got off the couch, deeply concerned.

"See here, Waddle," she said; "Hugh isn't starving right now, while we sit here?"

"No. I saw him yesterday, and he had just connected with sustenance," I said, not going into details. "He's finishing another book, and he hopes for a lot from it, in every way."

She gave a sigh of relief. But she did not ask me where Cass was, or how to get into touch with him; and I did not volunteer. At the same time, I made up my mind not to tell Cass where she was, or anything about her success, unless she asked me to.

She had fallen silent, and I got up to go.

"Probably the two most conceited men in the world," she murmured; and I knew she was thinking of Rose and Cass together.

It was four weeks before I encountered Cass again, and then the meeting was accidental. I had been out to Santa Monica, and was driving back through the Beverly Hills district, when I saw him on a horse on the bridle path that runs down the middle of one of the big boulevards. He saw me about the same time, and waved his whip at me. I brought the car I was driving to a stop as near to the bridle path as I could, and he cantered up to me.

The month's time had made a most extraordinary change in him; he was looking quite fit again, and was attired in the most fashionable of riding costumes.

"You ought to do this, Wadleigh," he said, as he drew up. "It would take some of that disgusting obesity off of you."

"Was that what you wanted to tell me?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "I was going to write you anyway, and when I saw you I thought I might as well tell you. It ought to be gratifying to you to know that I won't be on your hands financially much longer."

"It doesn't sadden me," I said.

"I finished the book in ten days," Cass continued; "instead of the six weeks I thought it might take; ripped off three thousand words a day, and got it done. And they accepted it by wire."

"It'll be out in the early spring, I suppose?"

"Oh," he replied, "before Christmas, they tell me—they've been rushing the manufacture, and they plan to get it to the booksellers by the first of December—only three or four weeks now."

"Good luck to it," I said, sincerely enough. "It's a corking book."

He appeared to be embarrassed, and looked down and fussed with the bridle reins. It was the only time I ever saw Cass embarrassed.

"You've been a most exceptionally good sport about it," he said without looking at me. I think my mouth must have fallen open a little, in astonishment at Cass paying a compliment to anybody except himself. But more was to come. "We have a habit of saying uncomplimentary things to each other," he went on; "and for the most part we mean them. At the same time, I've been trying to screw myself up to tell you, ever since the book was accepted, that I'm grateful. It's just about amounted to a resurrection, where I'm concerned."

I was embarrassed myself. "Oh, hooey!" I murmured.

"I'm coming back," said Cass; "and you've been responsible for it. And, see here ——" He paused, and flushed; for a minute or two he was unable to make himself go on. Finally he proceeded: "I'm going to find Sally and make it up to her. I was—outrageous with her."

I saw he had not identified her as Ines del Arroyo. The month which had intervened since I last saw him had made Sally a famous woman.

"You don't go to the movies at all, do you?" I inquired.

"I loathe everything about them," he replied. "It's been more than a year since I've looked at one. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. "What makes you sure that Sally will marry you again?"

"The tragedy of the whole thing," he answered, speaking more like the old Cass I had known, "is that, of course, Sally has gone on loving me all this time."

I thought of Bertram Rose. I had seen Sally often during the four weeks that had elapsed, but I was finding it increasingly difficult to see her without seeing Bertram Rose. That gentleman was more and more in evidence, and if I ever saw a man whose mind was set on anything, Rose's was set on Sally. Sally had not taken me into her confidence as to how she felt about him.

I thought it only fair to give Cass his chance—as long as I didn't have any chance myself, and distrusted Rose.

"Do you know who Ines del Arroyo is? Ever hear of her?" I said.

"Vaguely," said Cass, looking puzzled.

"The newest, most famous movie star," I said, "is Ines del Arroyo. Her first silent picture has been an unprecedented success—even now when everything is beginning to turn talkie—and she's working on a talkie now, with a contract which probably calls for as much money in one week as you'll make in three months from your new novel."

He looked his inquiry, but said nothing.

"And Ines del Arroyo," I concluded, "is Sally."

He made an inarticulate exclamation and continued to stare at me. It was one of the few times in his life that language went back on Cass. He didn't have any now. He got out of the saddle and came up to my car.

"I haven't told you," I said, "because I thought if Sally wanted you to know, she'd tell you herself. She has known she could reach you through me." I thought I might as well let him have all of it at once. "And if you're going to marry her," I said; "you'd better get on the job right away, for there are rumors that she's going to marry her director." This was true; one heard it all over Hollywood. That, and other things.

Cass stood and blinked, still dumb. "Oh" was all the master of phrases could find to say.

It looked to me very much as if the man had got the wallop and the dent put into him that Sally had prescribed for him some years before in Paris. And as I thought back upon the night when the girl had tried to drown herself, I got a certain amount of mitigated enjoyment out of the situation. Mitigated by his very evident emotion, for emotion was working strongly within him. It was satisfactory to see his egotism battered down, and yet I sympathized with him too.

But suddenly he grinned at me.

"And how you love the situation—don't you, Wadleigh?" he exclaimed maliciously.

With that, he recovered his poise, externally at least, and got himself and his fashionable costume—which I had paid for—back upon his horse again. I kicked the starter of my car and got the engine going. As I let in the clutch, he leaned towards me from the saddle and remarked:

"Your perceptions are acute enough, Wadleigh; and with only a little more creative ability you might almost have been an artist yourself."

I did not perceive the relevance of the remark to our conversation, exactly; but if it was a reflection that helped Cass to keep his chin up in his present situation, I didn't grudge it to him. The intimation that Sally had no need of him in any way, financial or affectional, just at the moment when he was preparing to descend upon her in clouds of gold and rose from the summit of Olympus, was a blow to his vanity—and to something deeper in him, to do him justice for once, than his vanity. And I admit that I always find it hard to do Cass justice.

Nevertheless, if Cass were to reappear and get Rose out of the way, and then be got rid of himself, it would have suited me admirably, for neither one of them was good enough for Sally in my estimation.

I was worried about Bertram Rose. Urban populations are apt to impute to country villages a prying, gossipy, meddlesome-Matty spirit, but if there are any two communities on earth more given to gossip than Broadway and Hollywood, I don't know where they are. And not the pleasantest sort of gossip in the world, either. Hollywood, like Broadway, is overrun with wiseacres, who wish it to be thought that they are in the know with regard to everything, and frequently some very innocent people suffer from the attentions of these busybodies and nobodies—the more prominent, and the more newly prominent, the innocent victims are, the more certain is the crop of innuendo.

Rose had had so many wives that everybody had lost count of them; from the age of twenty-four to the age of forty, one wife after another had been a casual guest in his house of life. And, it seemed, when he was not busy getting married and divorced and directing pictures and discovering new material, he had plenty of time for relationships which he did not trouble himself to dignify with the marriage ceremony. When Ines del Arroyo was seen in public at all, she was seen with Bertram Rose. It was not so much that breathless gossip was flying about with regard to them; it was that the wiseacres aforementioned merely assumed, as a matter of course, that they were having an affair, which might, or might not, result in a marriage.

To anybody who knew Sally herself, it was an absurdity that she would be a participant in a casual affair. But then, very few people knew Sally or had any way of getting acquainted with her and with her essential squareness. Few people even knew there was a Sally; they merely knew about Ines del Arroyo, and they knew of her only in connection with Bertram Rose. Her success and the gossip had come before the wiseacres at the same time; and one was a part of the other.

I knew Sally too well to do anything as silly as warning her against Rose. She was minding her own business, as she always did, and if I had said anything to her, she would have told me—and the whole world besides, if necessary—to go and jump in the river. And how could she help going about with him, seeing him? He had, in a business and artistic way, given her her chance; Ines del Arroyo was his creation. I knew she admired him immensely, and I could understand that; whether she was in love with him, or was beginning to be, I didn't know. I could only worry and feel futile.

I was present the day Sally left her home to get married. She called me up one Sunday morning and asked me to luncheon; and from the tone of her voice I perceived that there was something exciting going forward.

I got to her house about twelve o'clock. There was a car of a new sport model parked at the curb, which looked as swift and powerful as a force of nature and gleamed with polished metal and accouterments like the cohorts of Sardanapalus.

There was a great racket going on somewhere; either within the house or in the patio around which it was built—a racket in which several human voices were mingled. I continued to ring, and finally Aunt Caroline came and opened it, looking breathless and excited.

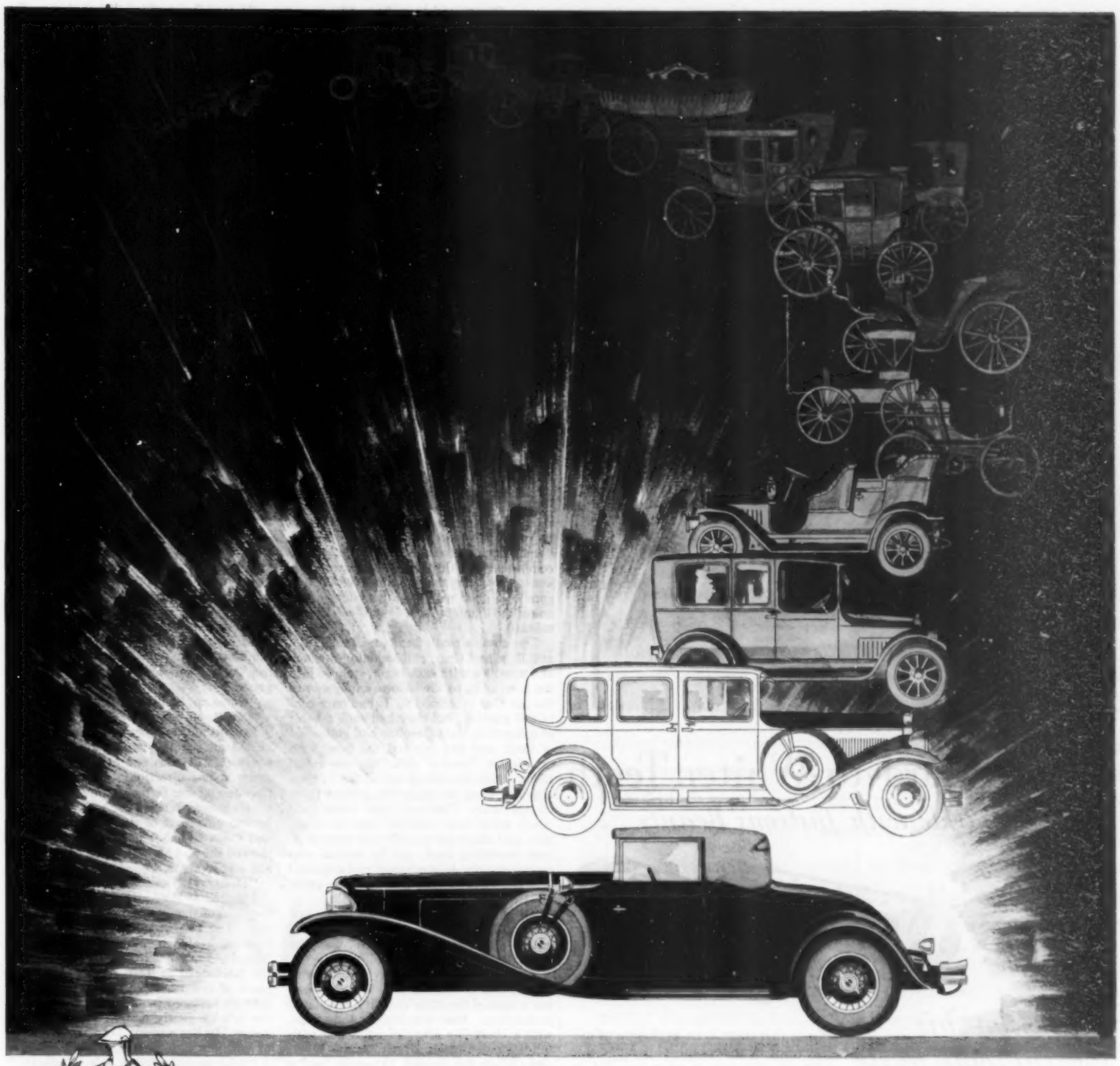
"What's all the noise?" I said.

"A strange gen'man come a-bulgin' his way in heah a few minutes ago," she replied, with a certain gusto in her manner, "an' him an' Mistuh Rose is havin' an ahgument out theah in dat inside back yahd."

I crossed the living room and flung open the door which led to the patio—and I never saw a patio in such a state of convulsion.

In the center of it, Bertram Rose and Hugh Cass were mixing it with a wholehearted ferocity I have never seen equaled in the prize ring. At the far end sat Sally, perched on the back of a stone bench, her heels kicking the seat with excitement, her

(Continued on Page 52)



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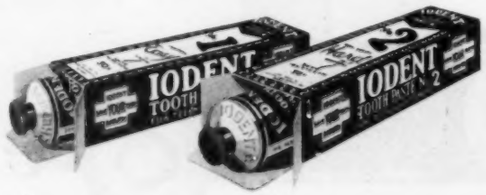

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You will notice, when brushing with No. 2, that there is no explosion of useless froth in the mouth—no suggestion of harsh abrasives or other harmful ingredients. In fact it is made by a Dentist.

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IODENT *No.* 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

(Continued from Page 50)

hands doubled into fists, and her elbow jerking as the gladiators swapped punches.

"You will compromise a lady, will you, you cinema swine?" Cass said "Ugh!"

The "Ugh!" was an involuntary tribute to the dexterity of Rose, who at that moment got home on his ribs. But, in attempting to follow it up, Rose left himself open to a counter which cut his cheek bone.

"Don't lead with your right, you poor palooka!" cried Sally from her perch.

It had evidently been the intention to serve lunch in the patio, until Cass' arrival had stopped all thoughts of lunch; the table, with its dishes, had already been overturned in the struggle, and dishes and table both were getting broken and tramped into the gravel of the court. The flower beds which rimmed the inclosure were also being reduced to shreds—"a riot of mingled bloom," the poets would say—as the fight swung here and there.

"Who the —— are you, anyhow?" Rose said as they went into a clinch.

"I'm Sir Galahad," laughed Cass as they came out of it again. He chanted rhetorically: "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure!" With which genteel quotation he put his fist into Rose's wind, and Rose staggered forward into another clinch and held on like grim death.

"Listen to that big highbrow's conversation!" said Sally as I made my way to her side. Her face was flushed and a strange impartiality seemed to have come over her. For she shouted technical advice first to one combatant and then to the other; and she knew something about boxing, for she had gone to a good many fights while she was one of the inhabitants of Ikey Woof-Woof's ménage.

There was a small fountain in the patio, and Rose and Cass, still locked in a clinch and wrestling with each other, stepped into the bowl of it, to the infinite annoyance of the fish that inhabited it. It had once contained goldfish, but they had such a habit of dying that Aunt Caroline had gotten rid of them and had stocked the bowl with practicable "cookin' fish," as she called them, which she seined out with a kitchen colander when she wished to prepare them for the table. Cass and Rose broke their clinch when they stumbled into the fountain, and came out on different sides of it, both breathing hard, and by mutual consent took a couple of minutes' rest and sized each other up, for their pace had been swift.

"How did it start?" I asked Sally.

"Hugh came in and insulted Bert—just ordered him to go away from me and keep away—and it started like that," she said. "Oh, they're off again, Waddle!"

They were, with renewed vigor, but with a good deal of caution too. For each had had a taste of the other's quality, and found it excellent. Rose was heavier than Cass, with a chest like a keg of nails, and with fully as much reach. But Cass was taller, and a shade the quicker, I thought; and a few years the younger. However, they were pretty evenly matched, and it was anybody's fight. Both seemed to be in excellent physical condition, although their sartorial seemliness had departed from them. I am no Grantland Rice, laureate of sport, to sing that fight in the lyric strophes which it deserves, nor give a scientific blow-by-blow report. But it looked to me as if Rose could take more punishment than Cass, and it also looked as if he were getting more. A decided lumpiness was beginning to show up on the left side of his face where Cass was landing repeatedly with his right hand.

"You know, Waddle," said Sally, "there's an old story to the effect that no really nice woman likes to have men fight over her. You know what I mean—you write that kind of hooey about women yourself. Well, it isn't true! Or else I'm not nice. I'm getting an awful kick out of this!"

Just then Rose got an awful kick, which practically closed his left eye, and Sally said:

"Bert led with his right again—the darned fool! Of course Hugh gets him when he does that!

"I hope," she added, "that they wallop each other to a fare-ye-well. The nice thing about this is that they've both got it coming to them. They're the two most conceited, headstrong men I ever knew!"

"And you sit here," I said, "like a squaw, or a medieval chattel of some kind, waiting to marry the one that wins!"

"I'm not going to marry either one of them," she said; "I'm glad they're beating each other up. I'm through with both of them. I know as well as you do that it's disgraceful for them to fight over me this way." She added with a chuckle: "But I like it!

"Oh, look!" she cried the next moment, jumping to her feet. Rose had got home a haymaker and Cass went sprawling down. I thought he was out. Aunt Caroline, who had been watching in silence, went to him as if to lift him, while Rose stood back, panting and glowering. But Sally waved her arms and shouted for Aunt Caroline to stand aside, and, looking at her wrist watch, began to count.

"One," she said. "Two. Three. Four. Five," counted Sally.

At "Nine!" Cass rose from the ground like a piece of rock thrown up from the crater of a volcano and leaped at Rose, and that gentleman, although he had ample time to see him coming, seemed taken by surprise—as he had stood there and panted he had evidently thought the fight was over. Rose went backward under the rush and then clinched; but Cass, with an overwhelming burst of vitality, shook him off and smothered him with a whirlwind of blows—to the head, the ribs, the wind, the jaw, the ribs again, the head, the jaw again—and Rose, game to the last, but hopelessly out of wind, finally reeled backward in a long stagger, falling partly into the bowl of the fountain. As he fell in, a fish flopped out and lay gasping on the gravel.

"Come on, Sally," said Cass.

"No!" said Sally.

But without another word Cass grabbed her. Aunt Caroline and I attempted to interpose. But with one punch he sent me down in one direction; and swept Aunt Caroline off her feet in another with a gigantic shove. When I got to my feet again he was going out of the patio with Sally; and there was that in her attitude which showed she had already ceased to struggle. She was liking it.

"Deducted!" said Aunt Caroline.

I looked at Rose. He was sitting up at the edge of the fountain, and he was gasping. The fish which had been displaced from its water was also gasping. Rose looked at the fish with his mouth open, and the fish looked at Rose. Something like a touch of sympathetic understanding came over his battered countenance, and he took the fish up gently and restored it to the water. His lips moved; I did not hear what he said, but I think it was "Poor fish!"

"Who was that fellow, Mr. Wadleigh?" demanded Rose, feeling of his jaw as he watched the glittering car go down the street.

"Hugh Cass, her former husband, Mr. Rose," I replied, feeling of the eye that Cass had connected with.

"I told you," he said rudely, as if I were somehow responsible for it, "that these former husbands always make trouble." And then he complained: "They've taken my car! And I had a wedding supper ordered for tonight too."

"If Cass finds out where it is," I said, "he'll go and eat it."

Something like a grin appeared on the face of Mr. Rose, although he still held to his jaw with one hand.

"I think," he said, "I'll give them that car for a wedding present."

"I think," I said, "you're a pretty good sport."

The grin covered a little more of the aching area of Rose's countenance. "I don't know that I am," he said. "I feel a sort of relief—like I'd just been divorced, you know. I feel as if I owe Cass that car for

(Continued on Page 54)

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FULL SIZE

(Continued from Page 52)

keeping me out of another marriage. They all run into alimony sooner or later."

"Didn't you want to marry her?" I inquired.

"Oh, of course," he said. "Often they expect it, you know. Well, good-by. I'm afraid I've got to get in touch with a dentist right away."

It was four or five months later that I heard Sally administer to Cass a quiet but very effectual call-down, and saw him take it in a way that argued well for their future felicity—if she didn't have him "licked," she at least had made him understand that he couldn't lick her.

The Casses had "pulled a party." There were a good many people there, and the majority of them had some connection with the moving-picture business. Cass, who knew nothing whatever about the movies, was laying down the law on the "future of the art of the cinema." He was sonorous. He was musical. He was polysyllabic. He was impressive.

And, as the minutes went on and everybody remained too polite to hit him with anything, he became patronizing—intolerably patronizing.

"Now, the thing that Sally doesn't understand ——" and he began to tell her how to act. Several of the people present gasped a little. Sally's first talking picture had been a success, and her second one had been a smashing hit. Cass' novel had received good notices from a few reviewers; others had, quite unjustly, condemned it; the general public had paid no attention to it whatever.

Cass had, however, settled down to living off his wife with every outward evidence of contentment, and his air of superiority was constant with him once more.

But several other persons besides myself knew how matters stood, and were more than a little astonished when he began to tell the most successful movie actress of the moment just where she was all wrong.

"Listen, Hugeous," said Sally, going to him and taking him kindly and gently by the arm; "you're making a terrible boob of yourself before all these people! You don't know any more about the pictures than a root-digger Injun does about Parisian cookery!"

Cass reddened and opened his mouth. She looked at him steadily, and he closed it again without uttering the arrogant retort that had probably flashed into his mind.

"I must apologize for my husband," said Sally to her guests; "he means well, but he's just a country boy."

A half hour later the golden voice rose again—and this time Cass was talking about something that he really knew about.

Sally listened, charmed, and then she said to me: "Waddle, hearken to him! Get that line of talk! That's real conversation he's handing out now, or else little Sally is a nit-wit!" She suddenly laughed and said: "I haven't told him yet what his future is going to be."

"His future?"

"Uh-huh. I'm going to let him play around a couple of years more with highbrow books, and if he makes good, all right; but if he doesn't, I'm going to put him into something useful. You know, Waddle, eventually I'm going back to dealing them off the arm myself."

"What do you mean, Sally?"

"I mean this—I'm good for three or four more years in the pictures; maybe five. But I can't troupe, really; I'm getting by on looks and Bert Rose's direction and a little bag of tricks I've picked up. And I don't like it so terribly well. But I'm making heaps of money and I'm salting down four-fifths of it. And in four or five years I'm going back to New York and start me one of the swellest tea rooms in town! That's what I'm really interested in. And Hugeous there ——"

She paused and laughed as one of his musical cadences filled the room.

"Hugeous, there, is going to be my head waiter! Uh-huh! I haven't told him yet, but he is!"

Another orotund phrase rolled out, and she savored its quality with satisfaction.

"Gosh," she said, "I never heard anyone who could tie that big highbrow when it comes to the parts of speech!" She glowed with genuine admiration. "Can't you just see him, and hear him, when I get him broken in to the business? He'll be the most gorgeous head waiter in New York!"

I looked at the unconscious Cass with a certain amount of sympathy. His only hope is another successful novel—and his ideas are getting more highbrow, more remote from popular acceptance, every month.

(THE END)

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LAST LEAVES

(Continued from Page 26)

pale light of your own hard-earned virtues and obscurity.

I do not know why, but women are ever inclined to shed the light behind them and to boast even without speaking of their ancestors. No real man, I suppose, unless he was a parasite or a parvenu, ever looked up his ancestral coat of arms or a crest with which to decorate his stationery or the door of his car. Yet very worthy women do, and get away with it. And no one thinks less of them for these artless confessions of inferiority. Just so the women in my family worshiped every branch of the family tree among themselves. You were not supposed to mention such things, but it was admissible to have your nobler ancestors rumored. I remember my own mother's solemn injunction to me, when at last I passed fitfully out of the zone of my relatives and started to school with other children. "Never forget your ancestors, and never mention them," she told me. This had precisely the opposite effect from the one she intended. Because I could not forget them, having been bred in the very atmosphere of their luminous dust, it seemed to me I should explode if I could not relieve myself of ancestral pressure by telling all I knew about them, especially the countess. I was a very awkward, fat little peasant in those days, ready to recite the doggerel of our noble origin. Now I doubt the advantage of being a patrician for more than one generation. Such people rarely rise in the world because they are born risen and to act a part they have not earned but got by inheritance. They enjoy a sort of illegal distinction. To be born at the bottom gives you more elbowroom in which to achieve your own good fortune. Nature seems to be of the same opinion, because once in so often we get a hundred years of hardship and poverty to revive and mend us.

The Family Portraits

One of the most vivid recollections I have as an acquisitive guest child searching out my people is that of coming upon some very old lady on the retired list of our relatives, sitting alone in her room before a bright window, looking at pictures. This would probably be my Great-aunt Rachel and these would be faded photographs and daguerreotypes in little black cases revealing wasp-waisted ladies with curls and terrible-looking men with beards. Many customs have passed since those days, but once in so often, even now, there are still such women to be seen, old and quiet, sitting before a bright window in the back of the house, refreshing themselves with the pictures of those who lived long ago and loved them.

If there were tears on Aunt Rachel's cheeks, she would be engaged in one of these memorial services to her dearer dead. In that case I withdrew noiselessly, as one does who comes upon a saint at her devotions. Otherwise it was not indelicate to join her and learn much about these elder verbs of my family which might have been buried with them.

Our Aunt Berlinda, according to her photograph, was aggressively homely, due in part to the fact that photographers had not learned then to mitigate the severities of the middle-aged countenance by retouching the negative. She wore a hat trimmed with a startling disarray of stiff feathers, both white and black. The effect was that of a lady eagle ready to pounce and pierce something. Aunt Rachel admitted that she was a "good woman" and had brought some wealth into the family. "But she was difficult. Your Uncle Calvin could do nothing with her, especially about the money. She was not really kin to us," she always added, as if this was something to be thankful for. She showed me a picture of one of her relatives, a fat, comfortable man reclining very much at ease in a great chair. She said he was a dear fellow, and good to his mother. I asked her what he did. She was vague about that. Afterward I learned that he was dissipated and never did anything. I have long since discovered that it is a faint praise to say only of a man that he was "good to his mother," but that such a one is always popular among the women of the family, however wicked he may have been in other ways.

There was a splendid photograph of another relative in his uniform as a colonel. He was also a distinguished lawyer, but Aunt Rachel did not like him. She said he had a violent temper and had once flung a law book at his wife, who was a perfect lady and had done no more on this occasion than interrupt him at his studies. She had shrewdly damaging criticism to make of the more distinguished men in the family and passed their pictures into the discard with no more than a glance.

At last she showed me the very dimmest picture of a pathetically lovely little bride standing behind her husband's chair. This was of my Great-aunt Adelaide, and she was willing to dwell upon it. She said Aunt Adelaide became the mother of twenty-one children, which did not seem remarkable, in view of what many of the women in our family had done along that line. "Her husband was a proud man," she told me, "very successful. His given name was William, but the day after their marriage, when Adelaide called him by it, he rebuked her and requested her to address him as 'Mr. Dobbs.' And she always did to the day of her death," Aunt Rachel concluded, with a sort of sighing approval of Aunt Adelaide's wifely reverence for her husband.

As many times as we looked at these pictures together she told me this story—meaning that Aunt Adelaide's example in all things was worthy of emulation. But every time I stared belligerently at Mr. Dobbs and resolved, if I married a man and had twenty-one children, I'd call him anything I pleased. However, I gave her no intimation of the daring rascality of my intention toward married life and the husband of it. "Coming events cast their shadows before"—sometimes fifty years before. I was nine years old then, but the spirit of this age was already fermenting in me. I remember my very grave doubts about the expediency of having twenty-one children, no matter what the maternal customs of the ladies in my family were. After much reflection I decided to follow the example of my grandmother, who had only nine children and still stood high in the regard of all who knew her.

The Padlock of Wedlock

The slavish obedience and reverence with which women served any kind of husband they had in those days and the purely histrionic gallantry the men of that period practiced toward women have been wiped out as unworthy abuses and hypocrisies. The question is whether the freedom and brusque candor upon which the marriage relation is based now will prove a wiser course to take, or only another mistake. My own opinion is that while marriage is the oldest, most honorable and important of all human relationships, less has been said and done to develop it humanely and intelligently than any other bond we assume toward society. It is more than ever a primitive state in which two people are padlocked by law to fight for supremacy over each other. No equalizing charge to insure mutual respect and interest between the contracting parties is contemplated either by the culturists or the critics. On the contrary, marriage has fallen into disrepute with the modern thinkers, subject to ridicule and disrupting discussions. It is a lost ideal, a doubtful experiment, to be tried out along new and doubtful lines. Something should be done about this, but not much can be accomplished until the present experiment fails. If I am alive and still geared to a pen, I intend to write a manual for married people with particular reference to restoring the elements of patience, courage and charity to this union designed to make two people one. And there is one suggestion I should make as being of prime importance—mutual respect. Since young people practice so many of the franker joys of living, married young people appear to lack the respect they formerly had for each other, even if they did not always get along well together. And I am tempted to go on with the synopsis of what I might write, but feel the futility of the effort, in view of the high-kicking animation of the mind of these times toward any permanent bonds, whether of marriage or plain duty. And I may as well go on to say what I was about to say concerning relatives more or less indignantly bound together by the blood stream of kinship.

A Fighter of the Old School

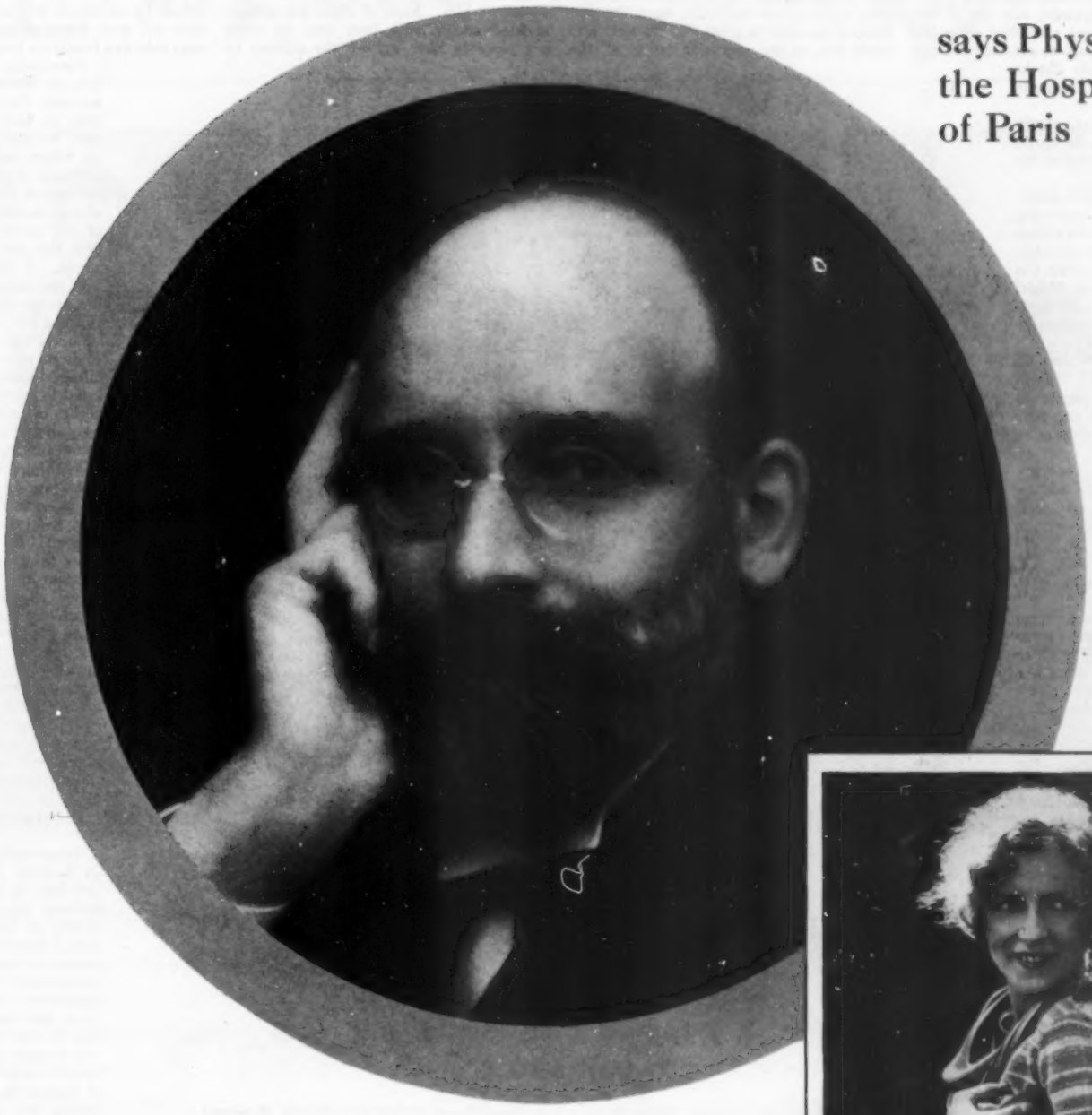
If one lives past sixty years of age one passes into another zone of relatives. Of that first bizarre and hard-riding group I knew as a child very few remain. My adverbs now are all young people. I love them, but do not know them very well. I am not capable of comprehending them. They do not mind either, being absorbed in the new world they are making. When I look at them, it seems strange that I was ever so young, ardent and confident as they are. Now I have lost everything but the confidence, which is of another kind. They believe in their times. I believe in God. We do not talk much about that. The comfort I have is that the Lord made them, and they cannot help that, and they will probably turn out all right. I shall not live to see them fall upon their knees; they are too strong in their own plans, hopes and achievements now. But they will come to it. No man, in my opinion, escapes that final confession of his mortal weakness and inadequacy.

Regardless of the ideals of universal peace with which we now are nourishing our higher natures, I am glad to record that the present vintage of manhood in this family acquitted themselves with courage in the Great War equal to that proved by an elder generation in the Civil War. But they are not likely to forget the first meeting, after they returned from France, with their grandfather, who helped General Lee surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. For more than fifty years he maintained the proud silence of a brave soldier defeated in a righteous cause, but now he burst like a bomb of red-hot memories among us, and gave such accounts of the open-air valor of Confederate soldiers as would have burned the pages of history. Also he fixed these young veterans with a stare of contempt. He said he never expected to hear a grandson of his admit without shame that he had fought from the shelter of a dugout. And he called upon God to witness his grief at the fall of his breed. In vain the young soldiers strove to explain the changes in the methods of modern warfare which called for

(Continued on Page 58)

People who are under par need this *living food* . . .

says Physician of the Hospitals of Paris



DOCTOR GEORGES FAROY . . . specialist in diseases of the digestive tract . . . Physician of the Paris Hospitals . . . author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics"... This great physician says:—

"Fresh yeast is a food—a living food. It increases gastric and intestinal secretions. It aids digestion. It overcomes constipation. By checking intestinal poisons it is useful in treating certain common skin troubles.

"Yeast is very rich in vitamin B, which nourishes the body cells. Irradiated, it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, so important in building strong bones and teeth.

"Yeast is valuable for people who are under par."

Make this remarkable stimulating food *your* spring tonic! Benefit from the *two* precious vitamins (B and D) in which every cake abounds. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily and know the thrill of sparkling health. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

OTHER WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORITIES SAY:

PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, internationally known authority on nutrition, states, "Yeast is a food endowed by Nature far beyond most others with power to guard the health of man."

DR. JULIUS CITRON, noted Berlin metabolism expert, says, "Run-down people often become completely changed after yeast has been added to their diet."

DR. PITTALUGA, physician to the aristocracy of Spain, declares, "Yeast will banish constipation, renew appetite, aid digestion."

"My doctor advised yeast when I was run-down"

"I was very weak following an operation," writes MISS ALICE ELSON of Chicago. "My digestion was miserable. My doctor advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. After a month there was marked improvement in my appetite and digestion and I again slept soundly. I continued eating yeast during my year at normal school. It gave me the energy I needed."

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(Continued from Page 56)

devices not required in the Civil War. He bared his breast to show his scars, all received under fire, in plain sight of the enemy, he told them. "Where are yours?" he demanded.

This was a terrible moment, for, as it turned out, neither of them had any. "I thought so!" he groaned. "And you survive. We died!" An exaggeration, to be sure, since he and some others still lived. But you can do nothing to stanch the wounds of a jealous old veteran reviewing young veterans. In that moment the brave old realist of Gettysburg saw his lifeless body, red with blood, stretched upon the battlefield. The tears of extreme old age ran thinly down his cheeks and disappeared for shame in his beard.

"But, grandfather, surely you did not want us to be killed!" exclaimed one of his victims.

He wagged his head dolorously and muttered something damaging about discretion being the better part of valor.

Hoping to appease him, the young veteran of St.-Mihiel and the Argonne Forest modestly mentioned a citation he had received.

"Keep it, sir!" the old Confederate roared. "It will be the only proof your children will have that you ever saw a battle line. I wear mine in these scars!"

Among relatives, the very old have the empty advantage of face-to-face criticism, but they have no longer the prestige to make it sting.

The Tall Ones

I have been fortunate in regard to my relatives, never having been able by hook or crook to rise above them, nor to try their confidence or affection by any outstanding nobility of character. They all realize that I retain with considerable vividness the original pigments of our common human nature, and have never competed in pieties for eminence with the saints among us, but do recognize with honest humility that the best men and women in the family have never sought fame or been exposed to any kind of publicity. The only distinction to which I can lay claim with pride is that I have remained on speaking terms with every relative I have, regardless of his character, reputation or worldly degree—which I'll warrant is a virtue that none of the rest of them can boast of during the sixty years of my speaking term in life. I should add, by way of being perfectly honest, that this amiability may be due to the fact that the power of errant fate long since drove me forth far from the stronghold of my kinspeople. And I do remember being as dumb as a dunce when I was a growing child among them—but busy, my dears, very busy, with the measuring rod of my mind on them and inwardly witty in my computations; though I never suspected my humor at the time, nor even that I was compiling an intimate reference book on my own adjacent human nature.

But now, as a rather competent observer of other people's relatives, it is clear to me that they are more affectionately intimate with those individuals who have remained faithful and have never wrenched themselves apart to rise above the family level. If a tall man shoots up among them, they are outdone and feel the breach at once, being certain in their own minds that they might have accomplished even more, but for an unfortunate fluke of circumstances. Meanwhile they give him rope to hang himself and predict something or other adverse to his pride, which certainly does go before a fall, and they can prove the same by the Scriptures. The abler element among them avoid him, believing that by this time he is feeling his oats and may not be inclined to recognize the bedrock men and women of the family from which he sprang and has now deserted. It is only his little old maiden aunt, whose heart and simplicities have been sweetened and cured in dire poverty, that climbs radiantly upon the rostrum of his fame to greet him tenderly and claim him as her very own before all the people. The others may be proud of him and speak with calm assurance of his great achievements to outsiders, merely by way of intimating that the family has always been capable of producing such men; is, in fact, thickly populated with mute inglorious Miltons from choice! But secretly, among themselves, they trail him for his faults, reduce him by their memories of the kind of fellow he used to be, and dock him for transgressions they have never come far enough out to meet.

Many years ago a man in this state set himself to accomplish a stupendous task, and succeeded so well that he attracted the attention of the whole world. He amassed a fortune, built for himself a great mansion and had it furnished with such splendor and distinction that it offended his relatives. Not one of them ever perceived that the inside of this house looked like the home of a man accustomed to beauty, simplicity and the quietness of great virtues. All this went on in silence for more than half a century. Then, suddenly, in his old age the people perceived his quality, the hard-fisted power of his courage and integrity. They insisted upon bestowing great honors upon him. At last the old man broke the silence of a lifetime and made a speech outlining his aspirations and plans for the task that had been intrusted to him. If he had been thirty instead of past seventy years of age he could not have laid out for himself a more heroic undertaking.

This was too much, his relatives began to tell on him. Most of them are college-suckled people, and they said he could not possibly have written the address he delivered, since he had never received even the rudiments of an education. Moreover, it was not generally known that he was wild and very dissipated until he was forty years old. At that time his mother, being on her deathbed, had exacted a promise from him that he would be a good and sober man. Many mothers in a similar case have extorted similar pledges from wayward sons. The difference is that this one kept his vow. The other difference between him and his college-bred relatives is that he matriculated in the university of life, where only the strongest make the high grades. He became such a good student that he was at last able to express himself in noble terms about what is useful and possible to accomplish with labor and honesty. I saw him once. He looked like the very mastiff of a man, with a military mustache, not bright. I inferred that he had discovered mere cleverness to be one of the frisky arts of the frivolous mind. But he had gentle manners and a comfortable presence.

He is dead long since, but his more refined and less eminent relatives regarded him with singular animus to the end, and were never so happy as they might have been if he had never lived and outstripped them in the race with practically no grammar and very little sedentary culture. Otherwise they were generous people in their praise of other men not kin to them, who had won fame or any kind of honorable distinction. This is the reason why I say relatives are queer. They are disinclined by nature to love and cherish their own tall men, however much credit they may take as a family for breeding such men.

Personally I am in no position to blame them on this account. During my own lifetime we have had one great man to pop up in the family, whom we knew to be an ordinary person. Yet he illuminated the whole horizon above us with the splendors of his career, and thereby cast the rest of us in the shade. I heartily disliked him, not because he was great but because he acted the part, roached his hair and stepped with a stride. He had a right to do so, and no doubt I have admired many others not related to me who did the same thing, but this kinsman was very offensive to me. I longed to tell him so, but never did. Something overbearing about these laurel-browed men who do so enormously well that they keep the rest of us suppressed! By their very existence they defraud us of our egotism and possible prominence! I had the privilege of surviving this one, and feel more kindly to his memory, but not yet have I brought myself to the family piety of laying a wreath upon his grave. I do not suppose it makes any difference, since he already has an unabridged monument raised to him by the citizenry who adored him.

In a Soft Voice, She Calmed Them With a Few Well-Chosen Words of Singular Mildness

Just Friends

As a relative I have been as faithful and critical as the best of them and have suffered less from the severity of their judgments than I deserved; but when it comes to those pleasant and voluntary friendships so agreeable to all of us, I long since slid down the family tree to seek them in the current boughs of other people's family trees. The collection of friends thus acquired are among the most flattering rewards of my life. Many women among them no better than those of my own family, but not so frank. There is, for example, the one with what may be called a moonlit mind—something luminous in the wide darkness that mercifully covers so many of our severer realities, so vague that her thoughts are like shadows passing against some light of herself, never clearly defined, but suggestive of some kind of plain loveliness of the mind. She is of an archaic simplicity, tranquil, with a face like a faded May day, and an air of truthful gladness about her not to be confounded with the pure anguish of pieties. No such woman as that in my family. Everything about us is as clearly defined as the waistline made by the old-fashioned corsets. We are born positive, but not restful. Almost since the beginning of my writing years I have been filching from this woman's serenity whenever I was in need of a spell of calm weather

(Continued on Page 62)

Typewritten Simultaneously in Every one of your Offices

BRANCH OFFICE EXECUTIVE RECEIVES THE MESSAGE AS IT IS TYPED IN HEADQUARTERS

SENDING THE MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS TO THE FIELD

ALL MESSAGES RECEIVED MAY BE PASTED ON LETTER-HEAD SIZE PAPER FOR FILING

TELEPHONE TYPEWRITER SERVICE speeds modern business by providing instantaneous typewritten communication between the different units of an organization. It weaves together headquarters, factories, branch offices and warehouses almost as closely as though they were under one roof.

A large metal company uses the service to connect its New York office with its mill in West Virginia. Orders, general information, administrative matters, specifications, cost estimates, stock on hand, shipments, etc., are reproduced instantly and accurately at either end. A tobacco company transacts much of the business between its plants in southern states by telephone typewriter. Several hundred messages are exchanged each day.

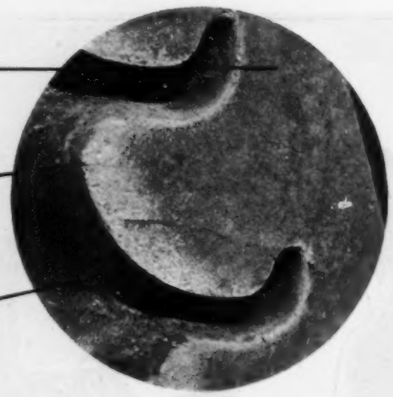
Telephone Typewriter Service is proving its worth for banks, manufacturing concerns of all kinds, public utilities, government departments, insurance companies, export firms, department stores, travel bureaus. It makes executive control easier and more complete. Facilitates immediate action on vital matters. Transmits important business information while the information is still of value. It is quick, accurate and private.

Would constant, unlimited, two-way written communication be of value to your business? Telephone Typewriter Service can be fitted to your exact requirements. Your local Bell Telephone Business Office will gladly give you complete information.

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

You wanted Mileage PUBLICLY DEMONSTRATED by the

After 16,000 miles


EVEN WEAR
See how evenly the surface of this Goodrich Silvertown has worn even after 16,000 hard, punishing miles.
SHARP TRACTION
Look at that firm, deep tread. Unique Goodrich tread design makes this famous tire safe on slippery roads.
NO CRACKING
Just think . . . after traveling thousands of miles this Silvertown shows no signs of premature aging or wear.

Mountain trails were picked by the Fleet to demonstrate Silvertown traction. After thousands of miles, treads were deep, sure-gripping.

This is the answer to your question—"What mileage will my tire dollars buy if I choose Silvertowns?"

ARE the tires on your car beginning to show serious signs of wear? Are they starting to cause trouble . . . will you have to replace them within a few months?

If so . . . this advertisement is written directly *to you!* It offers a simple, common-sense method of judging tire values. A practical yardstick of measuring what you get for your money.

Here are the facts . . . read them and draw your own conclusions.

* * *

Last year Goodrich operated a fleet of 15 cars on a 10 months' tour through 46 states to demonstrate Silvertown performance.

Sixty stock Silvertowns traveled over a million, eight hundred thousand tire miles. 32 tires finished the entire tour of 30,000 miles. 15 of these tires were never off the wheel. 25 were never punctured.

This great demonstration tour cost Goodrich $200,000 . . . but it taught tire buyers a big lesson.

They know now that a 6-ply Silvertown traveled over 30,000 miles on the Silver Fleet . . . and with reasonable care that they can duplicate this experience.

They know that a Silvertown won't crack or show signs of premature aging.

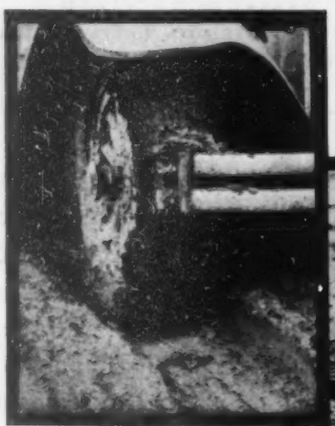
They know, too, that the unique Silvertown tread keeps its tractive power after literally thousands of miles of service.

* * *

These are facts . . . definite, proven facts that have been demonstrated publicly. *That are being demonstrated again by the 1930 Silver Fleet, now on the road!*

Goodrich has taken the guesswork out of tire buying. When you need tires, by all means see the Goodrich dealer in your city. He has the size to fit your car.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio.



MUD! (Above) A test of Silvertown traction . . . hundreds of miles through slippery clay.

DETOURS! (Right) Photo made as Fleet crossed a plank built on a detour through swamp lands.

GRAVEL! (Right) Loose gravel and sharp stones made little impression on tough Silvertown treads.

Facts... HERE THEY ARE... *stock* SILVERTOWNS *on the Silver Fleet*

Plowing through hub-deep sand! The Silver Fleet picked the hardest way to demonstrate to tire buyers the durability of Silvertowns.

Snow didn't slow up the Silver Fleet. They traveled over every kind of road... to roll up that amazing record of 30,000 punishing miles.

The Goodrich Dealer in your city has a complete stock of Silvertowns just like the ones that made such a remarkable record on the Silver Fleet. Tell him the size you want . . . you'll be surprised to find that Silvertown prices are very low.

Goodrich Silvertowns

Another B. F. GOODRICH Product

32,000 different articles · Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Hose · Belting · Packing · Soles Heels · Drug Sundries · Molded Goods

EVERY SHAVE IS PAR

EVERY stroke counts when you shave with the super-keen new Probak double-edge blade. Once over—guiding your razor lightly—leaves your face clean, smooth and refreshed. There's no drag, pull or vibration—no smart or burn. Every shave is perfect!

Probak is 17% heavier than the average blade and entirely new in design and principle. It fits your double-edge razor—old or new type. Butterfly channeling permits it to flex evenly and brings the straight-edge principle to your razor.

Make This Test

Buy a package of Probaks now. Alternate with your present blades—shaving first with one and then the other. Prove by actual comparison that Probak gives you the quickest, smoothest, most comfortable shave you have ever had with a double-edge safety.

Money-Back Guarantee

If after using two Probak blades you are not thoroughly satisfied, return the package and your dealer will refund your full purchase price—50c for 5, $1 for 10.

Guaranteed by
PROBAK CORPORATION
Division of
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
656 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

Use this coupon if your dealer has not stocked Probak

----TRIAL OFFER COUPON----
PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. P-82
656 First Avenue, New York City
Send me a special trial package of Probak blades for which I enclose 25c (in coin or stamps).
Name
Address
City State
Dealer's Name

Protected by Patents Nos. 1,633,739; 1,639,335. Reissue No. 17,567. Other patents pending.

PROBAK BLADES

(Continued from Page 58)

on the next page. I ask you, could any of us write in this manner of her most beloved relative unless the lady was dead? We do not. I have another friend, whose ideals have made him a noble man, but to me they seem impracticable and dangerous. Nevertheless, no breach in our friendship for thirty years. Now, my own family has always been overrun with idealists, but I could never get on amiably with any of them, because of their intolerance and a lack of appreciation of my own uplifting thoughts. Sometimes it seems to me that the various copyrights in friendship I have taken out have broadened me, enhanced my patience and wit more than the gospels ever did. The dear old Behaviorist whom I love with humorous endurance because of his grand contortions in good conduct, fondly believes all the time that he is the author of his own virtues, when really he has derived them from a Christian civilization and will not admit it. Now, there have been heroes, scholars, and many of the severer type of Christian men and women in my family, but never, so far as I know, a single Behaviorist, free, gratis, and for nothing. We should regard such a creed as wasteful of the rewards the practice of virtue entitles us to receive in Kingdom Come. So the prodigality of this fine old heathen with his goodness fascinates me. I might mention hundreds, among them scientists and a couple of unpopular philosophers, besides preachers, priests and ordinary sinners, with no cultural gifts to obscure their transgression, but with a kind of gayety of faith more attractive to me than the cheerfulness of cheerful givers in the missionary cause. In my family, sinners were able enough, but morose, always under conviction for sin; I never knew one who could be a genial companion. If you tried like a dutiful relative to associate with him on gospel grounds, he invariably turned on you and endeavored to convict you of the same transgressions, with the outrageous frankness of a kinsman.

Not only that but in my family there is no such thing as deathbed repentance for the wicked. We take ourselves too seriously, and believe that the Lord does. I cannot tell how depressing this has been to me, to witness the brave passing of some able man relative who went out veraciously, with his sins sticking to him, when, by a simple act of faith, he might have died shouting. Beyond the confines of my own family I have seen them do it. Lately I visited a famous old moonshiner of these mountains who was on his deathbed. I thought he might be in need of spiritual consolation in this emergency, and was somewhat put out to find that he had suddenly recognized himself as the happily forgiven child of God and everything was all right.

I am not complaining of my own people because of their religious stubbornness, but by inheritance I have been greatly in need of the moral elasticity of mind acquired by association with other people, not so sternly put together in the spirit.

But when all is said about friendship that I can think to tell along its conventional lines, the fact remains that it is a relation frequently misunderstood and abused by the selfish sentimental notions many of us have of the obligations involved.

Long ago, adversity forced me to discover the law that must govern friendship, and it was as new and surprising to me as Galileo must have felt when he proved the law of falling bodies by actual experiments.

My husband and I had been prominent people in our walk of life. We had many friends. Then misfortune overtook us. We were enveloped in the darkness of our own tragedy. For years we never saw the face of a friend except as strangers passing by. If at that time we had had even one of what are called "true friends,"—who are usually the only persons the unfortunate can take advantage of—I am almost sure we might have looked to him for relief. As it was, no one came to the rescue. We were obliged to come back under our own power. Whereupon we found all our old friends waiting and glad to see us. I know now this was a square deal. Friends are not kin to us, only kind to us. I should never complain of fair-weather friends. They are intended for fair weather, not to be ridden but enjoyed. They are not assets and reserve funds to be drawn upon in financial or other emergencies, but they are the most refreshing and gratifying luxuries in life, to be delicately cherished, but not spent. This is where one's relatives come into the breach, and it can be said of them that they frequently do, with or without being any more agreeable than usual. If the endowments and funds and other provisions made by relatives for their own kinspeople should be set down, the sums given secretly would be enormous, beyond computation. They have accomplished more than the philanthropists with their charities and endowments. It is the wisest way in the world to spend money, for such money stays in the family and enhances it instead of being used to get yourself a bust in the hall of a university, with not a student in it who knows whose bust it is. I had very little spent on me, and have spent even less on my relations, but I should have esteemed it an honor to do so.

THE UNHAPPY QUEEN

(Continued from Page 16)

"Grandpapa," Queen Sophie told me, "would often say, in speaking of my mother, his favorite daughter: 'She has the brains of a minister and the heart of a child.' She could paint, she could model—there was nothing she could not do with her fingers."

At the age of fifteen the accomplished princess became engaged to the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, who was to become heir to the imperial throne of Germany after the proclamation of his father, William I, at Versailles, in January, 1871, as Emperor of Germany. She had to wait until her confirmation, and was married at Windsor on the twenty-fifth of January, 1858. Then began for the young English princess, transplanted from London to Berlin, a difficult life, a reformatory existence, in which she was sustained loyally by the profound affection of her husband. The apartments in the old palace on the Spree resembled very little the bright English royal nursery with its spotlessness and luxury. When she who had been Princess Royal arrived at the castle of the Grenadier King as Crown Princess of Prussia, she was obliged to rent a bath in a hospital; there was not one bathroom in the palace at Berlin.

Everything there was military; in place of housemaids in blue or pink dresses with snow-white aprons, there were orderlies; heavily booted soldiers answered the bells. In domestic details the palace resembled a garrison. Nor had the etiquette changed since the days of the Grenadier King. At three o'clock in the afternoon, every day of the year, the princesses of the house of Prussia gathered, in evening dress—at the principal balcony of the palace in summer; behind the closed windows of the balcony in winter—to be present at the changing of the guard. The idea of wearing a low-cut dress in broad daylight, of presenting her bare shoulders to the salutes of officers, to the view of common soldiers, shocked in every way the English princess. She recoiled, but she had to obey. Bismarck, who guarded the welfare of the empire, was on watch. Prussia was and must remain a military state, or she was nothing! Forward march! From that moment on there was a silent struggle, then an open quarrel, between the hereditary pair and the Iron Chancellor.

The German state, as visualized by the Crown Prince Frederick and his young wife, was a large and free association of economic interests, founded on reciprocal confidence. The federated princes were somewhat in the position of a club of gentlemen, with the Emperor as their president. Here were modern ideas, healthy ideas, which would be carried out when the son-in-law and daughter of Victoria and Albert mounted the throne of Germany. In the meanwhile, there was nothing for it but to obey like soldiers, like Prussians. Happily for the young woman, her principles were in perfect accord with those of her husband. When there was an act of diplomacy, of tact, of intelligence to be accomplished, it was the Crown Prince Frederick who was selected.

Würtemberg and Bavaria adhered only half-heartedly to the empire. The Crown Prince Frederick was the successful envoy sent to these two courts that joined the federation a little despite themselves. It was not in vain that the Crown Prince, as a child, had been rocked on the knees of Goethe and was the son of a princess of Saxe-Weimar. Through his brain and heart echoed the songs of old Germany, and he was liberal, a lover of artists and animated by the spirit of universality. Every illustrious foreigner—above all, the savants and artists who came to Berlin—were received at luncheon by the future sovereigns. The narrow and ferocious nationalism of Bismarck resented the growing influence of the Englishwoman at the Berlin court. The Crown Princess did her best to remedy the bitter lack of household conveniences which caused her so much suffering, and to create for her husband and children the happy atmosphere of comfort and hygiene without which she could not live.

"In the early part of her married life," Queen Sophie told me, "my mother had to mount a ladder with Miss Wekland, our nurse, to wash the nursery walls with a wet sponge; so doubtful was the cleanliness of the walls and so little did this room correspond to what her English ideas of a children's room should be."

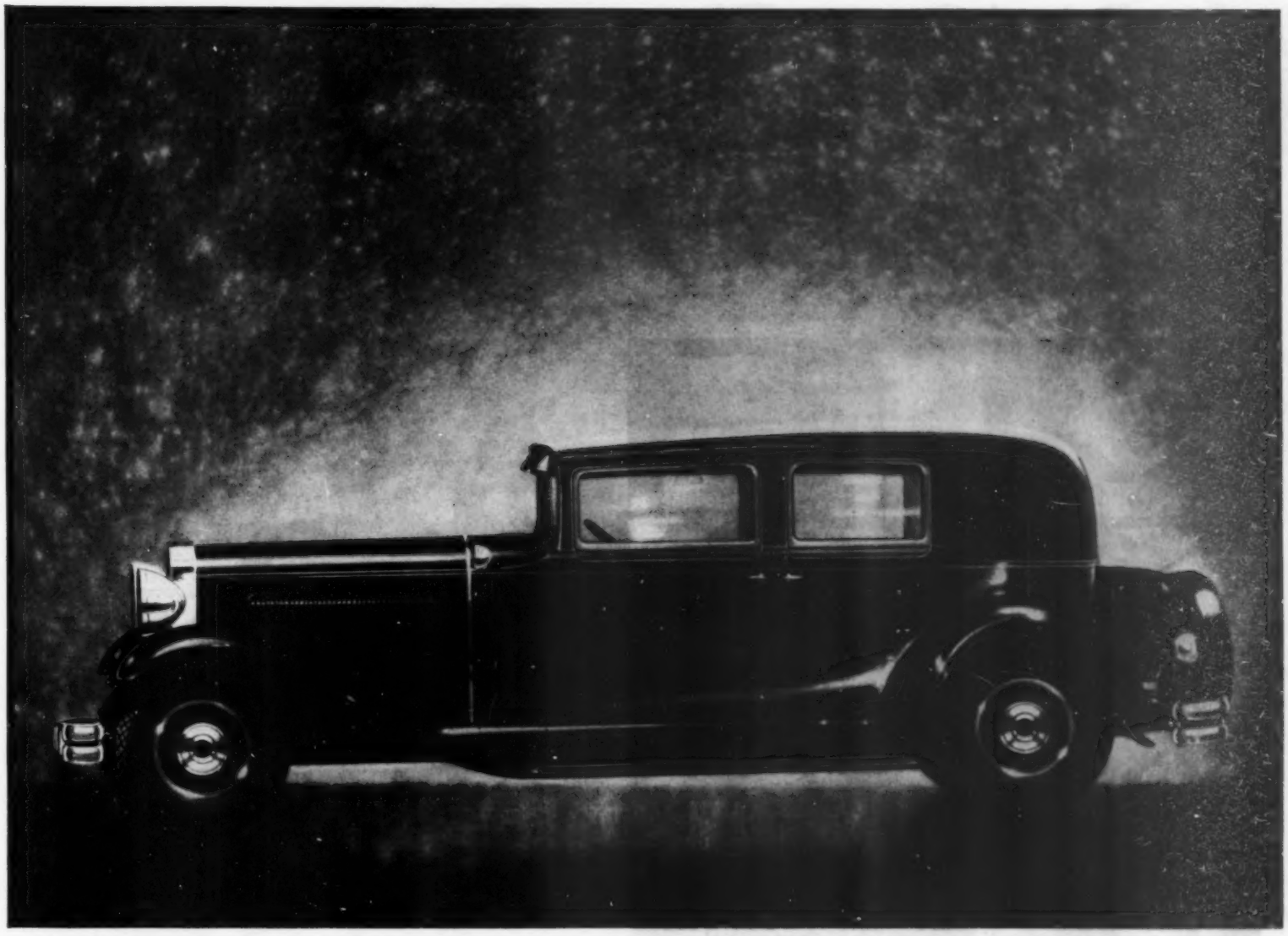
To the Empress Frederick, Germany owes incalculable benefits in the sense of its hygienic and medical development, and artistic progress too. It was she who founded, with the aid of Professor Bode, the Kaiser Frederick Museum. There was never a reign prophesied for people under better auspices. But beside his admirable parents, and soon working against them both, William II was growing up, held down by Bismarck, who saw in the ambitious and violent character of the heir presumptive a weapon with which to fight the hateful English influence of the future Empress.

I have never questioned Queen Sophie about her brother. It is only too easy to understand why the sister keeps silent on the subject and cannot express herself; above all, today, after the fall of the German throne and the decline of its last occupant. Nevertheless, she said one day, just in passing, "Of course I had nothing to do with my eldest brother. He was twelve years older than I. He was married when I was still in the schoolroom." I respect the feeling of the unfortunate sister for the brother who has been deprived of his crown and country.

The sad blue eyes of Queen Sophie always brightened when she spoke of her annual visits to the Court of England with her mother and sisters.

"The first time I went to England, I was a baby in arms," she told me on one occasion, "and from that year on we never missed going to stay with our grandmother, Queen Victoria, either at Balmoral or Windsor. Every year my mother went for her holiday to her beloved old English home. The daughters of Uncle Bertie and Auntie Alex—Louise, who became Duchess of Fife; Maud, who became Queen of Norway; and Toria, who never married—were just like

(Continued on Page 65)



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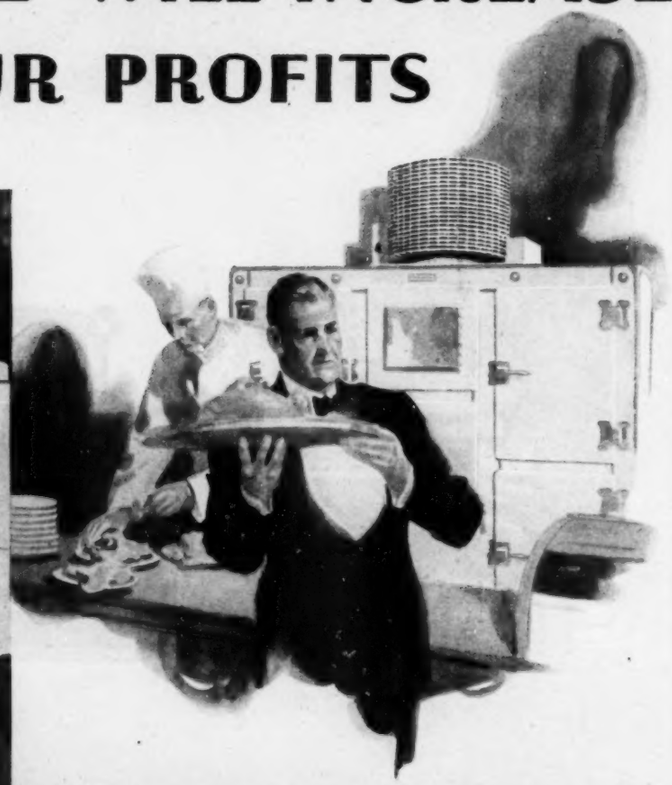

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Mail the coupon for our catalog of commercial refrigerators, or ask for a man to call and discuss your particular requirements. You'll be surprised at the easy terms that may be arranged. Address Section S-4A, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 62)

sisters to us. We were brought up together. Then, in 1887, during grandmamma's jubilee, I met for the first time my future husband, the Crown Prince Constantine of Greece, and we fell in love with each other."

The greatest joy and blessing of her life—meeting the handsome man who became her husband, whom she was to love and admire all her life—was from the first mixed with sadness and sinister presentiments, because it was at the same jubilee of Queen Victoria that she saw her father on horseback, magnificent in his white uniform, making a supreme effort to appear for one last time on parade. He was desperately ill, and his dear ones were feeling the terror of losing him. Thus the Princess Sophie was never to know pure happiness unaccompanied by the shadow of death.

PHOTO, FROM ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

The Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia

Champions of Peace

Her father's malady developed swiftly. His doctors insisted that the heir to the German throne should go to San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. There his wife and daughters surrounded him with devotion and care, while in Berlin the old emperor, William I, became more feeble every day, and the future William II grew impatient. The impious haste of a son who hoped with a single step to succeed both father and grandfather is a page of history too well known for me to need to revive it. For Queen Sophie it was but her mother's Calvary. From beside the couch of a husband martyred by illness she had to reply daily to the attacks of a son whom Bismarck was using as an instrument of his policy destined to ruin all her efforts, all her noble aspirations for a better Germany. The daughter of Queen Victoria still fought, but without hope. The tragedy that was enacted in San Remo in the year 1888 affected not only one family but, if one looks closely enough, millions of other families in Europe.

At San Remo the Comte de Paris lived in the villa of Lord Carnarvon, quite close to the one occupied by the future Queen Sophie and her parents. The German heir to the throne often saw the French prince, a friend of his youth. Both wanted peace and the reëstablishment of good relations between France and Germany—a state of affairs that would be impossible unless the forced annexation of Alsace-Lorraine was canceled. What did the two friends talk about at that time? What projects were they forming, those two gentlemen, those close friends who had such similar ideas about monarchical duties, the governing of peoples? For the pretender to the French throne also had been submitted to the healthful influence of English constitutional ideas. But death hung over them, and was soon to put *hors de combat* these two champions of peace and good will.

Emperor Frederick

Queen Sophie's gift of expression has made it possible for me to visualize the scene of March 9, 1888, at the San Remo villa. Her father was sitting in the garden among the flowers. He was wearing a straw hat; for the season the sun was shining hotly, the air was sweet with the fragrance of the flowers, and the invalid seemed to breathe more easily that day. His old German valet came hurrying into the garden, carrying a telegram. "*Ein Telegramm, Ihre Majestät.*" From the fact that the man called him "Your Majesty," Frederick knew that his father was dead and that he had become Emperor of Germany. "He read the telegram and began to cry," said Queen Sophie; "then he went into the house, leaning on my mother."

"What happened after that?" I asked.

"We had to leave at once for Berlin. There was snow on the way. Bismarck came to meet my father at the German frontier."

What a sad journey that must have been! The new empress bringing back to his capital the dying emperor!

"My father could not speak—there was a tube in his throat. He had to write everything. We were traveling with all his doctors."

Emperor Frederick was not able to attend his father's funeral. He had to watch it from behind closed windows. "We went to live at Charlottenburg, in the castle my mother had had quickly put in order for

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The Greek Royal Family. Seated, Left to Right: Prince George, Former Crown Prince; the Former Queen Sophie; Ex-King Constantine and Princess Catherine. Standing, Left to Right: Princess Helen, Prince Paul and Princess Irene

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him. She thought the air better there than in Berlin." She fought for his precious life as long as she could. He was emperor for ninety-nine days, in agony, and died on the fifteenth of July, 1888.

The reign of the Emperor Frederick might have changed the course of events in Europe to the point of making the catastrophe of 1914 impossible. His death was taken as a national mourning in England. Queen Victoria shared the grief of her daughter, and the future Edward VII said he had lost his best friend. The two brothers-in-law were united by close friendship and wrote to each other every week. Experience has since proved that the unfriendly feelings held by William II for his uncle, Edward VII, and the antipathy of the latter for his nephew, did much to spoil the relations between London and Berlin.

Queen Olga's Code of Love

The year of Emperor Frederick's death was also the year of Queen Sophie's engagement. She was never to have joy without mourning. She was nineteen, and life stretched before her its marvelous promises. She left for Athens to meet the one she loved, in the most glorious city of antiquity, as bride-elect of a son of the Vikings who loved her, who waited for her. He was twenty-one, and appeared to her in all the brilliance of masculine beauty; she knew he possessed every quality of intelligence and heart. The Acropolis was to be the background of the royal festivity. Great vessels had left the most famous ports of Europe, to sail toward Greece, having on board emperors and sons of kings to be present at the wedding. The Prince and Princess of Wales came by sea, on the yacht Victoria and Albert; the Emperor and Empress of Germany came on the Hohenzollern; and the Czarevitch, the future Nicholas II, also arrived on the imperial yacht, the Polar Star. All landed at Piræus and were received officially.

Sophie, with her mother, the Dowager Empress Frederick, came by sea, embarking at Venice and landing at Corinth, where they were received by the bridegroom and his father, King George I, surrounded by the entire Greek royal family. The sea was sapphire blue, the weather was warm, crowds cheered. The wedding took place on October twenty-fifth of the year 1889, only one year after Sophie had lost her father. It is one of the many pathetic sides of royalty, this shortness of time between funeral and coronation, bereavement and rejoicing. At the magnificent wedding of Constantine and Sophie the shadow was there.

Domestic happiness had always been the tradition at the Court of Athens, and the Crown Princess Sophie followed the example of Queen Olga, her mother-in-law, who had been able to gather about her children and children-in-law in perfect harmony, delighting in a reciprocal affection the effects of which were to make themselves felt in the third generation. This warm sympathy which held together all the members of the royal family of Greece—brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, uncles and aunts—impressed everybody who came in contact with them. One day I asked Queen Sophie and her daughter, Princess Helen of Rumania, the secret of this marvelous understanding.

They both answered: "It is to Queen Olga that we owe our family life."

This beautiful family spirit that I admired was founded by the wife of George I, born grand duchess of Russia. She left it to her descendants as a sort of code of love which all the members of the royal family must obey. I think that obedience to it was made easy by the fact that they were all extremely lovable, good-looking, healthy and easily amused.

A large family also was in the tradition of the royal house of Athens, and the young couple followed the tradition. Three sons, George, Alexander and Paul, the two princesses, Helen and Irene, were born to them in a few years' interval. The future Queen of Greece applied herself to merit the love of her husband and the esteem of her future subjects, as a daughter worthy of her who was called in history the Empress Frederick, and not the Empress Victoria, because she was so identified with her husband.

There was much for Crown Princess Sophie to do in Greece—works of charity, social hygiene and education. The Crown Princess worked with all her energy and youth. She instituted soup kitchens in town and all over the country, societies for the distribution of books—useful books for the people; she founded the first children's hospitals run by English nurses; she founded a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; under her leadership thousands of animals were treated daily; she started clinics, schools for child welfare where children were examined by doctors and dentists and received free vaccination. She sent Greek women to America to be trained as nurses and teachers in schools of domestic science. She had a domestic-science school built by an American architect. She took over the Red Cross, and had the English president director, Osborn, come to Greece to reorganize the prisons. She started nursery gardens. She pursued a great scheme for the reforestation of Greece. She founded student societies where children learned to plant on holidays, with songs of joy, each one his own tree—the tree of Greek liberty. I made my first voyage to Athens recently, two years after the fall of the monarchy, and I must say, to the honor of the authorities who escorted me to the environs of Athens, that in showing me groves of vigorous young trees, I was told by my republican companions: "We owe this to Queen Sophie." Wars and revolutions have destroyed many of her works, but the trees have remained; they are growing, and they will speak of her to the future generations.

The might-have-been began in the life of Queen Sophie with the war of 1897 between Greece and Turkey. The outcome was not a happy one for Greece, and international difficulties, in a country like Greece, always become dynastic difficulties. From out of this unhappy war, a long political uneasiness issued, which had its explosion in 1910, the year I met the Duchess of Sparta and her eldest son, Prince George, for the first time on the shore of the Baltic Sea, where they were serving, one might say, an apprenticeship at exile. But with the first Balkan war of 1912, fortune seemed to change brusquely.

Succeeding to the Throne

The Crown Prince Constantine conducted the war, and entered Yannina as victor; Saloniki was taken; it looked as though Constantinople might fall at any time, were it not for the quarrels of the allies and the ill will of the great powers, particularly Russia and Austria. There was great enthusiasm for Prince Constantine, who brought his own troops to victory. But it seems as though, in the life of Constantine and Sophie, joy must necessarily be accompanied by sorrow. King George I was assassinated on the street in Saloniki by a young Bulgar, who committed suicide an instant after. It was on the slippery steps of a throne become vacant by murder that Constantine and Sophie mounted in 1913. That same year, like a consolation for the bereavement of this devoted family which had just lost its chief in so tragic a manner, the last child of King Constantine and Queen Sophie, the little Princess Catherine, came into the world. Born the year of the victory of Greece, she had the army and navy for godparents.

Each time I see this little Princess, today almost a young woman, with her sweet face, whose touching expression is that of children who have suffered too soon, I cannot help thinking: "Here is Catherine of Greece, the godchild of victorious armies of earth and sea—that army and that navy that did not remain loyal to the end."

(Continued on Page 68)

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The interesting four-poster, at $98.00, and the highboy, $168.00, make this a perfect Colonial bedroom. Equally Colonial is the settee, $139.00, which can also be used in the living room, as above. So can the rag rug covered chair, $126.00, the side table, $38.00, and the bench, $26.00. The standing toilet, $34.00, is one of the most distinguished of the Berkey & Gay reproductions in this group

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An unusual and most interesting feature of this dining room, but in the best Early American tradition, is the variety of chairs grouped around the table. The arm chair is $37.00, and the chairs to match it, $23.00 each. The ladder-back is $53.00, and the remaining pair, $21.00 each. The butterfly extension dining table is $79.00. Welsh china cabinet, $84.00. The arm chair by the fireplace, $29.00

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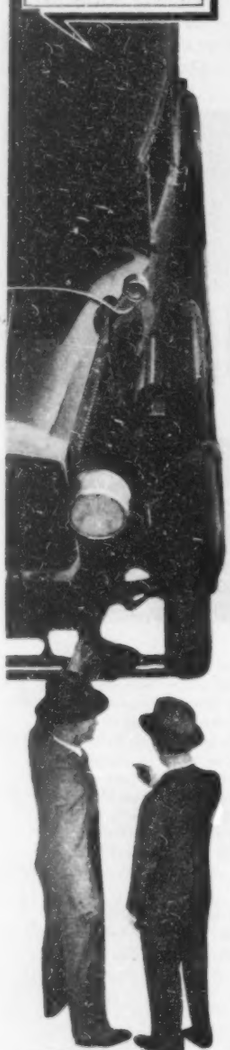

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(Continued from Page 66)

When the war of 1914 broke out, Greece was in the aftermath of two and even three Balkan wars. She was impoverished and crushed. Politics—the plague of countries in the making—raged around the Greek throne. The protective powers, engaged in a fight to the death, protected no longer; they demanded help; intriguing Germanophiles sought to compromise the royal family, and succeeded. Was not Queen Sophie the Kaiser's sister? It was not generally known just what were the relations between this brother and sister. William II had for years disapproved of the conversion of Queen Sophie to the Orthodox Church. He would not acknowledge the conversion of a German princess. He nevertheless admitted it without winking an eyelash in the case of Princess Alix of Hesse when she married the future Nicholas II, because he saw his interest in the German marriage of the Russian heir. But with Queen Sophie, the love she had for her husband, the desire to share the faith in which she was bringing up her children, did not appear to offer sufficient reasons to her irascible brother. And then, was there not standing between them the memory of a mother, passionately loved and admired by the daughter, passionately fought by the son? Many books have been written on the events which desolated Greece between 1914 and 1917. The burning of Tatoi, the summer palace of the Greek sovereigns, which took place on the seventeenth of July, 1916, was the culminating point of this troublous period, which presaged for Queen Sophie still greater sorrows. The royal family suspected that the fire was due to ill will and that it was the work of the secret police. Queen Sophie's brother-in-law, Prince Nicholas of Greece, in his recently published memories, describes the event in detail. King Constantine narrowly missed losing his life in the fire he tried courageously to extinguish. His aide-de-camp, Colonel Dellaporta, met death on that day, as well as two chauffeurs of the King; eighteen victims, all servitors of the royal household, perished in the flames. Thus Constantine and Sophie lost their beautiful summer home. Not very long afterward they were also to lose their kingdom.

Less than a year later they took the road of exile and established themselves in Switzerland. In order to calm the people who remained faithful to them, they left their throne in care of their son Alexander, proclaimed king, and put under the protection of the Allies—a political decision that I imagine tore the heart of Queen Sophie, because it separated her from her second son. Tenderly devoted to all her children, she showed a particular feeling for the son who resembled, feature for feature, King Constantine, the fiancé of her youth. She said to me with her sad smile: "I wish you had known my son Alexander. He was such a dear! A typical Dane, full of life and fun."

The Loss of Alexander

We are told that during the period when King Alexander reigned in Athens, he took great care, at public ceremonies, never to occupy the empty throne of his father, and to keep respectfully at some steps distant, in order to mark that he was his father's lieutenant, and not his successor. This favorite son Queen Sophie was never to see again. She was to have the unbelievable grief of learning through wires only that he was the victim of an accident, at first ill, then in danger, then in agony, and of being unable to go to his bedside.

Alexander had inherited from his mother a love for all animals. A borrowed monkey lived in the palace; this monkey escaped one sunny morning, and the king's dogs chased him in the palace gardens and threw themselves upon him, ready to kill him. King Alexander hurried to rescue the poor monkey, but the maddened creature, not knowing from where help was coming to him, bit the king's leg. The wound was so deep that the king was obliged to go to bed. He was stricken shortly with a high fever; his temperature rose, infection set in. Telegrams announced the king's illness to his exiled parents. The Greek Government, which considered Alexander as a royal hostage, hastily called a famous physician from Paris, but refused his mother access to the bedside of her son. Blood poisoning developed; King Alexander was dying, but politics prevented his father and mother from being with him. Frantic telegrams were exchanged between the parents who wanted to see their son one last time and the government which feared that if the King and Queen reëntered Athens, public enthusiasm would be aroused and would lead to the restoration of King Constantine. The King was still loved by the people, and those who governed knew this. They were afraid of popular pity, the soul of the crowd. The telegraphic negotiations did not alter the attitude of the government at Athens. Not even Queen Sophie was allowed to see her dying son. *In extremis*, Queen Olga, the grandmother of the young sufferer, received from the government a permit that would allow her to go to Athens, but it was obtained with so much difficulty that she arrived too late. When she entered the palace her grandson Alexander had just expired. After such a trial one understands how the heart and spirit of Queen Sophie were broken. However, it was this tragic death that was to bring back Constantine to Athens. His restoration, which was not to last, took on the proportions of a triumph.

Exiled Again

But how could the Queen rejoice? Two months before, they had buried in the royal crypt of Tatoi the body of her beloved son Alexander. What confidence could Queen Sophie feel in the people or in her own destiny?

"Our first exile took place on my birthday, June fourteenth, and our second exile on my name day, September seventeenth. Isn't it very strange?" she remarked to me in her soft, sad, lingering voice.

Then came the war—the endless war against the Turks for the salvation of the Greek people in the islands and over the sea. King Constantine had been born to bring Constantinople to them, according to the old prophecies. He very nearly got there when he was in Asia Minor with the troops. English public opinion was helping. Was it not Lloyd George's policy?

This is the last chapter of the might-have-been. The Greek Orthodox mass at the restored altars of Santa Sophia, the gold, the incense, the songs! He and she, standing where Justinian and Theodora had stood, a Greek emperor and empress, the Basileus and the Basilissa, the Empire of Orient come to life again! The disaster of the latest Greek war does not need to be described here—the taking of Smyrna; the Christian population massacred; Mustapha Kemal's victory; King Constantine and Queen Sophie having to leave their throne; the King abdicating in favor of his eldest son, George II. Then their new exile in Sicily; and, soon after, the malady and premature death of King Constantine. Queen Sophie was not allowed to bring home to Greece the body of her husband. Queen Sophie, now a widow, had one hope left—the welfare of her son George. Then came the elections in Greece, and the army and the navy, the godfather and the godmother of little Princess Catherine, turned against the dynasty. King George II and his young wife, Queen Elizabeth, were forced to leave once more their lost kingdom.

At Florence, where Queen Sophie is now installed with her children, carrying on with dignity a very reduced existence, there is a small Russian chapel that she often visits, because there has been placed the temporary tomb of King Constantine and of his mother, the good Queen Olga, he who was so popular, she who was so kind to the people. Both died in exile. I do not know whether Queen Sophie still has the hope that she will some day take back these two coffins to Athens, and that her son, King George, will return from his fourth exile.

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NO PLACE LIKE HOME

(Continued from Page 23)

would be chilled melons and frosty fragrant drinks in tall glasses. Just six more days!

"Alec's bringing the liver. Violet's been so upset all day, I couldn't bear the thought of her getting supper, so I invited them all over. You don't mind, do you, dear? I know it's hard to get a meal for five extra people when you've worked at the office all day, but it's your own sister. You know I'd be glad to help if it weren't for this hand."

"I'll help," offered Violet damply. "Jimmy, darling, don't pull the buds off gramma's geranium."

"Now, not one stroke of work out of you!" proclaimed Mrs. Miller grandly. "Poor child, after what you've been through today, and in your condition. Dahlia doesn't mind doing it. It isn't as if her work at the office were really strenuous, you know. Just writing society and doing a few feature stories. . . . What happened at the News today?"

"Oh, usual things," murmured Dahlia absently, blinking her eyes against the scent of onions. "The Republicans may sue us for libel on that city-hall story, and Jed Green broke his hip in an automobile accident."

"Did your brilliant employer, Mr. Dirk, go on any of his tantrums?"

"No, he was quite tame today. Oh, I believe he did ask me to elope to China or some such place, but I told him I didn't think my mother would let me."

"I should think she wouldn't!" Mrs. Miller quivered deeply. "A man like him! Do you know, Mrs. Mulholland, he doesn't believe in a personal hell! And he says the most outrageous things to Dahlia, talks about communism and birth control and things to her. What was it he mentioned right in front of you, the other day?"

"Prostitution," grinned Dahlia. "I told him I thought ——"

"You told him! I'm surprised a daughter of mine should discuss such things with a man! You know, I sometimes think he's an anarchist!"

"Socialist," her daughter corrected her. "Anarchists have beards."

"Anyway, he has no respect for women," continued her mother. "Telling Dahlia they have a perfect right to smoke if they want to!"

"You know," breathed Violet, "I think he's got a hidden sorrow somewhere in his life—something's happened to make him bitter. You know, it might just be the making of him if he'd marry some good woman and settle down. He's got a kind heart, you know—look what he did for poor Denny Rickard. . . . Janie, dear, don't pull the kitty's tail. She might scratch you! . . . I think a good wife, a little home of his own and some children would make a different man of him."

Alec finally came with the liver and dinner was ready, a hot, substantial dinner, odorous and pungent.

"Gee, this is great!" pronounced Alec. "You're a swell cook, Dahlia. These birds around here don't know what they've missed by not grabbin' you off. Yes, sir, some guys have cheated themselves out of a mighty fine wife by passing you up."

"Put it in writing," urged Dahlia. "I may need a recommendation sometime."

"Well, I guess the time is gettin' short." Alec was largely humorous. "Don't many fellows wear out a girl's doorstep after she passes the twenty-eight mark. No, sir, it's the chickens get the pickin's, these days. You should 'a' held on to Roger Wade when you had him."

"Dahlia," announced Mrs. Miller haughtily, "did exactly right. She found Roger was drinking and gambling. Mother is very proud of her daughter for the stand she took."

Dahlia was occupied deeply with her plate. For four long years she had kept locked in her heart the true story of Roger Wade's passing. Let them think she had jilted him for his drinking and his gambling; they could never know how often or how passionately she had forgiven him those things. Let them think what they would. They could never hurt Roger now, and she would have died before she would have divulged the contents of that secret farewell note: "Dahlia dear, it's just no use. You know I would have gone to the ends of the earth with you alone, but not with your mother. I appreciate your loyalty to her, but you weren't fair to me when you insisted she should live with us. It would never work out—never. So I'm sparing you the pain of choosing between us. Good-by, dear. I've loved you a lot."

"Well, Clarence True was a good sort," argued Alec, "and she let him slip through her fingers. What was the matter with him?"

"Too domestic," replied Dahlia promptly, thankful the conversation had turned to safer channels. "He would have loved home life and stuck around all the time, mowing the lawn."

"Well, that's certainly no fault!" bristled Violet. "I can't think what's got into you, Dahlia, sneering at the home and all sorts of sacred things. . . . Janie, you mustn't take things from your auntie's plate. . . . That man Dirk's just plain turned your head with all his wild ideas. What both of you need is to get married and settle down."

"Yes, Dahlia," reproved her mother. "I sometimes think, dear, you're getting just a little coarse."

"Oh, it's just sour grapes with her." Alec dismissed the subject easily. "You'll find all thwarted women talk like that. . . . Say, I had the darnedest row with McSwiggins today! He's got the idea some place he owns that transfer business. He comes up to me and says, 'You better get a hustle on and deliver that load to the King furniture people,' and I says, 'Yeah? Who said so?' I'm not paid to take any jaw from him, and I'll tell the boss so, if he jumps me."

"Oh, Alec, be careful!" pleaded Violet. "It'll be just awful if you lose your job again, with the baby coming. You know you were out of work last time and Dahlia had to pay the hospital bills. And she paid two months' rent for us besides, and kept us in groceries for a while."

"Well, she isn't going to grumble about that, I hope," glowered Alec. "She knows I'll pay her back soon's I get on my feet. And she wasn't using the money for anything else."

"Well, of course, it isn't as if she had a family of her own," agreed Violet.

"Why, no. She gets a good salary and she don't have a thing in the world to do but take care of herself—and ma. . . . How's your hand today, ma?"

Great sadness descended on Mrs. Miller as she gazed at her bandaged fingers. Facile sorrow came to Violet's face, too, and both women sighed.

"The pain," she said with simple dignity, "is somewhat better."

"Well, that's great!" commented Alec. "Pretty soon you won't know it ever happened." Shocked surprise leaped out in Mrs. Miller's eyes. Her lips tightened.

"Alec!" gasped Violet. "How can you say such a thing? When it was mamma's wedding ring!"

"Well, I don't see anything in that to kick up a row about. It got too tight, didn't it? And the doc said it might cause a cancer, didn't he? And he cut it off, didn't he?"

"My wedding ring," said Mrs. Miller remotely, "was never off my finger before. I wore it while I was scrubbing and washing and slaving. I wore it when my children were born. This is the first time it has been off since Robert placed it on my finger. I feel as if a part of me were gone."

"Aw, shucks, ma, I wouldn't take it that hard."

"No, you wouldn't!" flared Violet. "It wouldn't mean anything at all to you. That's all the respect you have for your marriage ties! I might have known this was the way you'd feel! I might have known when you began drinking and ——" The ready tears spilled over.

"Now you look here!" thundered Alec. "I'll tell you why I began drinking and I'll tell you why I stay out late nights. It's because of the infernal jawing and nagging I get all the time at home, that's why! Bill Dodds may not run a Sunday-school parlor, exactly, but it's a quiet joint, and a darned sight more peaceful than staying home listening to you carry on about your troubles."

"I guess you'd cry too," stormed Violet, "if your husband swore at you ——"

"Oh, I nearly forgot," broke in Dahlia hastily. "I had a letter from papa today! He's down in Texas, and he's done right well in his latest oil deal. He said to tell you all 'Hello.'"

Again white tragedy settled on the group. Three pairs of eyes stared at Dahlia in strained, bleak silence. Even the oldest baby puckered up his face and scowled, sensible that things were going wrong and that something dreadful had been said.

"Dahlia," murmured Mrs. Miller at last, as if from a great distance, "you know I have asked you never to mention your father's name in this house."

"You ought to be ashamed!" rebuked Violet. "After the way papa treated her!"

"Yeah, a man deserting his family the way he did!" snorted Alec virtuously. "A lot of consideration he deserves now! Honest, Dahlia, I don't think you ought even to correspond with him."

"Though I sometimes think," mused Violet, "that if he could see his little grandchildren he'd come back."

"Yeah, the kids would bring him if anything would," agreed Alec. "Say, Vi, does that kid have to eat with his whole face? I should think you'd teach him table manners or wipe off his face or something. He's got a piece of onion on his eyebrow."

The next morning Dahlia guiltily donned her best dress—dark blue with a great cluster of red velvet flowers—and left early for the office.

Her mother accepted her good-by kiss coldly, her cheek turned, her eyes looking into space. She would sulk for several days because of that unhappy reference to the blithesome Mr. Miller, whose faculty for enjoying himself had never ceased to cause her pain.

Oh, well, at Winifred's cabin there would be laughter—bright laughter, spontaneous and ridiculous. The Inmans were always going off into perfect spasms over nothing at all, while Winifred had never been able to see the serious side of life. She even considered her own baby a great joke. Violet disapproved of her.

"I don't think she has any sense of responsibility," she said. "The idea of her calling that precious baby the Calliope!"

It was with a sense of escape that she entered the cluttered little cubicle which the Mullenstown News grandly termed the society editor's office. She pulled off her hat, mechanically powdered her face and sat down at the typewriter.

Where, she wondered wearily, had she put that notice about Mrs. Glendevy's garden party? And then she lifted one hand to her throat in rapt astonishment. There on her desk, obese and amiable, sat the little fat god of the Oriental shop, with his inscrutable jade eyes and his licentious ivory leer, a bad little bronze god, bad and pagan and friendly.

"You lamb!" she said to the idol rapturously.

A minute later Richard Dirk's long legs had wandered into the office. He was a little ungainly and a little sad, and more than a little charming. His blond, rebellious hair was tousled, his eyes were green and keen and bold, and his mouth was as sensitive as a child's.

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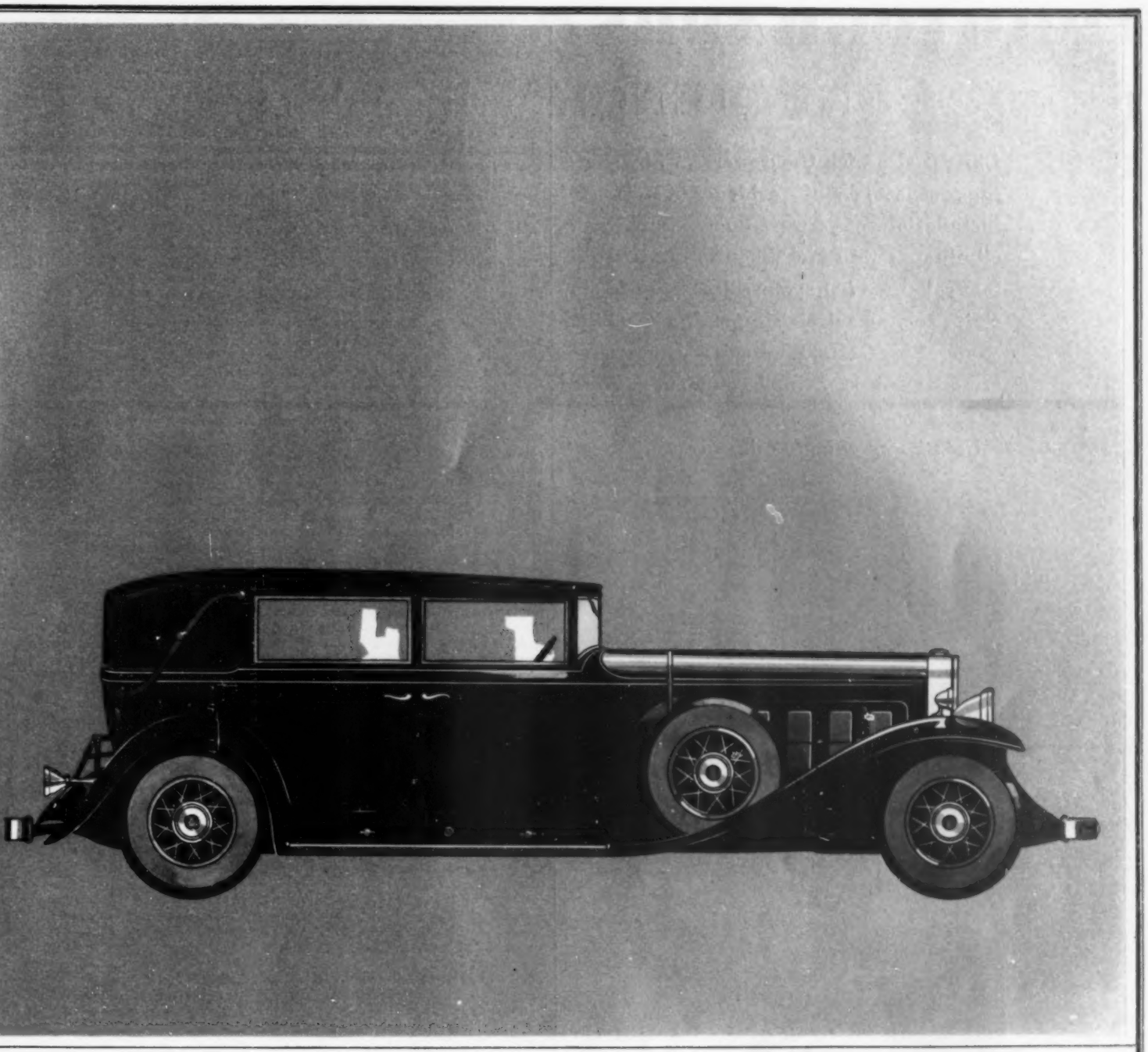

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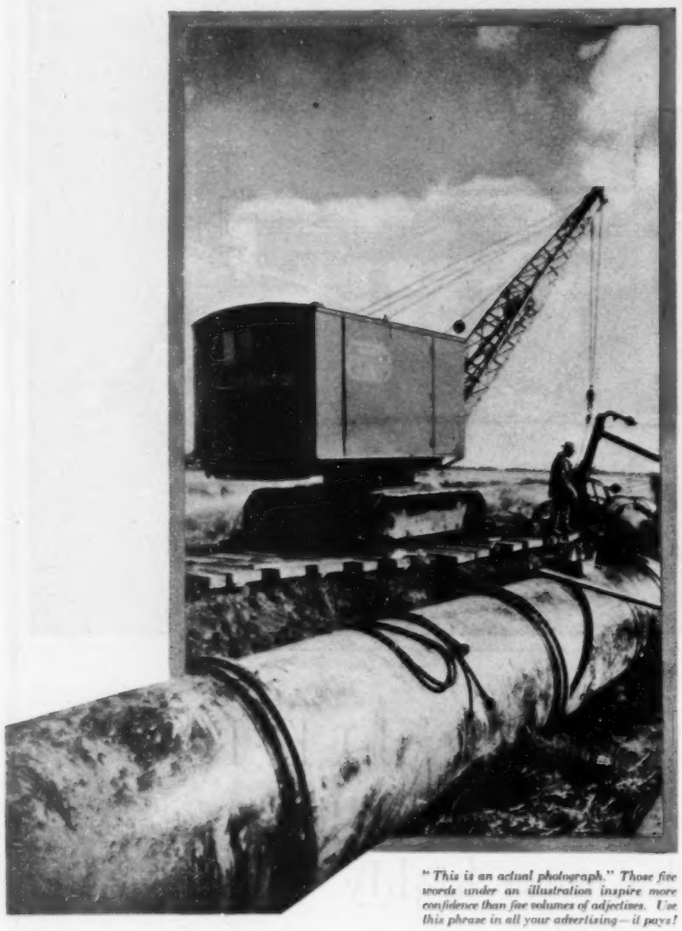

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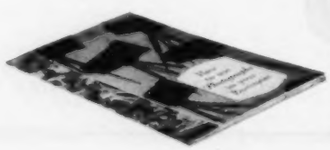

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"You look more like a socialist than ever," Dahlia told him impudently. "Are you responsible for this jovial gent on my desk?"

The man smiled. "I bought it," he said, "to salute the heathen in you."

"You're awfully keen about the heathen, aren't you?" the girl parried. "Sit down some place, can't you? That chair is full of old papers, I see, but there's no one on the chandelier, and there's a little space left in the wastebasket."

"The perfect hostess in her office," he murmured, perching on one corner of the table. "Thank you for wearing that dress. It's still a bit puritanical, but it's better, much, much better, than that other one."

"Thank you for your warm words of praise," jeered Dahlia, "and thank you still more for the little god. I think he's a sweetness. Are you always this good to your society editors, giving them gifts and designing their costumes?"

"Only when they need it," he drawled. "Well, I must be going about my own affairs. Oh, frabjous day, galoo, galay! I hear the Associated Press chortling in its joy. I dropped in to promote a little picnic this afternoon after we've put the paper to bed. A can of sardines, a bottle of ginger ale, and thou beside me in the wilderness!"

"'Fraid I can't, Omar dear," regretted Dahlia. "Turrible sorry."

"Then I'll have to propose to you here. Why can't you?"

"I promised to be home early. It's mamma's wedding anniversary, you know, and she wants us all together. She'd never forgive me if I skipped out; and heavens, she's mad enough at me now! She couldn't scold me for wearing my best dress this morning because she wasn't speaking to me."

He lifted puzzled brows. "Wedding anniversary? But I thought your mother and father were separated?"

"They are."

"Well, but—why does she want to celebrate her marriage if it was such a fizzle?"

"It does seem funny," Dahlia hesitated, "but mamma feels very deeply about marriage. She put her wedding dress away in lavender and she always celebrates her anniversaries. She says a woman's wedding day is the most sacred thing in her life."

"Don't you suppose she has a secret passion for your father?"

"N-no, I honestly believe she can't stand him. But she's always been crazy about her home and she thinks —— Oh, I don't know, but anyway, she feels that marriage is awfully sacred. And I think it's rather wonderful of her to believe in something so strongly after her own experience has been so unhappy, don't you?"

"No," he said roughly, "it just seems sentimental and hypocritical to me. If I hated a woman, I certainly wouldn't celebrate the tie that bound me to her."

"But then, you're cynical about marriage anyway," Dahlia pointed out, bridling a little.

"I am not. I'm the most rabid romanticist you ever saw. I believe in marriage head over heels. Marriage for enjoyment, that is. Marriage just for the pure, crazy fun of it. When I get married, it's going to be because I'm wildly, mawkishly in love with some girl who wants to flock around with me. I certainly won't marry just to get my name among the early Christian martyrs."

"But you have to think about the responsibilities," she began uncertainly.

"There doesn't need to be any responsibilities. Oh, Dahlia darling, get a broom and sweep out your mind. Don't talk about being a homemaker and a helpmate, and carving out the future, and other Victorian trash!"

"Thanks for the advice," she grinned. "I'll use it tonight in the lovelorn column."

"Oh, hang the lovelorn column! Dahlia dear, I guess I'm proposing again. Listen, honey, the reason I've been harping on marriage so much lately is that I've been offered a job on the copy desk of the New Orleans Gazette. I want you to go with me. You've never seen New Orleans, have you? Spanish moss and little iron balconies, and darkies singing on the levees at night."

Dahlia drew in her breath sharply and her eyes were haunted. The man took her hand in both of his and went on, his queer, husky voice oddly stirred: "And when we're tired of New Orleans, dear, we'll go to New York. I want you to see Fifth Avenue on a winter afternoon. I want you to explore the brass shops with me, and the secondhand bookstores. I want to show you pretty quadroons in Harlem and Portuguese sailors with earrings quarreling along the water front. And when we're through with New York we'll slip over to Shanghai—I can get a job there any time with a feature syndicate. And you can pick up your odd trinkets and maybe have time to do a little writing. I'd like to see you do that."

"It would be wonderful!" breathed the girl. "But my family ——"

"What about your family?"

"Well, they wouldn't understand. They'd be terribly hurt if I should go off with you. Mamma especially. She's sort of given up her life for us girls, and it's always been her dream we'd settle down around her."

"The matriarchy scheme has its advantages," he agreed dryly.

"And she'd worry terribly about me not having a home or anything. She thinks no woman can be happy without a home."

"Why, darling, you'd have a dozen homes! You'd have more homes than your mother ever dreamed of."

"Oh, don't tease me!" she cried desperately. "I just can't go with you. They'd never forgive me. If you'd be willing to settle down here it would be different. You've made good here, you know."

"Listen, Dahlia," he said very patiently: "You have to lead your own life. Your mother led hers. We couldn't be happy living here in a snug little home like other people. I'm born a tramp, and I sometimes think you are—you've been such a gorgeous hobo on our picnics. I think you must be like your father. They say he was rather picturesque and made an art of living. Imagine yourself in Violet's place. It just doesn't work, does it?"

"We-ell," she hesitated, "maybe it would work. There are some awfully sweet things about life in a small town. Friends and neighbors and all that. I should think, if you really loved me, you could at least try it. I can't marry you any other way."

"Darling, don't be a coward!" He spoke roughly, his face rather white. "You're afraid, that's all. They've held the whip all these years and they've got you cowed. They've bluffed you with their twaddle about the home. Can't you see, dear, they're just a bunch of grafters? I'll bet anything they throw it up to you that you're an old maid and haven't borne children. Can't you see they want to keep you feeling humble and inferior, so you'll be willing to help them?"

"You've no right!" she blazed.

"The reason they'd never forgive your moving away," he continued, "is that they'd never forgive themselves for losing that extra salary. Your mother doesn't want you to wear your best dress to the office, because you might spoil it and have to get a new one, and that would mean less money for herself and Violet. Alec doesn't half try to hold a job as long as he knows you'll pay his bills and help out with the rent. You've cheated Alec, Dahlia. You've cheated him of his manhood and his independence. If you'd cut and leave him on his own, he'd make the grade all right. They could all walk on their own feet, but they won't as long as you keep running after them with crutches."

"I won't let you say such things about my family!" cried Dahlia hotly. "You don't understand them!"

"Afraid to see," he murmured sadly. "Dahlia darling, don't be blind. Break away now, while there's still time. I'm not offering you an easy life or a comfortable life. I may not even be offering you a happy life. But I'm offering you a life that will be your own. Darling, I've handed in my

(Continued on Page 76)

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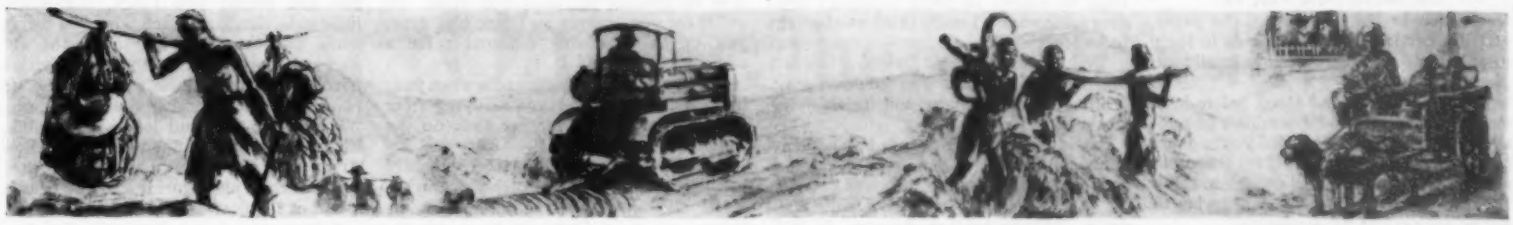

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(Continued from Page 72)

resignation to the directors of the paper, and I'm leaving for New Orleans in three days. Come on; don't let your family rob you again."

"No." She rose and stood before him, very white and slim. "I wouldn't go anywhere with you now. I'm glad you're going to New Orleans. I'm glad I'll never see you again! Here I've been fool enough to think I was in love with you, and you trying to poison me against my family!"

"Poor little fool," he whispered, "you don't know what you're doing."

The street home had never been so dull as it was that night, never so hot or so long. Dahlia trudged it in a haze of pain and loneliness and weariness. So, she thought a little grimly, she would trudge it every night for years and years. Forever. Roger Wade had gone and Richard Dirk would go.

She thought of him strolling the narrow streets of New Orleans, blithe and blond and sanguine, free with that terrible freedom she envied and resented. Why couldn't he have stayed? If he had loved her he would have stayed. If he had loved her he would have forgiven her family, forgiven their jealous affection, their meddlesome concern.

"He's selfish," she told herself dully—"selfish and conceited and ruthless. I won't think about him any more. I'll think about —— Oh, dear, what will I think about? Winifred's cabin! It's cool up there—cool and sweet and green. And Charlotte Conroy will be there."

But Richard Dirk would not be coming up to drive her home. He would be in New Orleans, smiling at new faces, questing along the river bank for adventure, trailing his lazy laugh through odd, old haunts.

There was clamor in the dark little parlor when she reached home. Jimmy, Violet's oldest, had just broken the vase Roger Wade had given her, and Violet was half-heartedly spanking him.

"Though I must say," she sniffed, "I don't see why you wanted to keep it after all Roger did! . . . Janie, leave gramma's goldfish alone! How many times must mamma tell you? . . . Oh, you wore your blue dress to work today, didn't you, Dahlia? I suppose I'm funny, but somehow it seems a little formal for street wear. I always liked you in that brown you wore yesterday. Something so neat about it."

"Yes," agreed Dahlia listlessly, "it's been an awfully good dress for twelve dollars."

"Well, mercy, you don't *need* expensive clothes when you lead such a quiet life. Though we would all have nice things if we could afford them." She sighed plaintively.

"Poor Violet," murmured her mother. "I don't see how she's going to manage with all she has to do, and her health so bad. I worried about her all last night."

"What's the matter now?" asked Dahlia, wondering if her head were always going to ache in that queer, grinding fashion. How tired she was! "Here, mamma, is some candy I got you downtown. Shows I don't forget people's wedding anniversaries. . . . What's the matter, Violet, that you're feeling so low?"

"Oh, it's just that pain in my back. It took me three hours to do out the washing this morning. I thought once I was going to faint."

"And it would be so simple with a new washing machine," added her mother. "Alec just doesn't realize how badly she needs it."

"Well," reminded Dahlia, "of course, with Alec just getting on his feet again, he does have to scrimp a little."

"At his wife's expense!" snorted her mother. "He doesn't have to scrimp on his drinking and his low friends. Oh, no!"

Violet began to cry. "He just wants me to suffer," she whimpered. "It makes him feel important to think he can make me suffer. . . . Dahlia, I wonder if we can stay to supper again tonight? This pain in my back is so bad I can hardly move. And then, of course, its being mamma's wedding anniversary, I really think we all ought to be together."

"Why, of course," said Dahlia. "I hadn't dreamed for a minute you wouldn't stay. I brought home some grand, thick, juicy steak, just to celebrate."

"It's been a long time since I've had any lamb chops," sighed her mother, "but I suppose the steak will be all right."

"Oh, baby dear!" pleaded Dahlia suddenly. "Please don't mark up my book!"

"Let Aunt Dahlia's book alone!" flared Violet. "For some reason she doesn't want you to touch her things. There, precious, don't cry. Mamma'll let you play with her beads."

"Come to gramma, darling," invited Mrs. Miller. "Aunt Dahlia doesn't realize how little folks feel. She's never had any of her own." Somewhere far back in Dahlia's mind a little bell rang. She shook her head, frightened, at its faint, far tinkle.

"I'm sorry," she said meekly. "I suppose I did speak too sharply, but I've—I've had a hard day at the office. Janie lamb, right after supper I'll cut you out the grandest paper dolls you ever saw!"

"Oh, I was going to ask you," began Violet. "Next week I promised Mrs. Mulholland I would serve on her committee of the Guild. It'll take about three evenings, and I wondered if you'd mind staying with the children. I hate to ask mamma when her hand's so bad."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Violet. I won't be here next week. I'm going up to Winifred's cabin, you know. It's my vacation."

"Oh, you're really going?" asked her mother a little coldly.

"Why, yes, mamma. I thought you knew! I've been planning it all summer. Winifred asked me early in May."

"I didn't know you had definitely accepted. I thought you knew I didn't approve of Winifred very much. She's always seemed a little wild to me."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I promised her I was coming. I've been feeling sort of run down, and this sounded like a good rest."

The martyred silence that followed was so intense, Dahlia breathed a sigh of relief just to see Alec come in.

"Tell me something exciting," she pleaded. "Did you get fired or have any other fun?"

"Fired, me? Say, they know competent truck drivers don't grow on every bush. Why, the boss even hinted at a raise today!"

"Oh, Alec, can't we get that new washing machine?" pleaded Violet. "The man down at Simonson's said he'd make us terms on one."

"I'm sorry, kid." Alec was honestly disturbed. Dahlia, watching him, could see that. "But we can't afford a washing machine for several months yet—not one of those electric ones you've set your heart on. We've got two more payments to make on that refrigerator you bought in June. I'll get it for you as soon as I can, but, gosh, you might try being reasonable for a while."

"It's so easy to be reasonable when your back is breaking and you're dying from overexertion!" Her mother took up the cudgels.

Violet's convenient tears came promptly to the surface. "Oh, he doesn't care if I die!" she wept. "It's just what he wants. . . . Janie, let those scissors alone! You'll cut yourself. . . . He wants me to die!"

"Never mind, Violet," her mother spoke regally. "If your husband doesn't care to provide for you, I have another plan. Dahlia has about seventy dollars saved up that she isn't using for anything, and I'm sure she'll be glad to loan it to you rather than see her own sister suffer." Again, far back in her brain, Dahlia heard the warning chime of that tiny bell.

"Oh, mamma," she said a little wearily, "I'm sorry, but you know I'll have to have some money to get up to Winifred's. I can't walk there. I'd do anything in the world to help Violet—you know that. But I don't see how I can give up this trip; I've been planning on it so long."

"Well, of course," said her mother remotely, "if you can enjoy yourself up in the mountains, knowing that your sister is suffering, that's all right. No one expects you to give up anything you want, I'm sure."

"No," said Violet bravely. "Go on. I can make out some way."

"If it were me," continued her mother, "I couldn't enjoy a minute of it, knowing my sister's back was breaking."

"She's always been fonder of Winifred than me," sobbed Violet. "Seems like her own home and family don't mean anything to her." The little bell rang louder, its tiny brazen chime striking sharply on the inner ear.

"It isn't as if Violet weren't your own sister," pointed out her mother reasonably. "And you must remember all the things she's done for you."

"I shelled nuts for hours and hours, making you that birthday cake!" wept Violet.

"The one Jimmy ate?" Dahlia asked, a little cruelly.

"Well, it was meant for you. I can't help it if the children get into things. With all I have to do—cooking and sweeping and washing, and my back sore, and Alec's lunches to put up."

"Oh, come on, Dahlia!" urged Alec, a little pitifully, for all his swagger. "Loan her the seventy bucks and get this caterwauling over."

"You'd cry too," shrieked Violet, "if ——"

Dahlia's mind flashed back to another scene—a cluttered, small cottage with her mother weeping in a chair before the stove. She saw herself and Violet, slim-legged little girls, clinging to each other in a corner while something strange shook the air. And she saw her father, a gay man with a frivolous black mustache, suddenly pick up his hat and look at her mother queerly. "There's two thousand dollars in the bank, Elsie," he had said. She remembered how strange the night looked when he opened the door, and she remembered the deadly sound of the door as it closed behind him.

"I'll pay you back—honest I will," Alec pleaded. "I'll pay part of it back next month if I get the raise."

"But then it will be too late to go to Winifred's," said Dahlia faintly. "She was having me up to meet Charlotte Conroy, and she's going to be here only two more weeks."

"Oh, that writer woman? She's kind of a nut, they tell me. I don't think you'd like her."

"She smokes," put in her mother coldly.

"Oh, Dahlia always did like queer people," stormed Violet. "If they're good and decent and sensible, she won't have anything to do with them. She snubs her own family because she'd rather run around with Winifred Baker and Richard Dirk and freaks like that." The little bell was clanging now, peal after ringing peal.

"Please, Vi," she murmured, and clung desperately to a chair, "don't talk like that. I do want to help you. But think about me a little—just this once. I'm so tired—so tired. I haven't had a rest for three years. You remember, last year I gave up my vacation because you were sick, and the year before something else came up."

"Well, I'm sure you needn't try to take it out on me," bridled Violet. "I suppose your sitting up half the night lately with Mr. Dirk doesn't have anything to do with it! I'm to blame! Besides, I don't see why you couldn't take a week off and rest here at home."

"Try sleep," recommended Alec facetiously. "It'll rest you a darned sight more than lumbering over the mountains."

"You have your nights free," added Violet. "You don't have to be forever getting up and down with children. Wait until you're a mother, and you'll realize what getting tired means."

Dahlia rose abruptly, her face rather white. "Excuse me," she said. "I'm going for a walk." That look upon her father's face! It scorched her memory.

"Your mother," commented Mrs. Miller, "is very disappointed in you, Dahlia. She doesn't like to see her daughter sulking this way."

The door slammed and Dahlia was gone, a savage joy in her heart. How sweet the sky was, how wildly free the wind, how near and free the stars. Had it seemed this way to her father that night twenty years ago? Swiftly she made her way to the shabby old hotel where Richard Dirk had what he liked to call his apartment, two dingy rooms crowded with strange, delightful junk; a Russian samovar, an unpressed suit of clothes, five pipes and a box of books. He made no comment and asked no questions when he saw the defiant, reckless, hungry girl on his threshold. He merely took her in his arms and laid his cheek against her hair.

An hour later she was home. She noticed automatically that they had saved the dishes for her.

"I'm not going to Winifred's," she remarked briefly, "and here, Violet, is the seventy dollars."

"Oh, I hate to take it," murmured the older girl.

"I didn't think you'd go to Winifred's with things the way they are," approved her mother.

"No," said Dahlia levelly, "I'm going to New Orleans."

A white blight seemed to fall on the faces before her. "Leave your *home?*" they gasped.

"As far as possible."

"That's a pretty way to talk," cried her mother, "after all we've done for you! Just like your father—no gratitude!"

PHOTO. BY BRADLEY O. BOSS

St. Joseph's River, South Bend, Indiana

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"WATCH your breakfast," say leading business executives, "if you would win success." And recent nationwide business surveys give added weight to this advice. For they show that 70% of the work in the business world and schools is done in the morning hours!

To give energy that lasts the morning through, nutritionists advise one breakfast above all others . . . rolled oats. And millions choose *Quaker* Oats because of their richer nutrition, finer flavor, and faster cooking time.

Don't believe "There's no difference in oats"

No ordinary oatmeal can compare with Quaker Oats for rich, zestful flavor. That's because, after careful selection, the choice, plump oats are "heat-seasoned" for a full 36 hours in closed containers.

In addition, *and this is important,* Quaker roasts these selected whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. For, it has been found, that of all pre-cooking processes, only roasting can give oats that fresh, luscious, nut-like flavor. Only roasting can so perfectly pre-cook oats that they will cook deliciously done in 2½ minutes!

Most important of all, the Quaker milling process retains every particle of the vital part of the oat, where nature stores her richest proteins for growth . . . her finest minerals for building blood and bone, her most precious vitamins . . . to protect health. Quaker is 65% energy food. It provides almost twice as much protein as ordinary refined cereals. It contains, too, the roughage to make laxatives unnecessary.

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Please note the weight on the Quaker Oats package. You will find that Quaker actually gives ⅓ more oats than most millers pack! In addition, this finest of all energy breakfasts, this cereal that provides stamina to last the morning through . . . is the easiest of all to prepare. For Quick

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1. ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
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3. ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** —16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.
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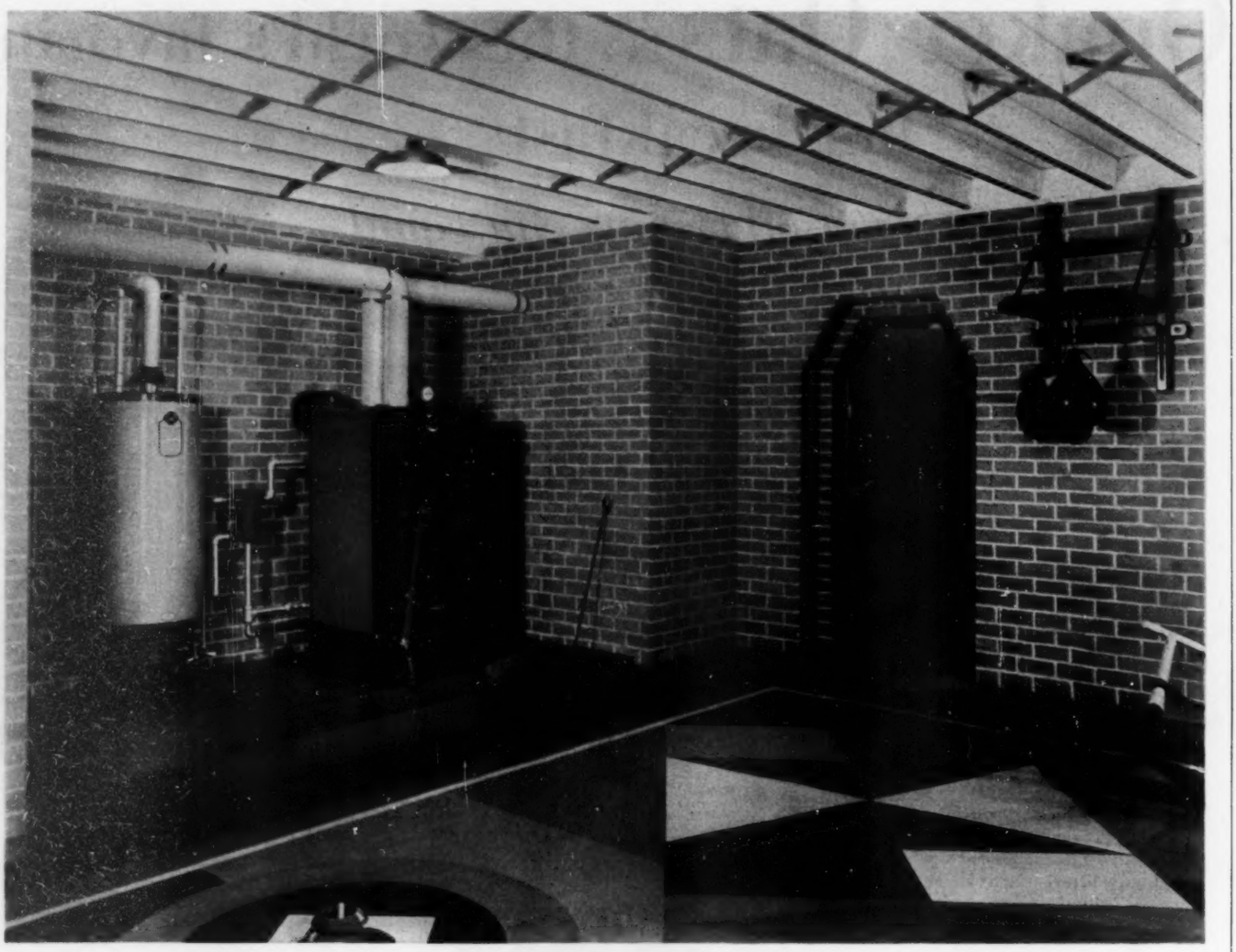

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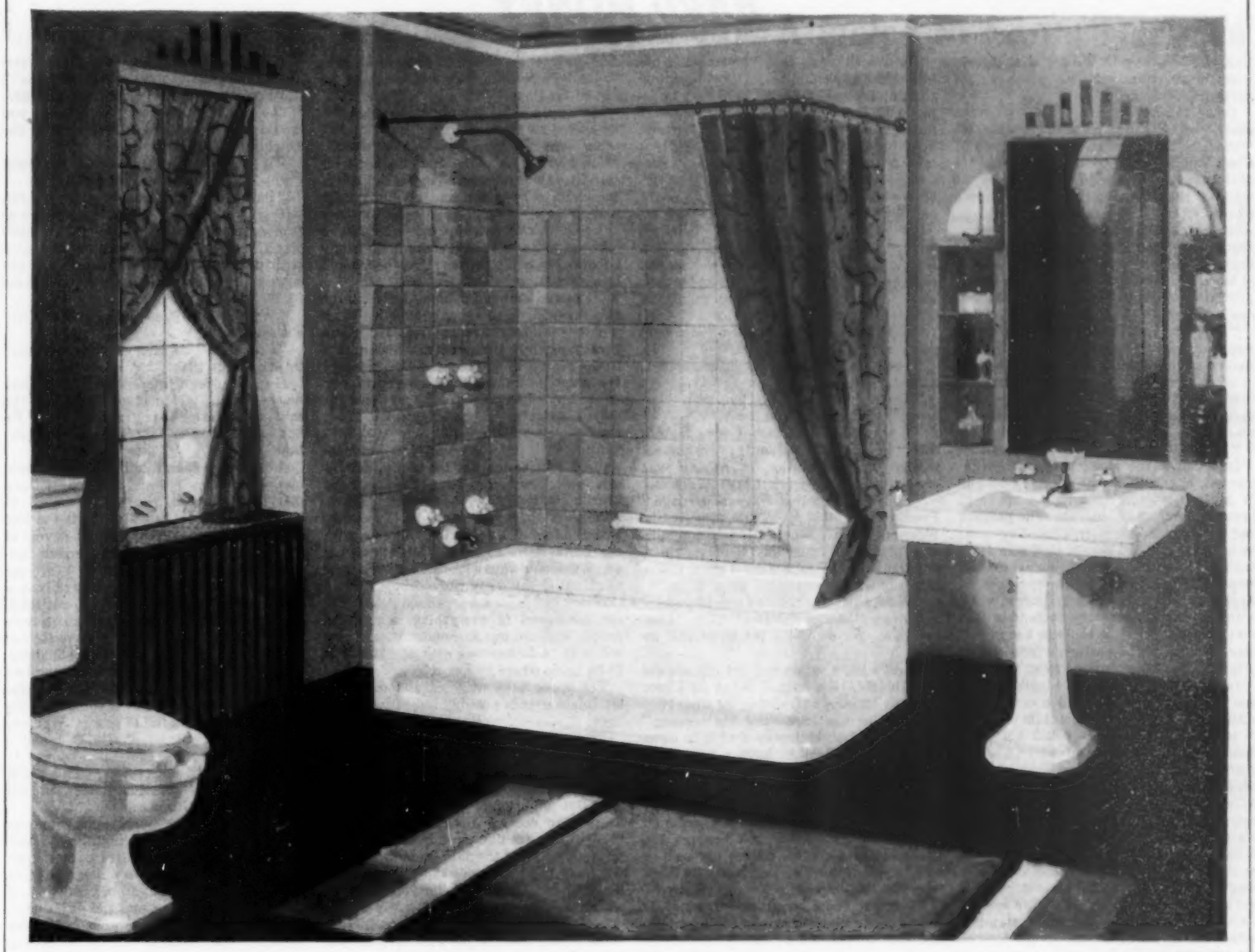

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HARD MONEY

(Continued from Page 28)

Can you be present? We will then discuss that certain transaction to which we alluded the other day."

Could Jan be present! He was rendered speechless. The thing was astounding, incredible! That he, Jan Van Horn, son of Claas Van Horn the peddler, a tenant farmer of the patroon, should be asked to sit at the table of that most splendid figure in the society of the young republic was impossible. A gap so wide separated the young Dutchman from Stephen Van Rensselaer that the mind of today, steeped in decades of equality, is incapable of grasping it.

"Sir," exclaimed Jan, "did you say Friday evening?"

"At eight," said the patroon in his kindly way, and he noted with satisfaction that, shaken as the young man was by this suddenly proffered honor, he did not become fulsome but received the invitation with a decent dignity and a certain becoming reserve.

"I am obliged to you, sir," said Jan.

In an hour the news, magnified, ornamented, augmented, was on every tongue in Albany, whether that tongue spoke in homely Dutch or in English. The patroon had entered Jan Van Horn's countingroom; he had placed a vast sum of money in Jan's hands; Jan was to be his principal man of business; but what set the tongues to clacking loudest of all, what mixed envy with admiration, was the incredible fact that Jan was to sit at table in the manor house, to eat of the patroon's food and to drink of the patroon's wine as an equal.

Jan Van Horn was indeed a banker. This one adroit feat of parading a connection with the patroon established him as years of probity and efficiency could not have done. In a single step he advanced a dozen years, and his infant banking establishment became an institution to reckon with in Albany and its outlying dependencies. The patroon settled his stability and determined his quality. In his old age and in the days of his greatness he was wont to refer to this as the most important transaction of his long life. It enabled him to emerge from the mass and to appear before the eyes of his world as an individual, significant, influential, not to be neglected. In the eyes of the common people he became a person of consequence. In short, it caused his world to revolve and present another face.

VI

JAN sat upon the floor of his dining room evolving antics with which to delight his son; Phœbe sat sewing in a chair, her pretty, vapid face wearing that expression of resentment and discontent which had become characteristic of it. Early in the year there was to be another baby, which Jan prayed might also be a son.

"Invited to sit at the patroon's table!" said Phœbe shrewishly. "What about me? I'm as fit to sit at fine tables as you be."

Jan looked up from his absurd posture to regard her patiently; but his glance was more than patient, it was appraising. He was striving to imagine her, vain, querulous, dull, seated beside the patroon's lady—and instinct told him that could never be. Phœbe never could become a silk purse; the need for change was not apparent to her nor was there ambition or industry to improve herself. She would always be Phœbe West who delivered her father's loaves, pretty enough to be chased after by the garrison, but of a common fiber incapable of being transmuted into anything more precious. A gossiper with tradesmen's wives! To her the difference between herself and the patroon's wife was a matter of silks and furs and jewels and a carriage. Of those fine and simple qualities which go to make your true patrician she had no understanding; for those acquired graces which differentiate the cultured from the common she had no desire. Jan shook his head.

"What are you shaking your head at?" she demanded angrily.

He was thinking that Phœbe could not follow him as he climbed. It was his intention to climb, and he felt that he was capable of climbing. Not that he had desire for or knowledge of those acquired graces, but he was able to see that a man, if that man remained simple and free from blatancy—even though he were lacking in certain inherited or acquired virtues—might be tolerated or even welcomed by such society as the Van Rensselaers and the Schuylers and the Livingstons and the Van Cortlandts. Grant him financial success and consequent power, and he could sit by their side—but not a woman. The women of that other world would not tolerate her.

"I say," Phœbe said shrilly, "what are you shaking your head at?"

"I go to the patroon's on business, not as a guest."

"You're getting very fine with your broadcloth coats," she said bitterly.

"I give you more than I give myself, wife," he said, still patiently. "Is there a woman of your station in Albany who dresses better than you? I say it is not so."

"You said I would have a carriage," Phœbe said whiningly. "You promised it. Where is it, eh? Where's jewels and silks and furs? You could buy them for me if you wanted to. You're rich. I know you're rich, though you never tell me a thing."

"What I tell you now the neighbors hear in an hour," he said phlegmatically. "I am not rich. We do well. We build and we grow."

"And I have babies and get old and fat and homely," she said. "What do I care for your building? Building for what?"

"For our son here—and his brother," said Jan. "For the family that is to come after us. All families have a beginning, wife. Even such great ones as the Van Rensselaers must start. It is for that. See! I am young and you are young. We must begin a family and set it on a foundation that is solid, so it will last through the years—so that maybe, after a hundred or two hundred, the Van Horns will be great ones like the patroon."

"What do I care for a hundred years? It is now. You do nothing but pinch pennies and hoard. You are a miser."

"I am no miser," he said patiently. "I have good sense."

"What pleasures do I have?" she complained.

"You have this pleasure," he said—"that you have a better home than you have ever had, or your family, and that you have a husband who is patient; but most of all that you have already this fine son. The rest will come."

She arose and went impatiently from the room. Jan peered after her and shook his head again. The few years of their married life had instructed him; he was wiser now, but it was too late for that sort of wisdom. Phœbe was the first great mistake of his career, and as long as she lived she would be a drag upon his progress. But, as with such other great mistakes as he was to make during his life, he accepted the fact of it almost phlegmatically. It was done. It never occurred to Jan that he might find some way to rectify the matter. No, Phœbe was his wife and the mother of children; there was nothing for him to do but endure and proceed in spite of it.

He lifted the child in his arms and peered into its round little face as if he were determined to read its future there. All his affection was bound up in the boy, centered upon him in that grim, terrible sort of way in which people apparently phlegmatic sometimes bestow their love. But in Jan's case it was more than love, it was also ambition.

Tiny Jan—and the brother who was to come—were the center of his life, the object of his living and his labor. Every dollar he saved was laid aside for them; every plan he brought to success was laid for them. He regarded himself only as a sort of instrument fashioned to equip and to prepare his sons to take the place in the world which he designed for them.

Already, to his baby not three years old, he talked as he never had spoken to any other human being. He revealed himself; he recounted his plans and discussed his secrets. It was pretense. He was imagining the child to be grown and his partner—a partner upon whom he might rely, to whom he could look up as a superior. Jan desired his sons to be superior to him, and grimly he vowed to equip them so that they would be superior.

He placed the child upon his knee and the two regarded each other gravely. "This dinner is important to us," said Jan, "and because of why? Because it makes us known to the gentry along the river. Do you see? We must be known to these gentry and trusted by these gentry, for they have the money and they have the influence. Is it clear to you, small one?"

Apparently it was clear, for Jan continued: "Plans are not for today, nor for this year. They reach long. First we have a little business with the patroon. Then, because of that, we have a little business with the family of Schuyler, and then with the Livingstons and Van Cortlandts and all. We work always with the idea to become confidential banker to these people. When that day comes we are of consequence. We are concerned in everything, and many people who are not so important as these will wish to do business with us. Money is to be made where money is."

The grave baby wriggled and made inarticulate sounds possibly indicative of delight.

"By twenty years," said Jan, "we will be rich. It will have been forgotten we started as poor tenant farmers. Not forgotten of me, perhaps, because I am as I am. But forgotten of you and of this little brother to come. Because you will be brought up, not like papa but like gentlemen—like sons of the patroon himself. You will be fit to sit at tables and talk with fine ladies. And it is my plan for you to marry with fine ladies."

He was silent a moment, considering those future possibilities with satisfaction. "So," he went on, "tonight is important. Even kings like to make money. If I can show to these gentry how I can make money for them, then they will be my friends. The more money I make for them the more my friends they will be. That is so. I think the patroon is pleased with this plan to send out ships, for he does not like Mr. Jefferson and the Virginians. No, he has even been reported to say that New York and New England should withdraw from this Federation and set up for themselves. As many people say here and in Massachusetts. So he will be for a plan that will do harm to Mr. Jefferson's plans." He paused. "But for all that, I think Gallatin is a good man. He knows about money."

The baby whimpered and Jan galloped him on his knee with stolid efficiency until the crying ceased.

"But, mind you, little Jan, I think and I shall teach you to think that no state should withdraw out of this country. Because this country will be big and great. So it must stand together and grow all together and not in pieces. All must think of the United States as one country and not as more than a dozen countries tied together with string. Which, I believe, is what will come about, and those who know it and believe it and have the brains, my son, to work along with it will become very rich indeed. And now you must go to sleep, little Jan, and not bother your head with business any more tonight."

He carried the baby up the stairs and gave him into the sullen arms of his wife.

"We have been talking business," he said gravely. "He will grow into a great banker. He listens and he understands."

"You are a great fool," said Phœbe, and then, "Why do you never talk with me?"

"For two reasons," said Jan placidly: "You would not understand, and you would blab what I say to every ear in the neighborhood."

"If you hold me such a fool," she cried, "why, then, did you marry me?"

"I ask myself that many times," said Jan with grave honesty and with no intent to prolong or embitter a quarrel. "I understood very well why I wanted to marry with you then, but those reasons did not seem to be good reasons after I had done it."

"Well, you did it, so make the best of it," she said.

"I do that," he said, nodding his head. "Always I do that."

He bent over the baby and kissed him on the cheek. "Good night, little Jan," he said as if speaking to one of equal age. "Do not forget what we talk over. It is important."

A queer and contradictory young Dutchman—Jan Van Horn. Phlegmatic and placid to the eye, not easily moved to wrath or to mirth, but with depths to him capable of being stirred, and not devoid of sentiment which sometimes verged dangerously upon the sentimental. Very simple, he, and direct; moving inflexibly in a straight line from cause to effect, but capable of unexpected detours about an obstacle merely to view the scenery, if there seemed need for it. And, strangest of all, dominated by imagination which promised already to develop into vision. Perhaps that came from his father of the wandering foot and the mouth full of gossip. Who can say? But it was an imagination and a vision gaited to the facts and trained to trot in team with cold reason and keen consideration of the facts. This, undoubtedly, was his heritage from Anneke.

He descended the stairs to his countingroom, where, far into the night, by flickering candle, he made figures upon paper, neat legible logical figures which had to do with the cost of ships and of outfitting, of the payment of crews and the duration of voyages, with the selling price of cargoes of such commodities as furs and tobacco in this foreign port and that foreign port, and with the costs and selling prices in America of what cargoes it was advisable to fetch upon the return voyage.

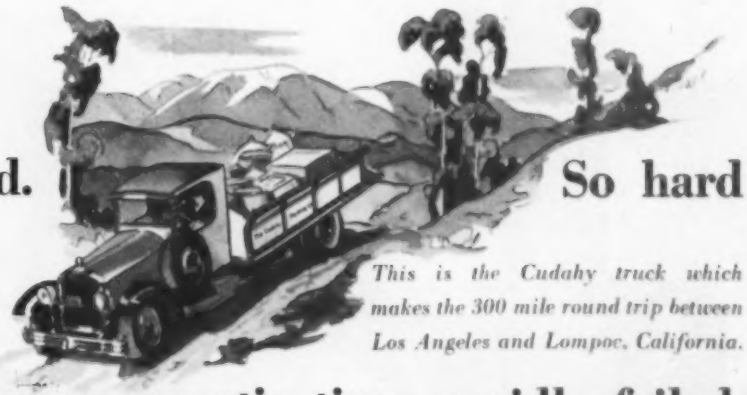
These facts he docketed neatly, never overestimating, rather underestimating, the possible profits in his conservative way. When he had made the matter so clear in figures that a child might understand them, he rechecked them for error and found none. Then, for his own private use, he calculated where and how Jan Van Horn might profit and how adroitness and willingness to serve and the necessity for secrecy on the part of his aristocratic patrons would redound to his advantage.

"If Mr. Jefferson holds to this embargo," he said to himself, "Phœbe can have her carriage before three years. And I take no risks. No penny of mine is in the venture. I am a banker, and a banker uses the money of others for their profit and his own."

Indeed, according to the terms of his plan, no money of his associates would be used directly, only their credit. Their notes of hand. As a banker Jan would be delighted to have in his strong box the notes of hand of such gentlemen as these—at a proper interest and possibly with some reasonable premium, in view of the risks of the enterprise. Risks, however, in which the bank would not share, for in those troubled times there were few investments more secure than the personal obligations of the landed gentry whose wealth lay in estates not capable of being debased as was the currency or wares and merchandise subject to the fluctuations of malign political events. Jan was content. He and his associates might gain a fortune; he, Jan

(Continued on Page 85)

Out on the coast a truck runs from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara and Lompoc—fast trip, heavy load. So hard



This is the Cudahy truck which makes the 300 mile round trip between Los Angeles and Lompoc, California.

was the service that high pressure pneumatic tires rapidly failed, and tire costs were so high that the run was about to be abandoned.

Then Goodyear Truck Balloons were tried. The first set averaged 59,063 miles, with three of the original tires still running.

Here's the new tire for the new service conditions of the fast, long haul.

Cool-running GOODYEAR Truck Balloons stand up magnificently under modern truck speeds. Wouldn't you like to have such tires on your trucks, too?

Goodyear Truck Balloons are bringing truck tire costs back to levels even lower than they were before trucks stepped up to the speed and traveling range of passenger cars.

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Ask Your

Stuffed Red Cabbage *with* Creamed Carrots

It has recently been said by a noted authority on foods that the lack of interest in vegetables by fathers and sons is a reflection on our cooking.

MUCH, of course, depends on the "creaming." You want your sauce rich and creamy. You want to retain all the valuable substances and fine flavors of the vegetables. You do both when you use Pet Milk for the creaming. You make your creamed vegetables so good your family will always want them creamed. You'll give them the much-to-be-desired "cream and butter" taste plus the better vegetable substance and flavor. And you will give your family better, more wholesome food — follow the approved health rule — put more milk in the diet.

The Milk Makes The Difference

Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, you dilute it with an equal part of the cooking water from the vegetables — fresh or canned. Your sauce will be rich and creamy and nothing is lost either in substance or flavor of the vegetables. If bottled milk were used you'd have to throw away the water, or use more butter and flour and still not have the important milk solids which the Pet Milk sauce contains.

In Many Other Ways

For every use you have for cream or milk, Pet Milk better serves the need. Pet Milk is so rich that you can whip it. You can make frozen or gelatine desserts that have the texture and taste you'd get from cream. And the desserts are better in all respects than cream can make — better, because they have the "whole-milk" richness — the quality that makes milk — *not* cream — the most nearly perfect food.

The Most Severe of Tests

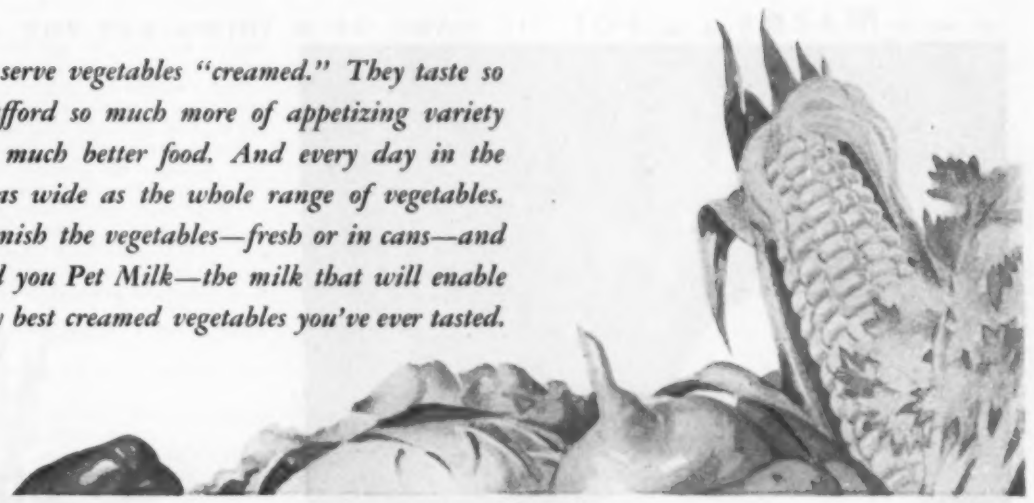
Specialists have proved Pet Milk to be the best of milk for babies, because it is surely safe, uniformly rich and more easily digested than ordinary milk. The same qualities make it superior milk for children to drink.

At Less Cost

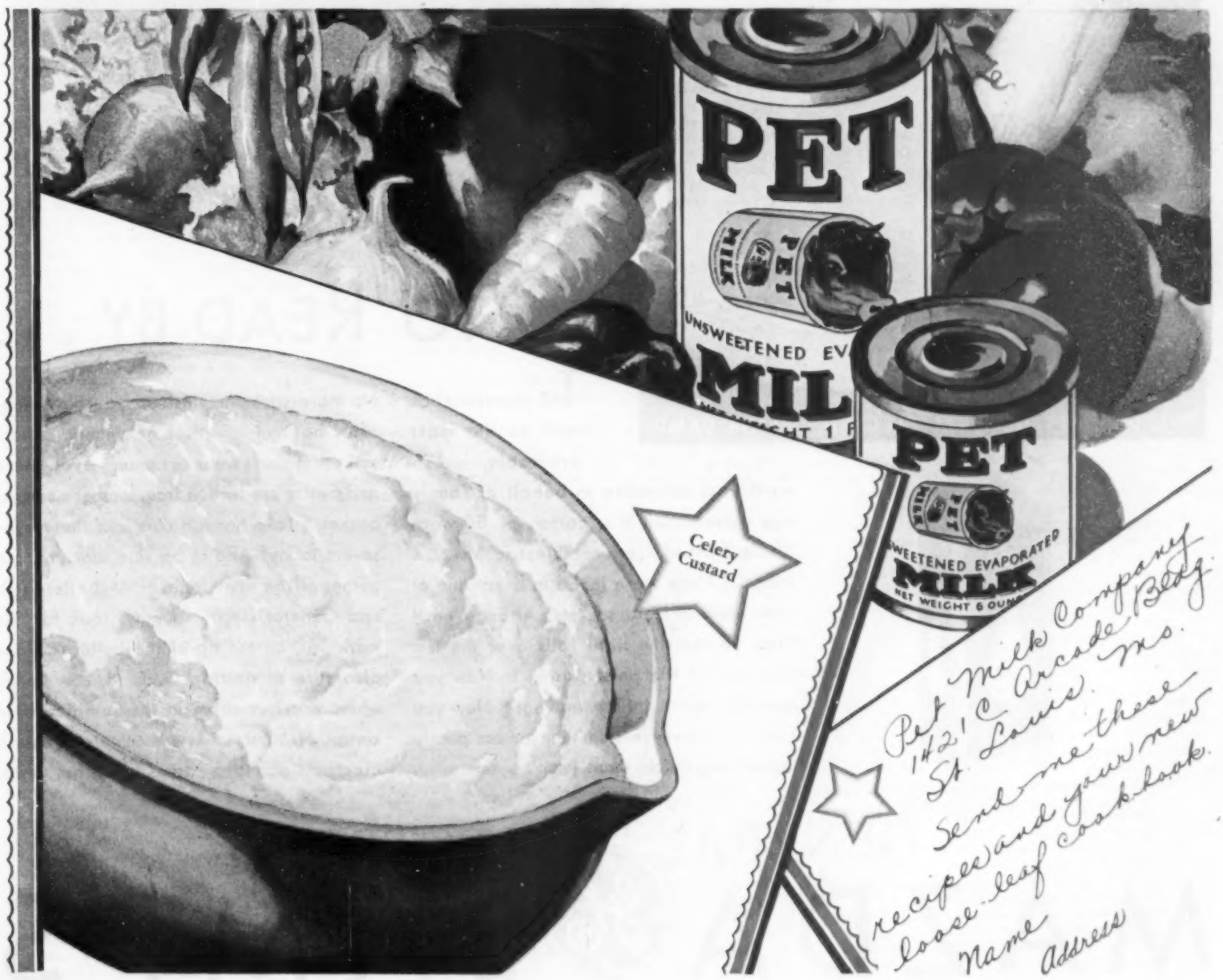
It's strange, but true, that these creamed vegetables that taste better, and are better, cost less when Pet Milk is used. Because you can get it from your grocer, it costs less than the milk in bottles delivered on your doorstep—costs less than half as much as cream. Yet it is the purest, safest, richest of milk.

Let us send you, without charge, our recipe book, containing more than 200 specially prepared recipes—balanced menus, and the reasons why Pet Milk is the best of milk for every cream and milk use. Mail the coupon!

It's a crime not to serve vegetables "creamed." They taste so much better—they afford so much more of appetizing variety —and they ARE *so much better food. And every day in the year your choice is as wide as the whole range of vegetables. Your grocer will furnish the vegetables—fresh or in cans—and with them, he'll send you Pet Milk—the milk that will enable you to make the very best creamed vegetables you've ever tasted.*



Grocer



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Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday at 9 P. M., E. S. T. on the nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 80)

Van Horn, and his bank could not lose. It was such a transaction as delighted his soul.

VII

JAN walked to the tavern wearing his beaver hat and his blue coat with the shining buttons. He kept no horse and required to hire one for the ride to the manor house. Already the post rider from Hartford had arrived, it being a Friday, with his bundle of newspapers and mail, and loungers were discussing the latest budget from Washington. Mr. Jefferson, it seemed, had declined to run for President a third time; New England Federalists were openly discussing a plan for separation from the Union, and the Massachusetts legislature, hotly anti-Jefferson, drew up a protest declaring the embargo and its enforcement act to be unjust, oppressive and unconstitutional, and John Quincy Adams was risking unpopularity and political oblivion by espousing the Jeffersonian cause. There was ample fuel to keep fires of discontent burning, what with internal hatreds and talk of foreign wars.

"If 'tain't a-goin' to be Jefferson, then who be we a-goin' to have? Somebuddy wuss?" This from a wagoner with mud on his boots.

"Looks like mebby Clinton," suggested another. "Him bein' Vice President."

Jan shook his head. "Jefferson'll give it to a Virginian; he won't tolerate any New York man. It'll be Madison or Monroe, and most likely Madison. Monroe's been snugglin' up to John Randolph and them others. Pinckney and Rufus King hain't strong enough to make headway against the Republicans."

"And Kaintucky and Tennessee a-yawpin' fur war," said the wagoner, spitting accurately at a crawling insect on the porch. "Jest when the farms is a-gittin' back to where they was after the Revolution we got to git into another fracas. All the hard luck falls on the farmers, seems as though."

"Hark!" exclaimed the landlord with uplifted hand. "Hain't that the Red Bird a-comin'?"

They listened, with necks craned down the street, and nodded heads in agreement. "There she comes sure enough, and on time to the minute. Hear them bells a-jinglin'."

Then swept into view the great Red Bird stage, painted a bright carmine, drawn by four dusty horses accoutered in brass-mounted harnesses whose bells jangled sharply the gala news of the approach. The huge equipage dashed up before the tavern and stopped in a style approved by all except the passengers, who lurched into one another's laps as the horses were pulled back upon their haunches and the grinning driver leaned downward to spit and to grin and to say in his hoarse voice, "Here we be ag'in and with throats dryer'n Pharaoh's army. The ale hain't run out, landlord?"

Ready hands assisted with the baggage and curious eyes watched the disembarkation of the passengers, of whom the last was a foreign-seeming woman who, fussily and using volubly the French tongue, aided a little girl of some twelve or thirteen years.

They stood a trifle bewildered by all the scurry and clamor, noticed by Jan alone of those who made themselves so officious about the stage. It was evident to his eyes that here traveled some young personage accompanied by maid or governess, and his shrewd eyes studied the child with that interest which he always manifested in anything new or strange or outside his experience.

The Frenchwoman stamped her little foot. "Dolts!" she exclaimed. "Do you make us to stand down in the mud and then nossing is happen! Nex' will come the red Indians to make the massacre! We come on the veesit to thees so-barbarous place, and it is permit we stand in the mud weeth none to help."

"Hush, Andrée," said the little girl. "Hush. There are no red Indians. My cousin will be here to take charge of us."

She was very small and to Jan's eyes very lovely, as one of those princesses who had moved through the fairy tales Anneke had told to him in his babyhood—petite and fair and fragile, but somehow dauntless and not to be frightened by strange places or rude men. He came down off the steps and bowed, not altogether awkwardly.

"Maybe I can help," he suggested.

The princess smiled up at him graciously. "My cousin was to have met us, if the mails have not been delayed or gone astray. We come from New York to visit Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer and his family. Can you say if Mr. Van Rensselaer is in town?"

"He is not," said Jan, "nor any of his people."

"Oh," exclaimed the princess, and her eyes grew big.

"It looks," said Jan, "like the patroon wan't expecting you."

"Behold!" cried the Frenchwoman. "Did I not say it? We have venture among savages to be abandon. *Hein!* Did I not say thees is a journey of misfortune?"

"Do be still, Andrée. And how, sir, may we reach Mr. Van Rensselaer's house?"

Jan considered. Here was an emergency which his equipment did not make him efficient to meet. A cousin of the patroon! With such people one was not forward, and yet here was an opportunity to be of service. If one did not venture one did not gain.

"I am on my way to the manor house," he said, and then added with just pride, "to dine. I was going to ride, but the landlord can get a carriage ready and I will drive you there—if ——" He paused diffidently, his apple cheeks redder than was their wont.

"If what, sir?" asked the princess.

"If," he said, "you do not think my offer forward."

"We shall be vastly obliged," she said with a cunning affectation of age and sophistication. "See," she said to the Frenchwoman, "this young gentleman rescues us before we hear a single war whoop!"

"Will you step into the parlor," Jan suggested, "while I see to horses and a conveyance?"

"Young gentleman!" snorted the Frenchwoman. "Young gentleman! How do we know it? Eh? How do we know he is not the robber? How do we know he will not drive us into thees forest to rob and murder?"

"Don't be a ninny," said the princess briskly. "Anybody can see he is a young gentleman."

"Anybody," said the Frenchwoman, "can make to buy the blue coat and buttons that glitter."

But already, in her most mature manner, the princess had placed her little hand in Jan's arm and was being escorted to the parlor of the tavern, leaving her companion to follow as best she could.

"I," said the princess, "am Mary Phillipse, and I think you should tell me your name if I am to ride in a carriage with you."

"My name is Jan Van Horn."

"And you are a friend of my cousin Stephen's?"

"I do not presume so far," said Jan. "I am his banker," he explained, permitting himself some measure of exaggeration, "and tonight I dine at his table."

She regarded him with sparkling, eager blue eyes. "How old are you, Mr. Jan Van Horn?" she asked.

"Twenty-five," said Jan.

"Oh! I shall be twenty-five myself in—in only twelve years. Bankers are very rich, aren't they?"

"Some of them," said Jan.

"Aren't you?" she asked directly. It was her way to be direct, and somehow it rose well with her petite loveliness. There was the charm of the unexpected in her occasional bluntness.

"I shall be," said Jan confidently. "Now ——" And again he hesitated, this time if he should address her as Madam, or as Miss Phillipse, or with what other formality. He could not answer the question, so he omitted the form altogether. "Now I will see to the horses."

When he had left the room the woman Andrée turned to her charge, who, indeed, seemed to be no charge, but the commander of the expedition. "Behold!" she exclaimed. "You make to precipitate yourself. You trust to strangers. It is not becoming."

"He is a very rich banker," said Mary Phillipse reprovingly, "and he is dining in my cousin's house. If he dines in my cousin's house he is a person of consequence." And then: "He is twenty-five years old."

It was to the new manor house where they drove, that stately and urbane structure in the Georgian manner, with its great central block flanked by wings of one story, with its portico of four columns reached by broad, hospitable steps. This dwelling, completed in 1765, had served not only as the home of the patroons, but, as was the case with the ancient manor house, the seat of the local manorial government.

Its interior, enriched with paneling and carved woodwork, was even more distinguished than its gracious exterior. Spacious rooms furnished in exquisite taste and appointed with all the comforts and elegancies afforded by the age, it was a home worthy of the high traditions of its tenants and of the lofty character of the man who was tonight welcoming Jan Van Horn to his board.

Jan himself might have walked to the patroon's, but a certain touch of vanity and a slight tinge of the dramatic had made it seem to him more fitting that he should hire a horse for the short ride and arrive in the saddle. Now, thanks to that good fortune which so often during his busy life sought means of furthering his cause, he came as the protector of the patroon's cousin. Instead of arriving alone and unheralded upon a horse, he was to appear in a carriage with a lovely little relative whom he had rescued from a slight unpleasantness. It made a difference which Jan was quick to see. It would warm the welcome with which he would be received and, in a measure, change his status. He was very well pleased with himself as he took his seat by little Mary Phillipse's side.

It was the first time in his life that he had ever encountered a lady of quality in a way purely social; the first time he ever had been accepted by so lofty a person as an equal. It was an experience, even though the lady of quality was but thirteen years old. But it established something; it made apparent to him a possibility upon which he had never reflected—that the time might come when he would be received upon a footing of equality by the aristocracy. If he could so be dealt with by one, he might so be dealt with by many; and the material advantages of that were apparent.

Everything Jan did or thought up to this moment had dealt with material advantages; his whole life, with its energies, had been given single-mindedly to advancing his financial fortunes; and so long as he lived this would continue in the main to be the way with him. Deliberately he had set out to build an edifice—an edifice of dollars. Since the arrival of his son and the promised arrival of another child, this edifice had taken on a new form and a new purpose: it was to be a family edifice. Vaguely he had heard of the great banking families of Europe—the Medicis, who had emerged from the countingroom to occupy thrones and papacies; the Fuggers, who had mounted to magnificence upon the discounted notes of kings. Latterly there had come rumors of a new family over in Frankfort—the Rothschilds—who were clambering upward by the way of exchanges and underwritings and the commercial paper of the great. And from the dim stories he heard of these families he fashioned an axiom: The way to fortune is to supply the magnificent with money to maintain their magnificence. Already he was setting his feet upon that path.

"Don't you want to talk to me?" asked Mary Phillipse suddenly.

"Why," said Jan, aroused from his reverie, "yes."

"Then," asked Mary pertly, "why don't you? Is my cousin having a party tonight?"

"Only a business gathering," said Jan.

"At which his banker must be present! Oh, la! It must be wonderful to be so important! What do bankers do?"

"They deal in money," said Jan.

This, apparently, did not interest her. "Are you married?" she asked with that quaint directness of hers.

"Yes."

"Then where is your wife? Why isn't she going to dine with my cousin?"

It was a moment before Jan answered this innocent question. Why was not his wife going to dine with the patroon? It rather shocked and awakened him. In a flash he saw that his wife never would be asked to the table of the Van Rensselaers or the Schuylers or the Livingstons or the Phillipses. It was impossible. Phœbe would not be tolerated by them because she was not of them, nor, he perceived clearly, would she be able so to adapt herself as to become of them. It was a serious matter. Clearly he perceived the seriousness of it, the menace of it to the career he was planning for himself. But even then, in this awakening, he accepted the fact as a fact. There was nothing he could do. He had married Phœbe and there she was, so he must get on in spite of her. He accepted the condition as incurable, for it did not occur to his solid Dutch mind that a wife might be put away as, for instance, Napoleon put away Josephine for dynastic reasons. The dynastic reasons were present, but Jan was no Napoleon. In him resided a solid, basic loyalty, not so much to individuals as to accomplished facts.

"My wife is ill," he said.

"Is she very beautiful?" asked Mary.

Beautiful! That was a word not in Jan's vocabulary or in that of the Dutch husbandmen among whom he had grown to maturity. A woman might be pretty—but beautiful! Beauty was for the aristocracy; prettiness for dairy maids and bakers' daughters. He regarded Mary Phillipse, and so acquired some understanding of the difference between this prettiness he knew and that beauty of which she inquired so casually.

"She is pretty," he said honestly.

"Pretty! Pretty! I hate and despise that word. It is not a nice word. I would rather be hideous than pretty. Shopkeepers' wives are pretty."

Jan turned his grave, gray eyes upon her. "My wife is a shopkeeper's daughter," he said.

"Oh," she cried, suddenly delighted—a thing for which he could see no reason—"a shopkeeper's daughter! A romance! The rich banker marries the poor shopkeeper's beautiful daughter! I vow it is like a play. And do you love her very much? And was there frightful opposition to it by your family? And did you carry her away in spite of every obstacle?"

"My family," said Jan, thinking of Anneke and her warnings, "were not pleased. But I married with her anyhow."

"Married with her! What a quaint thing to say! But"—her lovely, pert little face grew grave—"is she received?" This, to her, would be the ultimate calamity. Not to be received! To be excluded from the world she knew and to which she was accustomed. Not to be welcomed in the manor houses along the lordly Hudson; to be excluded from the society of the reigning families of New York and of Philadelphia and Virginia! Vaguely she had heard of persons who had lost caste and against whom those hospitable but exclusive doors had been closed. She regarded him anxiously, awaiting his reply.

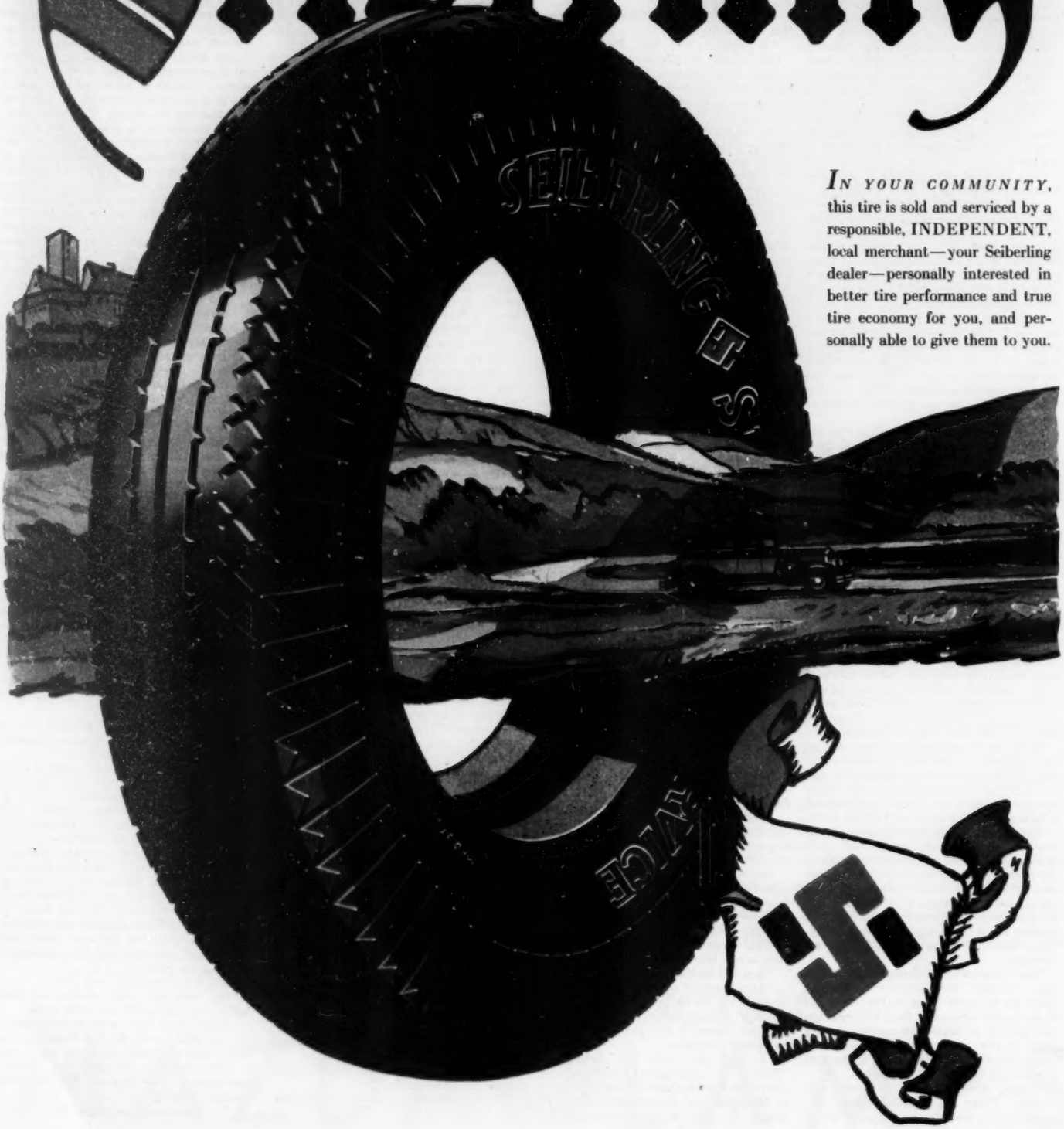
"She is not received," said Jan.

"Oh," she said, and touched his arm lightly, pityingly, with her little hand.

"There," said Jan, "is the manor house." He was glad, for he did not know how to parry these questions which rendered him so uncomfortable, aroused such apprehensions and made him so acutely aware of Phœbe.

(Continued on Page 88)

Seiberling



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The fact that Seiberling users consistently report a far finer tire performance, throughout a much longer tire life, furnishes the real basis of true tire economy. It is a clear case of thousands on thousands of motorists discovering for themselves that great tire value proceeds only out of a great tire quality, fairly priced and properly serviced. . . . Quality capable of yielding extraordinary value is not a new thing with Seiberling. As a matter of truth, it has been so closely identified with Seiberling tire building for more than 30 years that the term Quality and the name Seiberling are synonymous today. . . . The new Seiberling Special Service Balloon is actually a finer achievement than even Seiberling ever before could build. . . . The Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 85)

Suddenly her eyes snapped. "I wonder why Cousin Stephen was not to meet me. I shall ask him very pointedly."

Then the carriage stopped before the broad steps and a black slave in livery hurried down to stand at the step. But before the child could be assisted to alight, Stephen Van Rensselaer came from the door and ran down the steps, uttering expressions of astonishment and welcome.

"Why, it is little Mary! This is indeed a surprise and a delight! However did you get here, child? Why were we not informed of your coming?"

"There was a letter," said Mary somewhat coldly out of the depths of her freshly realized grievance.

"A letter. But it has not arrived. And you came by Red Bird stage!" His eyes fell for the first time consciously upon Jan, and brows lifted with surprise. "And Van Horn! A good evening to you, Jan."

"He rescued me," said Mary. "When the stage came and we were all surrounded by ruffians who spat, and there was no soul to meet us, and we did not know what to do, then Mr. Van Horn was very gallant and made all the difficulties to disappear. Did you not, Mr. Van Horn?"

Jan blushed rosily. "I tried to be of service, sir," he said.

"For which I am very grateful to you," said the patroon. "And now will you come into the house?" He smiled at Jan in his gracious way. "We are fortunate that you were on hand, sir."

"I was fortunate," said Jan, not without dexterity, although he meant no adroitness of speech. He was stating the fact as it appeared to him. He had been fortunate.

VIII

FIVE gentlemen conferred in the patroon's office that evening after the graciously served dinner; they conferred and the conference was hotly political rather than keenly financial. To put a thorn in the side of the Virginia Dynasty in the person of Mr. Jefferson seemed of greater importance to those Federalist grandees than did the making of money in a pleasantly adventurous and indubitably illegal manner. They talked around Robin Hood's barn—of nullification, of the trial of Aaron Burr in Richmond and the strange outburst of that odd, red-haired figure from the woods of Tennessee, by name Andrew Jackson. It seemed the Government had brought on Mr. Jackson to testify against Mr. Burr, but had been disappointed and no little alarmed when, with gleaming eye, unrestrained voice and bristling red hair, that gentleman had roared in the streets his conviction of Burr's innocence and of the perfidy of the prosecution. Mr. Burr had dined at all their tables—that sleek, clever, political, possibly farseeing, but certainly charming man born under an evil star.

"If these things continue," said the patroon, with his habitual restraint, "I fear it will come to a point of cleavage."

"The rag, tag and bobtail," said a Van Cortlandt, "are with Jefferson and his impiety and his French demagoguery."

"New York and New England," said Schuyler, "are the strength of this country. It is here her commerce centers and here are her chief population and prosperity. I cannot but feel we will do well to withdraw."

"Sir," said Jan Van Horn earnestly, "that would be a pity."

"And why, young man?"

"Because, sir, with New Orleans in our possession, giving the West an outlet to the sea, and with the invention of this new machine for removing the seeds from cotton, our Southern regions will become rich and populous. I foresee, sir, a day when cotton will be one of the chief resources of this land. Already the growing of it spreads tremendously."

"And is that a reason for preserving intact a loose and irksome federation?"

"It is one reason, sir. One of many. I ask you to think, sir, of the increase in population and in importance of those new states of Kentucky and Tennessee! A dozen years ago or less they were wilderness." Jan's eyes glowed. "Beyond them will come other states and beyond them other states, until the United States will be a vast empire reaching from sea to sea. That, sir, is my chief reason for wishing the Federation to be preserved—so that it may be one empire, sir, and not many quarreling, jealous, crowding independencies."

"The young man is a dreamer," said Van Cortlandt.

"A dreamer of very solid dreams," said the patroon, "and a layer of very solid plans. I take it, sirs, that we are in agreement as to the feasibility and desirability of Mr. Van Horn's suggestion as to a company of adventurers?"

"If for no other reason than to irritate the Virginia king makers," said Schuyler.

"Be specific, young man," said Van Cortlandt in his growling voice.

"I propose," said Jan, "that a company of adventurers be formed with a charter from this state authorizing us to employ ships in the navigation of the Hudson River and in coastwise commerce. We should buy as many ships as our capital will permit, and cargo them, and then, under cover of coastwise clearances to neighboring ports, they should sail to foreign countries. One ship at least to China, the others to Europe. Ships are cheap, cargoes lie rotting in warehouses. Prices are high abroad, and for foreign goods high at home."

The patroon nodded. "Besides the patriotic service," he said.

The patriotic service did not interest Jan; not that he lacked in that commodity, but his patriotism was neither partisan nor picayunish. His vision was neither circumscribed by teacups nor hobbled by the present moment. What filled his mind was an opportunity for Jan Van Horn, and not so much a money opportunity as a sure chance to attract to himself these men of the Northern oligarchy and to ingratiate himself with them as their man of affairs. Patriotism belonged in its time and place.

"But the money?" asked Van Cortlandt.

"That is my business," said Jan. "It is the business of a banker to supply money to his clients."

"And how?"

"On your notes of hand," said Jan.

"Those," said the patroon in his high way, "are details for Van Horn. Are we agreed upon the main point? I take it we are."

So Jan Van Horn walked home that night in his blue coat and his beaver hat with the signatures of half the reigning houses of New York in his pocket and a very satisfying corner turned in his career. These grand gentlemen had looked little to details, but only to net results—and details were meat and drink to Jan. The company of adventurers consisted of eight—seven gentlemen and Jan, in whose hands were left the toils and ramifications of management. An eighth share was his in return for these manifold services. His bank would supply the money at the going rate of interest and the usual premium for making such a loan, and upon commercial paper which any bank in the land would have been honored to place in the safety of its strong box. It was, in effect, a profitable underwriting, with no risk of loss and a possibility of great gain.

He was to purchase, laden and send upon the seas three ships, and should they sail with good fortune and evade the men-of-war of England and France, one-eighth of the swollen profits would be his. Also, should those swollen profits come to hand, he would have made more than money; he would have cemented to himself the interest and patronage of a group of men whose mere friendship was the smile of fortune. He was content.

The apple-cheeked young Dutchman was never one to stand and let grass grow beneath his feet. On the next morning he set out for Boston, where he examined the situation and purchased a ship; he went as far afield as Baltimore, where he purchased a second; and completed his little fleet in New York. To man the ships and to fill their holds was a simple matter, for seamen roamed the docks and warehouses groaned under surplus weight. But, it seemed to him, evading the embargo and its enforcement act was simplest of all.

New England denied bitterly the constitutionality of the act, and towns petitioned legislatures for redress; Mr. Jefferson was vilified; and Gen. Ben Lincoln, collector of Boston port, resigned an office both unpopular and impossible. Governor Trumbull of Connecticut demanded that his legislature "interpose their protecting shield between the rights and liberties of the people and the assumed power of the general government."

In these troubled waters it was a simple matter for an adroit man to catch fish. Collusion between shipowners and Federal enforcement officers was rampant, and eyes grew weary with constant winking. Hence, before Mr. Jefferson retired in great unhappiness to Monticello, to give place to "the great little Madison," Jan's ships were on the high seas playing at the game of hide and seek with the men-of-war of the emperor and of England. Phlegmatically Jan settled in his seat in the Albany countinghouse to await the decision of fortune.

But now Jan watched for something of vastly greater importance than the return of ships: He watched for the coming of war, for Mr. Jefferson had bequeathed to Mr. Madison a kettle of fish which Mr. Madison seemed unable to cook without boiling over. Also the red man, not so defenseless then, and formidable under the leadership of the great Tecumseh, was restive as the white civilization tramped ruthlessly on his heels and invaded his fastnesses. Tecumseh and the Prophet labored to form a great federation of the tribes and to consolidate the aboriginal strength of the continent. And in this matter Jan had an indirect hand.

To the Indian, wild game was food; to the white men it was rich and salable fur—as a certain rotund German, Astor by name, was demonstrating in his forthright, laborious way. And Jan was interested in furs, for he had ventured certain loans to gentlemen in Albany who were in that lucrative trade. He had even met the German Astor as that indefatigable young man dared the wilderness trails to Canada or went alone with his uncouth accent and his flute into the Indian stronghold of the Long House. Astor had stopped in Albany more than once, and from his lips, in broken English, Jan learned of distant Mackinac and the Great Lakes and the fabled mountains and plains beyond the great river. For Astor, too, was a dreamer and a seer of visions—a seer whose greed for personal gain, whose narrowness, whose stubbornness barred him from the niche of greatness which might have been his.

Furs were exploring the roads into an unknown empire—roads to be followed by frontiersmen, farmers, growers, seekers after peace and prosperity who were to be the fathers of a great population. So Jan, because he believed in that future empire, backed with his money these leather-clad, fearless forerunners. And he profited thereby.

Early in June of 1809, Jan saw the first of his ships enter the harbor of Boston, safe and ladened. He warehoused her cargo, filled her hold again and sent her out once more upon the high seas; and he was able to report to his associates that the profits from that single voyage were nearer to sixty than to fifty thousand dollars. A second vessel evaded the embargo and arrived in July, and the returns of these two crossings of the Atlantic repaid to the company of adventurers the total sum of their investment in the project.

It was not, however, until 1810 that the China ship appeared with its chests of tea, its sandalwood and its spices from the Orient. But it returned. And the profits were tremendous. In the meantime the first two ships had crossed again and again, piling up dollars for the adventurers and enriching Jan.

The story of the China ship is indicative; in a way it is astounding if you have supposed Jan Van Horn to be only a stolid, plodding, determined, tenacious Dutch boy without imagination or adroitness. It shows Jan to be a more complex personage than his simple directness seemed to prove, and it demonstrated a certain suppleness of conscience not altogether running in a parallel line to the teachings of Anneke. This one stroke of business did more to establish his reputation among his associates and among the merchants and bankers of New York than could any amount of honest economy or straightforward business or astute, matter-of-fact banking. First, it caused commercial New York to growl angrily, next, it made commercial and social New York laugh, and thirdly, it forced unwilling admiration.

In 1808, gossip passed along the docks and through the countinghouses of lower Broadway and Wall Street that a four-hundred-ton East Indiaman, The Hindu Princess, was being overhauled and manned and provisioned and ladened for Canton. It was a whisper. The ship was owned, it was said, by a group of adventurers known as The Albany Trading Company. Shoulders were lifted and lips curled. How, then, was such a ship to be smuggled past the patrol boats off Sandy Hook? Or if she cleared with papers which certified her to the coasting trade and a bond given not to touch at any port of a foreign nation, how avoid the penalties? The thing could not be done. No, no. In spite of gossip, she must remain at her wharf, wearing what seafaring men called Madison's nightcap—a contrivance of tar barrels to protect the upper rigging of a ship laid up for an indefinite period.

But this underground seething was cast into the shade by news printed in the Commercial Advertiser of no less a personage than a Chinese princess! Here was romance for you, and romance in an age notably hungry for impossible tales. A Chinese princess sent as a hostage to the ogre Napoleon—a near relation of the emperor! Her ship, so the story went, had been captured by Barbary pirates, from which her rescue had been effected by an American armed merchantman in a tremendous sea fight off Tripoli! No detail was too gaudy; no trapping of the tale too romantic! For there, in the flesh, clad in her robes and her beauty, was the veritable lady from far Cathay, an inmate of the home of no less a citizen than a Livingston!

For two weeks New York goggled at her, craned its necks as she drove through the streets, read of her doings and her garments and her quaint ways. And then came the announcement that a special permission had been granted this Albany Trading Company to send its ship to China for the purpose of carrying home this lady out of a fairy tale. A gesture of friendship from the young American Republic to the ancient Chinese monarchy!

So The Hindu Princess sailed proudly past the patrol boats guarding the Hook; officials saw her in her robes of silk, seated honorably in the cabin drinking tea. And in the ship's hold were commodities destined for the scramble of godowns of the thirteen *hong* merchants of Whampoa, that foreign suburb of Canton where the vessels of the despised Fan-Kwae were permitted to anchor and to be mulcted by this official and that official before permission to lighten ship would be given.

Less gullible minds than the common run, jealous of this coup of the Trading Company, set themselves to investigating the Chinese princess and her high adventures. Nothing was discoverable. It could not be learned what ship brought her to the United States, at what port she had disembarked, or any official evidence to support the fantastic romance. On the other hand, no evidence could be adduced to disprove it. And there they were. Angry protests were made by disgruntled merchants to the President himself. But it was too late. If the Government had

(Continued on Page 93)

Luxurious Transportation

The swift, smoothly gliding sleigh-chair marked the height of luxurious transportation over the frozen canals of old Holland

THIS spring people are weighing car values more carefully than ever before, and thousands are finding through actual cost analysis that Packard transportation need cost *no more* than ordinary motoring. For Packard luxury and beauty *are* more lasting. Thus both good judgment and good taste direct thoughtful motorists to the Packard Standard Eight.

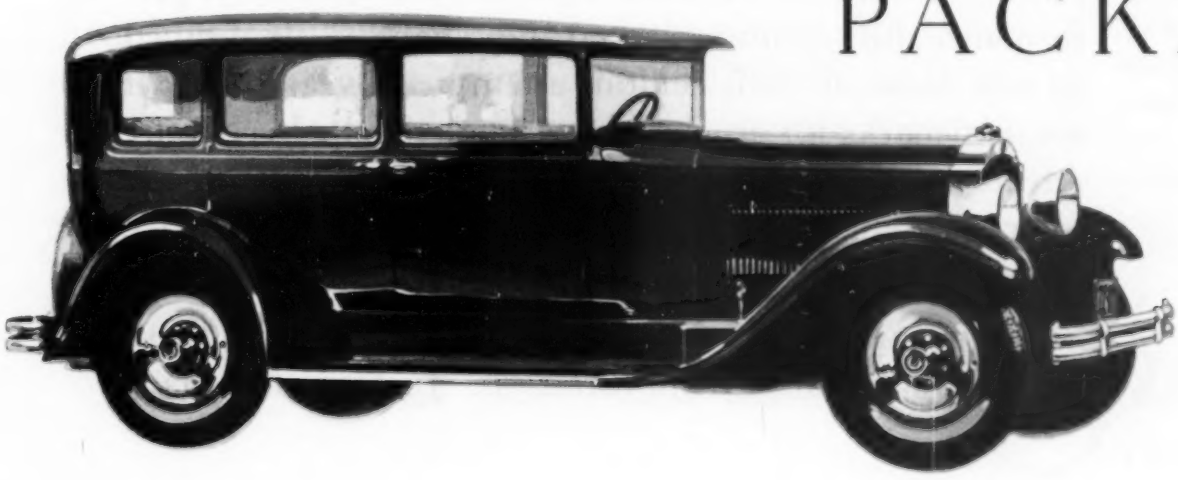
The Packard Standard Eight Five-Passenger Sedan, pictured below, is the most popular of all the distinguished Packard models. And justly so—for it provides Packard luxury at a factory price of but $2485.

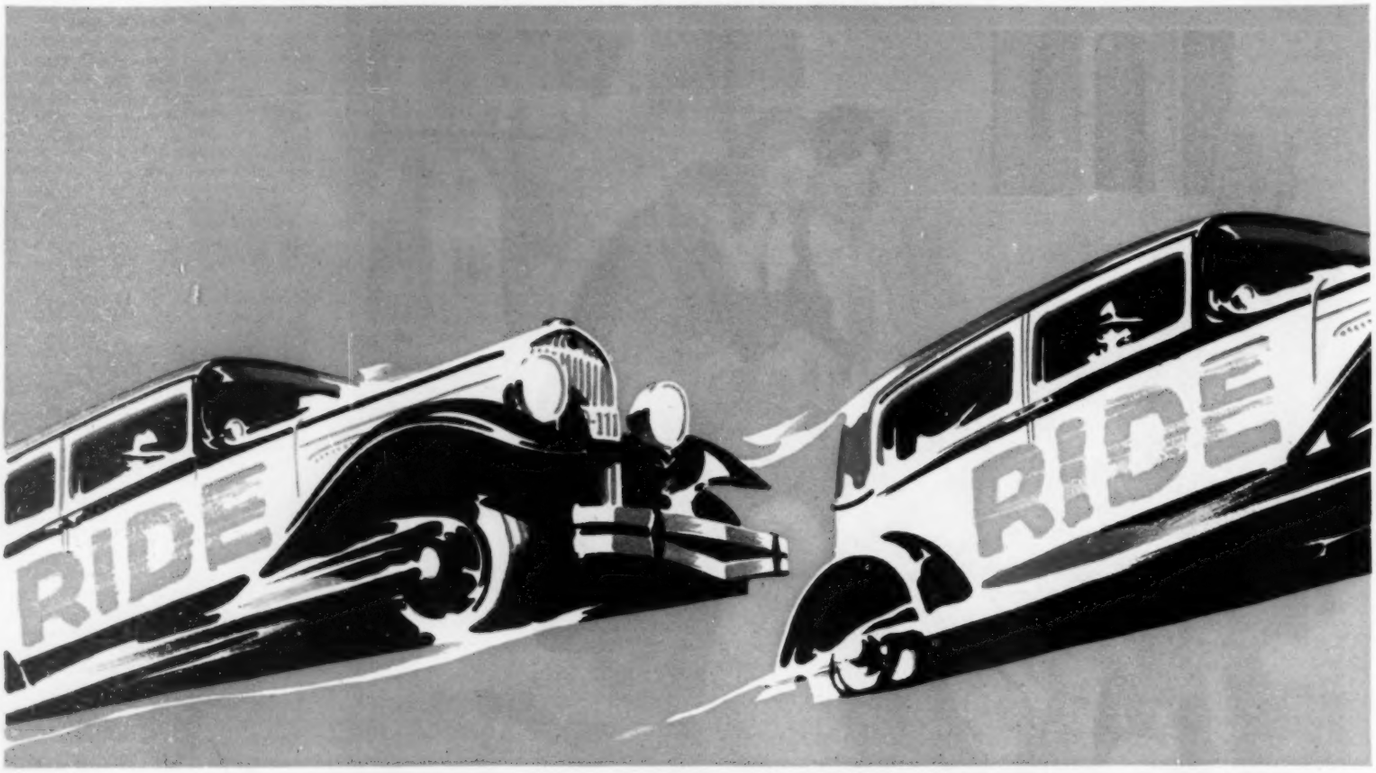
Naturally the Standard Eight Sedan has brought new thousands of owners into the Packard family. It has been the greatest single factor in making the Packard the largest-selling truly fine car in the whole world. For nowhere else can the motorist who wants the best obtain so much in beauty, comfort and distinction—and in performance—for the money he invests.

All that the name Packard means to everyone who knows fine motor cars is provided in the Standard Eight. Everything in design, everything in engineering, everything in materials and workmanship, which Packard can give, is there: Smooth, quiet power in over-abundance, and supreme safety with the newly improved Packard braking system.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD





Know These Challenging Facts

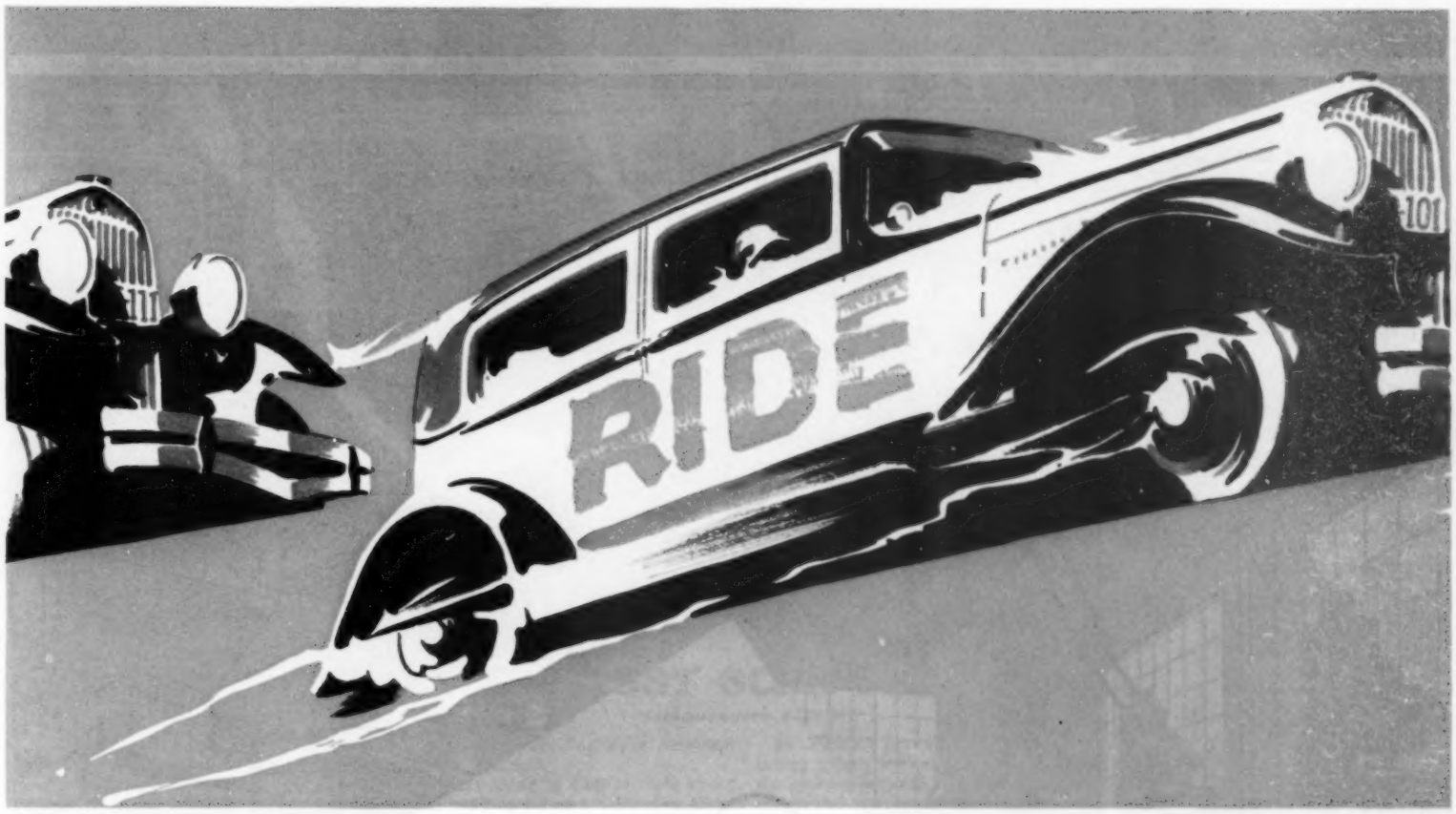
. . *then no lesser car can satisfy*

Come take a ride yourself. Know from personal experience what this brilliant New Essex Challenger can do. Then no lesser car can satisfy.

Its exploits during Challenger Week have swept the country. They were so widely followed and aided by public participation that dealers everywhere are continuing the invitation to Ride—Ride—Ride!

All motordom saw its amazing results in economy, performance, hill-climbing, speed and reliability. It climbed to new fame on hills seldom attempted by any car. It set new marks for acceleration. It established economy results never associated with such performance. It made inter-city reliability and endurance runs that take place with the industry's great marks.

Six thousand dealers stand ready to give you these proofs by personal demonstration. Just as they have



About Motor Car Values . . .

convinced tens of thousands that Essex represents the greatest dollar for dollar value that the industry offers.

When you drive the New Essex Challenger you will observe—in addition to its more dramatic qualities—a smoothness and comfort altogether new in this field. Relaxation contributes a great deal to enjoyment in driving. Essex gears shift easily. Pedals operate with a light touch. Steering and parking are almost effortless. You feel positive security in its four-wheel brakes.

You will be delighted with Essex beauty. Interiors are luxuriously finished. There are eight models and a wide choice of colors at no extra cost. The New Essex Challenger has victoriously proved for thousands the most satisfactory quality car of low cost that the market affords.

Advantages That Challenge

Greater Power—Faster Speed—Quicker Get-away—Added Economy—Smoother Performance at all Speeds A Wide Choice of Colors · Four Two-way Shock Absorbers · Richer Upholstery, Harmonizing Hardware Larger, Finer, Roomier Bodies · Radiator Shutters, Electrolock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge Glare-proof Rear-View Mirror · Disappearing Rear-window Curtain.

The NEW ESSEX *Challenger*

AT A PRICE ALL CAN AFFORD

THE COAT OF METAL PROTECTION

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE—INDUSTRY NEEDS THIS COAT OF METAL PROTECTION

Outside, paint fights a mighty battle against the elements. The sun bakes it. Wind, hail and rain lash it. Smoke and fumes attack it.

In this battle, ordinary paint films break down—must be continually renewed—or else metal rusts, wood cracks and decays.

Aluminum paint brings an entirely new kind of protection to exposed surfaces. Protection that is better—that lasts much longer—a *coat of metal protection*. When it is applied, aluminum paint "leafs". The minute flakes of Alcoa Aluminum which form its pigment overlap. When this paint dries you have a continuous coat of metal protection that is resistant, not only to moisture, but also to corrosive fumes.

Aluminum paint can be brushed or sprayed on economically. Used on inside surfaces of wood, metal, brick or concrete it reflects, diffuses, *uses* light. It cuts down the need for artificial illumination; a point, in itself, that is sufficient recommendation for its use in many cases.

The best aluminum paint is made with Alcoa Albron Powder. It costs no more than other kinds of good paint, it completely hides any undercolor, its silvery sheen never darkens of itself.

Specify Alcoa Albron for Aluminum Paint on your next plant renewal painting. Meanwhile let us send you the booklet, "Aluminum Paint, the Coat of Metal Protection". ALUMINUM COMPANY *of* AMERICA, 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PA. Offices in 19 Principal American Cities.

711

ALCOA ALBRON
POWDER FOR
ALUMINUM PAINT

ALCOA ALUMINUM

(Continued from Page 88)

been hoaxed, it did not propose to admit it. Mr. Madison did not care to be laughed at by his countrymen; so there followed no official investigation from Washington; there came no stirring up of vexed waters, and the Administration hoped piously the matter would speedily be forgotten.

But such affairs cannot be kept secret; the humor of them is too rich to be enjoyed in secret, and the story passed from drawing-room to drawing-room of how a young Dutchman from Albany, Jan Van Horn by name, had evolved and staged the delicious play and plucked the rich plum of official sanction of an evasion of the hated embargo. Jan Van Horn! Who, then, was this Jan Van Horn? New York wished to see him, and it did see him under the wings of no less personages than the patroon himself, of Van Cortlandt, of Livingston, and others of that ilk.

It seemed that a Mr. Elain recalled him, and a Mr. Glover and Dan McCormick—recalled him as a lad of eighteen who arrived in New York to see the sights and at whose maneuvers at the Coffee House auctions they had smiled tolerantly. That was seven years ago, and the uncouth boy with his homemade sloop had traveled far. And was to travel farther. No boarder in an attic room of a Wall Street boarding house now, but a protégé of the great, a coming man already on the way to wealth.

That China voyage established him. It gave him name and standing. It elevated him in the eyes of his associates of the Albany Trading Company to such an extent that, before The Hindu Princess returned from China seas, he had become the personal and confidential banker for two-thirds of the aristocracy along the banks of the Hudson River.

Also Phœbe rode in a modest carriage and owned a silk dress and was seen in furs—furs which Jan obtained for a song from traders whose expeditions into distant Michigan and the forests of the West he had financed.

He had made good his promise to Phœbe West, the baker's daughter, but the making good brought happiness neither to him nor to her.

He was climbing where she could not climb, and something of this she saw and resented bitterly. But there did not reside in her qualities capable of being polished or attributes fitting her for a loftier station. She could only preen her fine feathers and lord it over the wives of shopkeepers. Because her mind was a common mind and her soul a common soul.

As for Jan, there were secret moments when he compared Phœbe with the patroon's lady or with that miss whom he had squired to the manor house upon the evening of his first dinner in that company. The differences between Phœbe and Mary Phillipse struck deep, were in the very marrow of the bone. One was a lady by grace of birth and also by grace of God; the other was Phœbe West, the baker's daughter, and not even the grace of God could make a lady of her.

It was not a pleasant situation for a young man of twenty-five—to stand on the verge of a social acceptance so valuable to his plans and to be clutched by the coat tails and held back from crossing the threshold by a wife who never could be accepted.

Which, to Jan's credit, he never mentioned to Phœbe. He never quarreled with her, or expostulated, or threw in her face her commonness and lack of adaptability. Instead he went ahead in his solid way, thanking God for the two sons she had given him, and vowing in his secret heart that they should make far different marriages than his.

As for Anneke, that wise and observant woman, she, too, was silent, never uttering those most provocative of all words: "I told you so." But she uttered many other words to which Jan listened, for they were founded upon common sense and a tremendous, unshakable honesty.

Her bright eyes glinted at his tale of the China voyage, for she saw the humor of it and the sharpness of it; but she also shook her head dubiously.

"It was smart, son," she said. "It was smart, but it was too close to the line of cheating to suit my taste. Don't get so eager for money, Jan, that you forget how I brought you up. Pay your debts, keep your promises, and let no man say you had the best of him by trickery."

"Mother," said Jan solemnly, "I calculate always to be as honest as folks'll let me be."

"Folks have nothing to do with it, son. If you're honest you're honest. There ain't any ifs nor any buts."

A rigid, uncompromising, Spartan woman! But Jan derived, too, from his father Claas of the wandering foot and the gossiping tongue—a man given to compromise and adroitness.

"I aim," Jan said stubbornly, "to be as honest as I can."

"Then," said Anneke, "I fear for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 36)

4. That all ladies on board a ship not accompanied by husbands, fathers or uncles are in a romantic state of mind and will be only too glad to have you for a chum. [Just try it!]

5. That if you drink plenty of champagne you will not be overcome by seasickness. [Worth trying, but not borne out by facts.]

6. That if you eat a lot and take no exercise, you will escape seasickness. [You may.]

7. That if you eat nothing and take a lot of exercise, you will escape seasickness. [Unproved by experience.]

8. That on the smaller boats you always meet the most interesting people. [Possible. But it sometimes happens that the most interesting people, whether on small boats or big ones, are so sick that they do not want to meet anyone. Personally, the most interesting-looking man on my ship turned out to be a horse doctor from a town in Vermont, who could talk about nothing but spavin.]

9. That the ship's officers just love to take you down to see how the engines work. [They loathe it.]

10. That the passengers on a liner, after two days on the sea, become one great, big, happy family. [Not at all. They spend the entire trip making sour faces at one another.]

11. That all Frenchmen wear beards and say "Ooh-là-là" at frequent intervals. [They do not.]

12. That all French ladies wear red silk stockings and can easily be won by a casual ogle. [If you believe this, and follow it up, you are pretty sure to get a biff in the eye.]

13. That an Englishman would rather die than speak to a stranger without the formality of an introduction. [This has some basis of truth. But if you are on a long railroad journey with an Englishman, after one hour you may say, "Beastly weather, isn't it?" He will wait an hour and then, reply, "Rather." At the end of the third hour, you can say, "Looks like rain, doesn't it?" He will then say nothing, or "Yes," or "No," and at the end of the fourth hour he will say, "Beastly weather, what?" and then you can talk cricket with him, if you know anything about cricket.]

14. That you cannot get any food in England but beef, mutton, cabbage, potatoes and pudding, all boiled in the same woolen blanket. [You can, in the French restaurants.]

15. That you can make a Frenchman or a German understand you by shouting English at him. The louder you shout, the better he will understand you. [Unsound. He probably speaks English or American as well as you do.]

16. That living in Europe costs about half as much as it does in Columbus, Ohio. [It can, but it probably will not.]

17. That any male American can lick any two Britishers, three Germans, six Frenchmen, or uncounted Italians. [Not worth trying.]

18. That if you are a pillar of society at home, you can raise the dickens in any foreign capital, and nobody will notice it. [A hope, but probably a too sanguine one. You can never tell whether Aunt Lucy or the deacon is at the next table.]

19. That, if you spend two days in Berlin, a day in Munich, and a day in old Heidelberg, you are entitled to come home and write a three-hundred-page book called The Truth About Germany. [You are not.]

20. That by putting on a broad *a* and calling a bath a "bawth," you can make the cockney porter at your hotel in London believe that you are a native-born Cholmondeley from an old Shropshire family. [You cannot.]

21. That if you are patient and stick to it, you will learn to love the coffee you get for breakfast in any French hotel. [You never will.]

22. That, after sampling the delights of French cooking, you will never be able to eat American cooking again. [After three months, you will be willing to sell your hope of salvation for a cup of coffee without chicory, a pile of buckwheat cakes and a plate of chicken à la Maryland.]

23. That all Americans are uncouth yahoos, and all Europeans know infinitely more about life, love and everything. [You will find that there are newt-brained, pop-corn minds in every country. And, probably, you'll be glad to get back to Indianapolis.] —RICHARD CONNELL.

DRAWN BY EDMUND JONES

"I Can't Remember the Name of the Book, But it Was Something About Love and Had a Red-and-White Cover"

Limits

I COULD forgive some casual kisses
Filched by you from another's lip,
But if you speak of me as "The Mrs."
I'll pack my baggage, my dear, and skip.

I could forgive, as an error human,
Burglary, larceny—things like that—
But if you call me "Th' Littul Woman,"
Heart of my heart, I will leave you flat.

Murder, forgery, fraud and arson
Would scarcely fracture our married life,
But I'll undo the work of the parson
If ever you mention me as "The Wife"!
—*Berton Braley.*

Rimed Reviews

The Travel Book

SOU'WEST by sou', a tropic isle
Uprears its palms and cedars gummy
Beneath the sky's eternal smile;
The natives call it Yummi-yummi.

In days of yore the warriors bold
Consumed, with tubers chewed and pulpy,
Their vanquished foemen, hot or cold;
They termed these banquets Gulpi-gulpi.

Alas! No longer free and nude,
But forced to wear the skirt or pantie,
They rarely taste their proper food,
Except some ancient aunty-aunty.

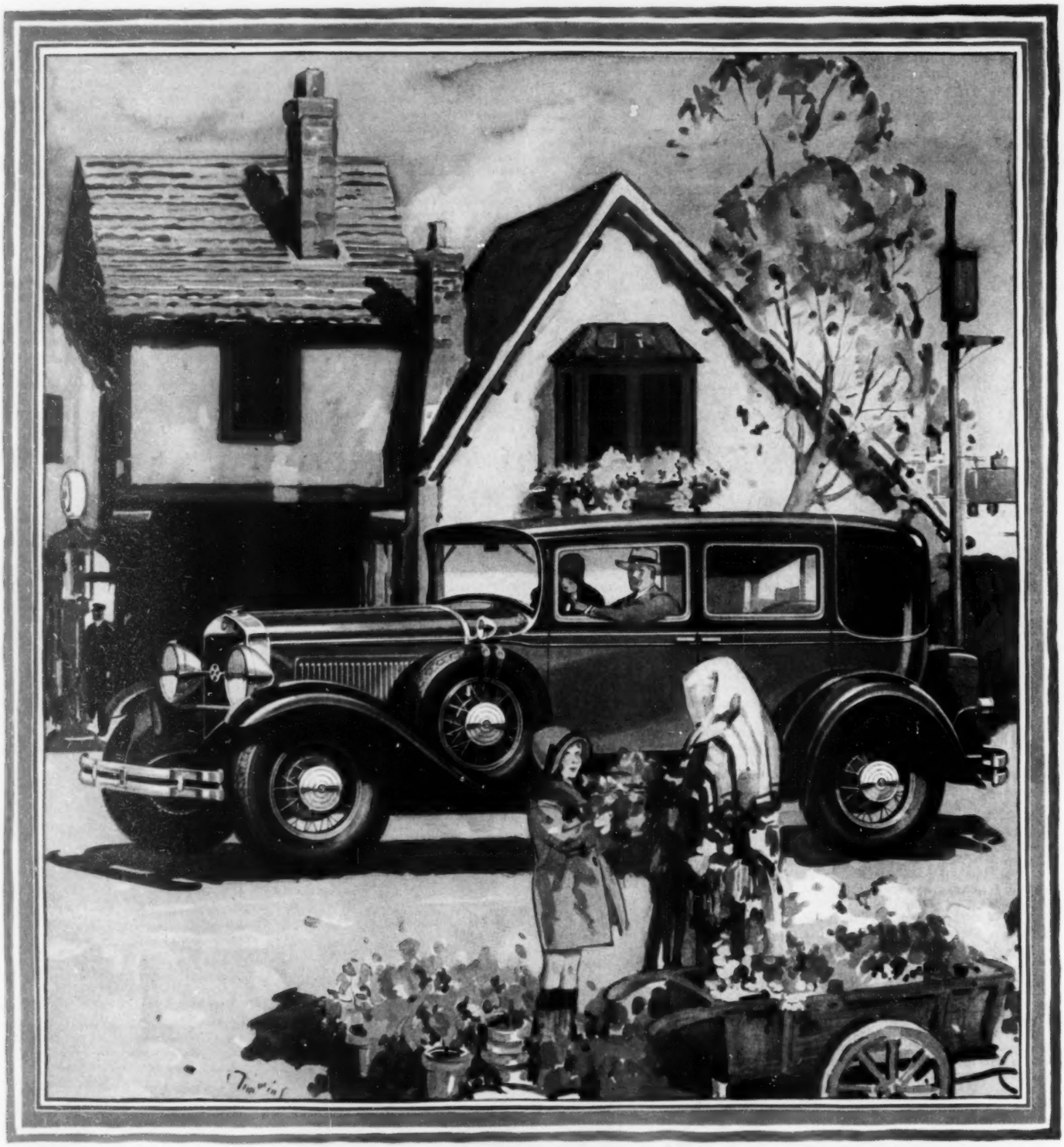
But still their hearts are fond and true,
And none of them is proud and haughty.
You really ought to see them do
Their famous dance, the naughty-naughty.

Their chief was like a pal of mine—
A Mr. Briggs of East Milwaukee—
He ruled, with dignity divine,
Their Senate House, or Talky-talky.

His daughter! Who may parallel
Her artless grace and tawny beauty?
I think she liked me pretty well—
Her lovely name was Cutie-cutie.

And when I had to go away,
The natives left their marshes mucky
And bowered glens in throngs to say
"Bye-bye, bye-bye!" and "Lucky-lucky!"

Among these grave, betrousered men
I yearn, when feeling dull and droopy,
To meet my savage friends again
And help them make their whoopee-whoopee.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

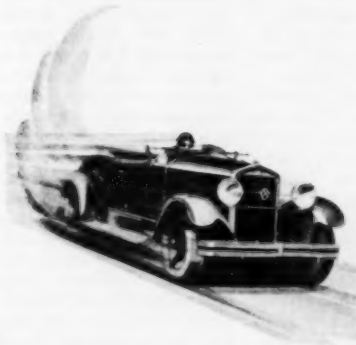


Studebaker Commander Eight Brougham, for five—six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment—$1695 at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra

STUDE

BUILDER OF

STUDEBAKER EIGHTS HAVE *PROVED* THEIR RIGHT TO LEADERSHIP!



BACK of the smart, modern style of Studebaker Eights, is the seasoned capability of world champion performance. These cars hold among them the greatest world and international performance records, and more American stock car records for speed and staying power than all other makes combined.

You can confidently expect finer performance from a Studebaker straight eight than from any other motor car of equal price. There are nearly 100,000 of these great Eights (Presidents, Commanders, Dictators) in owners' hands . . . a certification of sound investment backed by Studebaker's 78 years of business integrity.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA—A. R. Erskine, *President*

Studebaker builds three champion Eights: The Dictator, $1195 to $1415; The Commander, $1495 to $1695; and The President, $1795 to $2595. Studebaker also builds three lines of champion Sixes at lower prices: The Dynamic New Erskine, $895 to $1125; The Dictator Six, $1095 to $1295; The Commander Six, $1345 to $1575. All prices at the factory

Only in a STUDEBAKER can you obtain Champion Straight Eight Performance plus—

THE NEW FULL POWER MUFFLER—pioneered by Studebaker

FRICTIONLESS BALL-BEARING SPRING SUSPENSION—also pioneered by Studebaker

HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS—control the action of long semi-elliptic springs

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES—which give smooth, positive control at all speeds.

DUPLATE SAFETY GLASS—protection from flying glass

ONE-PIECE STEEL-CORE STEERING WHEEL—thin-grip, more convenient and safer

ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEAT AND STEERING COLUMN—tailor-made comfort

CAM-AND-LEVER STEERING—feather-weight control aided by Timken bearings

AUTOMATIC RADIATOR SHUTTERS—controlled by the thermostat

DOUBLE-DROP FRAME—costlier, but safer

BODIES STEEL-SHEATHED OVER HARDWOOD FOUNDATION—the accepted fine car coachcraft

LANCHESTER VIBRATION DAMPER—giving marked smoothness to power flow—also clutch torsional damper

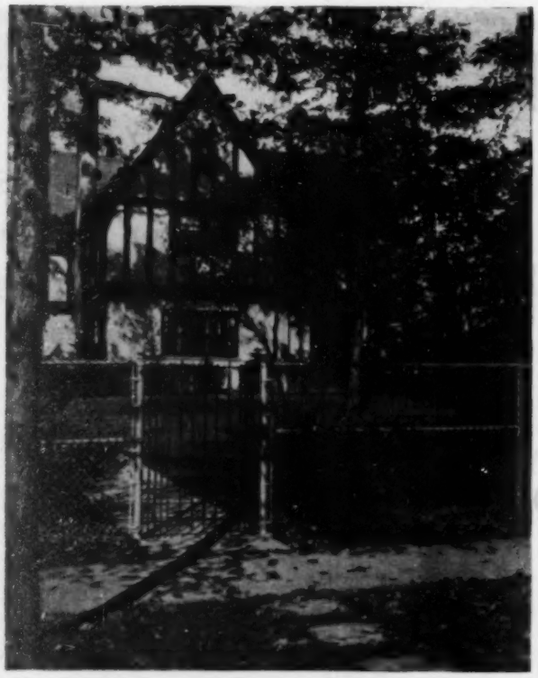
LOCK TO STEERING AND IGNITION—pioneered by Studebaker

THRIFTY PERFORMANCE; Low gasoline consumption

STYLE which interprets Championship Spirit

BAKER

CHAMPIONS



Keep Intruders OUT!

Protect your country estate or city home with Cyclone Fence

Cyclone Fence for Country Estates

In two minutes' time, a single intruder can destroy landscaping that is almost priceless in value and takes years to replace . . . Why risk this damage? Protect your property and be free from intrusion. Your flowers, shrubs and lawn—the children's playground—everything you call "home" is safeguarded by Cyclone Fence. It insures complete protection and privacy . . . Cyclone sales engineers plan your installation to harmonize with its surroundings. Trained Cyclone men erect your fence. We take complete responsibility.

Write for booklet "The Other Half of Home".

Cyclone Fence
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

All Chain Link Fence is not Cyclone. This nameplate identifies the genuine Cyclone Fence.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY, *General Offices:* Waukegan, Ill.
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Works and Offices: North Chicago, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas.
Direct Factory Branches: Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Charlotte, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Davenport, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Hartford, Houston, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Mineola, N. Y., Minneapolis, Mount Vernon, N. Y., New Orleans, New York City, Oshkosh, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, Richmond, Shreveport, St. Louis, Toledo, Tulsa, Wilkes-Barre, Youngstown.
Pacific Coast Division: Standard Fence Company, Oakland, Calif. © C. F. Co. 1930

SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE

(Continued from Page 17)

Both come from the same factory, and are made of the same material and in the same mold; the only distinction being in the color of the stitching and the label.

The reason is not to be found in the ball, nor, in my opinion, is it due to better batting. The explanation is poorer pitching. In the days when a team only carried two or three pitchers, the mound man was not yanked from the box the minute he allowed two hits in succession or gave a base on balls. Knowing that he was not going to be relieved, the pitcher set his teeth and made greater call on his skill, strength and cunning. As it is now, when every club has seven or eight pitchers, no chance at all is given for the development of confidence. Let a pitcher give a base on balls, hit a batter or get rapped for a brace of hits, and the poor devil is at once put under the weakening strain of knowing that relief men have been rushed to the bull pen and are warming up to take his place. With my own eyes I have seen a pitcher quit under these circumstances, and during the years I headed the American League, my umpires frequently reported cases of curling up.

Speaking carefully, even if frankly, I am firmly of the opinion that the pitching of today does not compare with that of fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years ago. There are no men on the mound today—and I do not except Dazzy Vance or Lefty Grove—who can compare with pitchers like Cy Young, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Joe McGinnity, Chief Bender, Eddie Plank, Kid Nichols, Long Tom Hughes, Addie Joss, Three Finger Brown, Ed Walsh and Clarke Griffith. I am not speaking of brilliant single performances, such as the perfect game turned in by Howard Ehmke in the last World Series, but taking the season as a whole, and season after season.

Walter Johnson and old Cy Young, to my mind, were 100 per cent pitchers, possessing everything and lacking nothing. Christy Mathewson, of course, might well be added, but as he was in the National League, I had less opportunity to watch and study him. Cy Young had speed, curves, uncanny control and, for all his country-bumpkin look, was the keenest of all when it came to discovering a batter's weakness. In his twenty-two years of major-league service, Cy won a total of 508 games and lost 311, a grand total of 819. It is a record still unequaled.

Baseball's Fastest Pitcher

It is difficult to estimate Walter Johnson's true greatness, for he was with Washington from first to last, and only in the closing days of his career did Washington show pennant-winning form. Cy Young, on the other hand, had crack teams behind lightning-fast infielders and star fly chasers, every man capable of turning safe hits into putouts. Like Young, Walter had pitching sense, control, courage, and the swiftest ball that ever left a hand.

This is an assertion that is disputed, of course, by those who remember Amos Rusie. Kid Gleason swears that Rusie threw so hard that when he hit a batter, it took five minutes for the ball to fall out of the dent it made. I know others who insist that Rube Waddell had just as fast a ball as Johnson's when he chose to turn it loose, but I studied both men through many seasons, and have no hesitancy in giving the palm to Walter.

This is in no wise a disparagement of Waddell's ability, for along with blinding speed and bewildering curves, he possessed superb control, but nothing was more common for him to do than to disappear on the eve of an important series, wandering off on a fishing trip without even letting the manager know where he was going. Fire fighting was another of his obsessions, and he belonged to scores of volunteer companies all over the country.

It was in 1901, I think, that Connie Mack first heard of Waddell, and asked my help in getting him on from California, explaining that he was a "left-handed nut." I went to my friend Allan Pinkerton, and a detective was sent down from San Francisco to Los Angeles with orders to bring Waddell East. Connie took no chances, however, but met the pair himself at Kansas City, and a good move it proved, for the Pinkerton man was about ready to quit the job. Waddell pitched the Athletics to a championship, but poor Connie finally decided that the nerve strain was too high a price to pay for a pennant, and traded the Rube to St. Louis.

The Rube Warms Up

Never in the world was there such an iron arm as that of Waddell. Once when he was still with Philadelphia, the Athletics were playing St. Louis, and Wee Willie Sudhoff, learning that the Rube was to work against him that afternoon, decided to try out a clever trick. Giving some excuse or other, he persuaded Waddell to meet him at the park two hours before the game, and when the two were in their uniforms, Wee Willie expressed doubt about the Rube's ability to throw from deep center field to the home plate.

Waddell, pleased as a child at the chance to show off, took his position out by the flag pole and began burning them in. Whenever he showed signs of stopping, Sudhoff would bet him that he couldn't do it again. He threw for a full hour, putting every ounce of strength into each throw, and only when Connie Mack came on the ground and had a fit at the sight was the exhibition called off. The St. Louis players were jubilant, figuring that Waddell would have nothing left, but instead of that, the Rube whitewashed them for a score of 1 to 0, and struck out fifteen men.

Bill Friel, the old infielder, was once put out of a game for protesting one of Waddell's third strikes, Bill arguing with the umpire that the ball had never been pitched. At another time, Friel was talking with Joe Sugden about Waddell and boasted that he had always been pretty good when up against the Rube.

"That's so," said Sugden. "I remember one year when you hit hell out of him. You got two fouls."

Long Tom Hughes for a long time deviled the life out of Jake Stahl, then managing the Washington team, and finally I suggested that Hughes be sent on to Chicago for a talk with me. Long Tom denied everything, stubborn and balky as any mule.

"Drink is your trouble, Tom," I said at last.

"Drink?" he shouted. "Why, Mr. Johnson, I never touched a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life."

"Then what in heaven's name do you take?" I demanded.

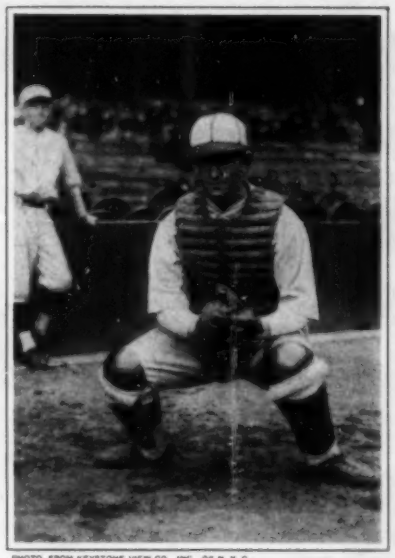
"Not a thing but beer."

It is a widespread and comfortably held belief that baseball has experienced a steady improvement, year by year, and that the game is at its peak in point of speed, skill and science. For my own part, I do not hold to this opinion. Just as I have said that modern pitching does not compare with the pitching of earlier days, so do I say that the general play of recent years is not in the same class with that of earlier decades. Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker have gone, and Babe Ruth is on his way. Name any youngster developed in the last fifteen years able to rank with these men in point

of skill. Not one a flash in the pan, either, but piling up the same amazing averages year in and year out.

Where is there a second baseman today to compare with Eddie Collins or Napoleon Lajoie? Collins, who hit .350 season after season, ranked next to Cobb as a base stealer, and stood out above all others when it came to sparkling intelligence. Lajoie, that mighty slugger and fielder of such infinite grace that he made even the most difficult chances look easy. I have seen him pull down line drives over second base with one hand, then toss the ball for a double play, and yet it seemed that he had not moved from his tracks.

Where are the modern shortstops who rank with Honus Wagner and Bobbie Wallace? Entirely lacking in Lajoie's grace, Wagner plowed up and down the field like a hippopotamus, but nothing ever got by him, whether back of second or third, and many was the man he pegged out at first from short left field. And what a hitter! Wallace, though not as heavy a batter as Wagner, was a faster fielder and had an even better arm, shooting like a rifle from any position. And when it came to taking the throw at second and tagging the runner, he had no equal. Back of Wallace and Wagner stands Herman Long, famous shortstop of the Boston Nationals, and the idol of fans throughout the 90's. He, too, was fast as a flash, a sweet hitter and able to throw the ball one hundred yards on a line while lying flat on his stomach.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y. C.

Mickey Cochrane, Spark Plug of Connie Mack's World-Champion Athletics

When it comes to third basemen, not in thirty years have I seen the equal of Jimmy Collins, player manager of the Boston Americans back in the dawn of the twentieth century. Bill Bradley, perhaps; but though the Cleveland third sacker could hit, run and field with the best, he lacked Jimmy's fire and aggressiveness. These two stand out so far ahead that it might almost be said that there is no second.

Buying a Team to Get Cochrane

Only in the matter of catchers is the present generation able to match the brilliance of old-time stars, for Gordon Cochrane, of the Philadelphia Athletics, impresses me as being one of the greatest receivers I ever watched. From the day that I first saw him, a raw young busher, I marked Cochrane as a star. It was in a championship series between the Eastern Shore League and the Blue Ridge League, for which I had given a pennant, and Mickey's work behind the bat had all the sparkle of a diamond. As I was leaving the park, I saw Terry Turner, a scout for the Athletics, and called him over to me.

"Get Cochrane," I said. "He's the best in years. Sign him up at once."

"That's just what I've done, Mr. Johnson," he answered, and only later did I learn that the contract was for Portland, Oregon. I went to Connie Mack at once, fairly raving over young Cochrane, and as a result, Connie bought the entire Portland club, lock, stock and barrel, thus making it sure that he would get Mickey.

With the exception of Cochrane and Ray Schalk, however, there are no catchers in the same class with Lou Criger, the skinny lad that caught Cy Young and Bill Dineen. Lou had everything, and backed it up with character. Just before the first World Series in 1903, a gambling syndicate laid plans for fixing the games, and it was Criger who came to me with the information that enabled us to defeat the scheme. Poor Lou! At the height of his career he fell a victim of consumption, and is now living in Arizona, cared for, I am happy to say, by the American League pension.

Where are the first basemen entitled to rank with George Sisler in his prime, or with Hal Chase? A star from the time that he joined the St. Louis Browns in 1912, George not only fielded his position better than any other but led his league in batting and base stealing. First starting as a pitcher, he took with him an arm of steel when he moved over to first, and back of his physical equipment was the same alert intelligence that marked the play of Eddie Collins. Hal Chase, but for temperamental drawbacks, would have been just as good a first baseman as Sisler was.

Stardom

These comparisons, of course, are limited by my opportunities of observation, for my intimate contact with baseball goes back only to the late 80's. One of my great friends, however, was A. G. Spalding, who started his pitching career in 1865, founded the National League in 1876, and retained an ardent interest in the game until his death in 1914. Time and again he declared to me that the stars of his day compared favorably with the great modern players, contending that baseball's improvement was not so much in the individual as in the perfection of protective devices—gloves, masks, chest pads, and so on—and in the development of playing rules.

"Our first uniforms were funny, of course," he admitted, "for straw hats and long white pants were all the go. And being clean-shaven myself, I used to get a laugh out of the goatees and Dundrearys that many of my fellow players took particular pride in sporting. At that, however, many of those heavily whiskered gentlemen played a game that I have never seen bettered. Asa Brainerd carried a full beard with him when he went into the box, but he had speed, a change of pace, and was second to none when it came to discovering weaknesses of batters.

"George Wright, first shortstop of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings, and later with the champion Bostons, would be a star today. In one season of fifty-two games he compiled a batting average of .518 and smashed out fifty-nine home runs. Nor were scores always huge, running up into the hundreds, for I remember a game in 1869, between the Cincinnati Red Stockings and the New York Mutuals, that ended 4 to 2. When I was with Boston in 1875, I lost a game to Chicago by the score of 1 to 0.

"The National Association of Professional Ball Players, formed in 1872, gave the game firmer standing, and raised new standards of excellence. I took two teams to England in 1874—my own Boston club and the Philadelphia Athletics—and you may laugh, but I believe that if they were put in the field today against any club in

(Continued on Page 101)

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They appreciate most the comfort of a home that is easy to heat — a home free from erratic, uneven temperatures, dampness, and cold, drafty floors! They know how much it helps to protect the children from spring and winter colds. A Balsam-Wool house is more healthful, *as well as cozily comfortable, the year around*

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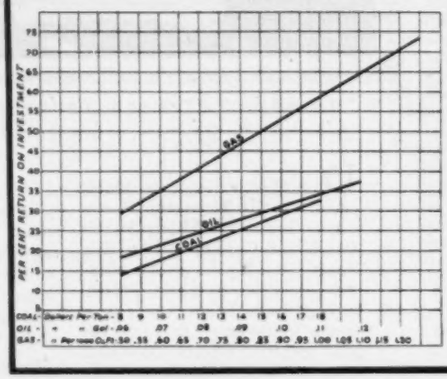

True house insulation with Balsam-Wool soon pays for itself in savings on heating equipment and fuel. With coal at $14, for example, the annual return on your investment in one-inch Balsam-Wool is 25 per cent; with gas at 75 cents, the return is 44 per cent; etc. Within a few years Balsam-Wool pays you an annual dividend in fuel savings over and above *its original cost*

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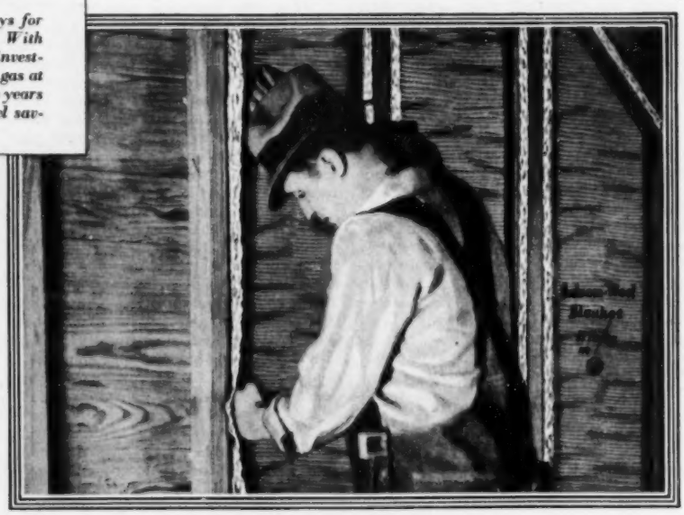

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Balsam-Wool tucks in *snugly. Not a crack or a crevice to let in cold or wind when your house is insulated with thick, flexible Balsam-Wool. In houses already built, Balsam-Wool is applied to attic floor or roof. A simple, easy way to make your present house warmer, your fuel bills smaller!*

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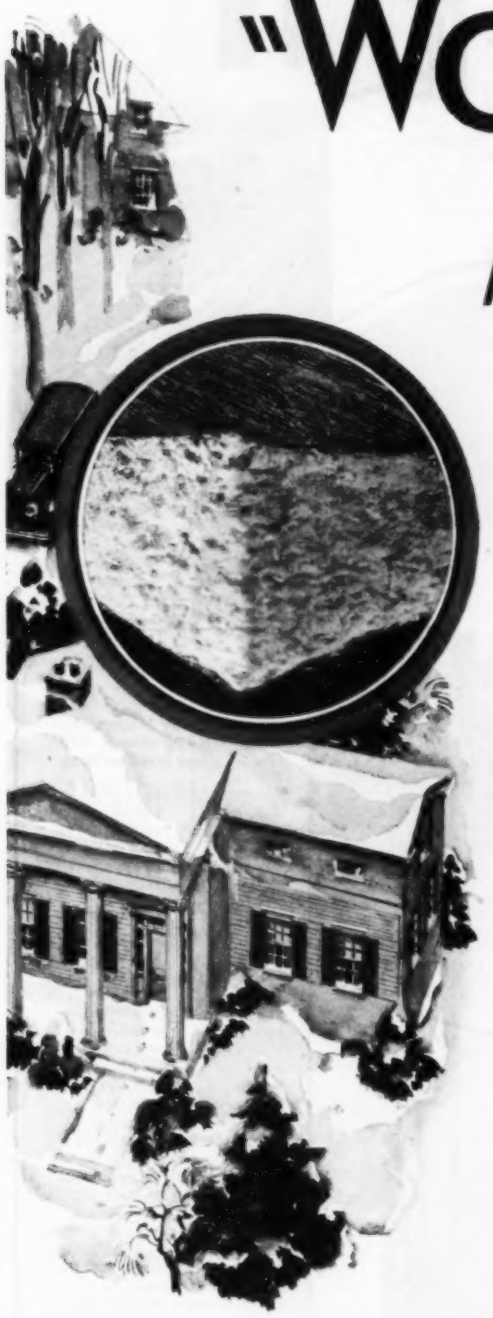

LIKE SHEEP'S WOOL! *The actual size photograph above shows Balsam-Wool in the recommended one-inch thickness. Its fleecy body contains millions of "still" air cells—next to a vacuum the best insulation known. Note the new patented crêped Kraft liners, tough, heavy, flexible. These liners are waterproof, wind-proof and practically puncture-proof. Balsam-Wool itself is fire-resistant, vermin-proof—and permanent*

UP where winters are long and rigorous—where "40 below" is not uncommon—

Builders have turned overwhelmingly to one certain type of house insulation.

It is thick and *flexible*. It looks like sheep's wool and practically equals it in actual warmth.

Balsam-Wool, through eight North Country winters, has proved a point that authorities have always stressed.

This important fact about *true* house insulation

To make a house really heat-tight, insulation must *tuck into* cracks, crevices and corners—fit snugly between framing members—around doors and windows.

Because it is thick and *flexible*, Balsam-Wool meets these essential requirements perfectly.

It comes in thick, fleecy strips, held firmly between strong, tough liners. It *blankets* your house completely against cold and drafts—assures you a really modern heat-tight house, always comfortable, more readily salable.

In Balsam-Wool alone you get the great triple efficiency of: 1. flexibility 2. full-inch thickness 3. the highest insulating value ever attained in practical house insulation.

It saves you money every winter

True insulation with Balsam-Wool is one of the few things you can build into your house that will actually save you money year after year.

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In old homes, too, Balsam-Wool, used as attic insulation, cuts fuel costs, provides new year around comfort.

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THIS message is intended for the busy executive who is interested in choosing a location for his plant on a scientific basis. On this page are presented in quick, terse fashion, seven reasons why so many industries have found New York State an ideal location for their plants.

It will pay you to know more about these reasons . . . cheap power, labor, population, transportation, raw materials, capital, and climate. Our new book, "New York, the Great Industrial State," gives detailed information in a concise, usable form, and is sent without a personal follow-up. If interested, write Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Albany, New York.

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CANTON	N. TONAWANDA
CARTHAGE	NORWOOD
COBLESKILL	OGDENSBURG
CORTLAND	OLEAN
COHOES	ONEIDA
DEPEW	OSWEGO
DOLGEVILLE	POTSDAM
DUNKIRK	PULASKI
E. SYRACUSE	RENSSELAER
FAIRPORT	ROME
FALCONER	ROTTERDAM
FORT EDWARD	ST. JOHNSVILLE
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FRANKFORT	SARATOGA
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GENESEO	SCHENECTADY
GLENS FALLS	SCOTIA
GLOVERSVILLE	SKANEATELES
GOUVERNEUR	SOLVAY
GOWANDA	SYRACUSE
GREEN ISLAND	TONAWANDA
HAMBURG	TROY
HERKIMER	UTICA
HOMER	WATERFORD
HUDSON	WATERTOWN
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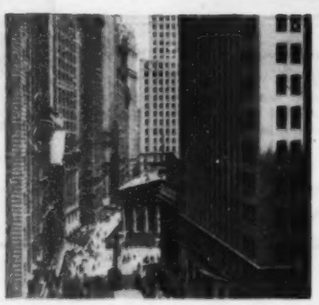

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(Continued from Page 97)

the National or American, they would be able to give a good account of themselves." These were Mr. Spalding's players:

BOSTONS		ATHLETICS
A. G. Spalding	Pitcher	J. D. McBride
Cal McVey	Catcher	J. E. Clapp
J. O'Rourke	First Base	W. D. Sisler
Ross Barnes	Second Base	J. Batten
H. Shaffer	Third Base	E. B. Sutton
George Wright	Shortstop	M. H. McGeary
A. J. Leonard	Left Field	A. W. Gedney
Harry Wright	Center Field	J. F. McMullen
G. W. Hall	Right Field	A. C. Anson

It was Mr. Spalding's idea, of course, that his teams were to give exhibitions of the American game, but the English, through some misunderstanding, gained the idea that he was bringing over ball players to meet the Britons at cricket. Naturally enough, this caused dismay, for only two or three of the Yankees had ever seen a game of cricket, but as there was nothing else to do, Mr. Spalding accepted the situation and hurried his men out for practice. Mr. Allcock, the cricket authority of England, went along to watch, but after five minutes of it he let out an anguished cry.

"For heaven's sake, Spalding," he gasped, "what are your fellows trying to do? You led me to suppose that they were cricketers as well as ball players, and I have filled the London papers with assurances of close matches. I shall be a laughingstock."

They Won, But Was it Cricket?

Mr. Spalding soothed him as best he could, explaining that his boys were not much on practice, preferring to save themselves for the game, but Mr. Allcock went away with glazed eye and drooping head. The first match was with the famous Marylebone All-English eleven, and the stands at Lord's were crowded with commoners, nobles and even royalty. All was nervousness among the Americans, Harry Wright, who knew cricket, insisted that the ball players try for form, so as not to be ridiculous, but after much thought, Mr. Spalding vetoed the suggestion.

"Good form," he explained to me, "required that the batsman block all balls bowled on the wicket, and hit out only at the balls off the wicket. Or to put it in baseball terms, we were expected to foul off balls over the plate, and bat at the bad ones. I realized that it was useless to try and change our habit of thought and play, and so I told the boys to step into every good ball and whale away. And how they did it! Anson slapped them out of the lot as fast as they came over, George Wright followed suit, and I myself had a lot of luck with my swings, putting many over the fence.

"Accustomed to our round bats, those big, flat cricket paddles were just too good to be true, and all of us felt that we couldn't miss. When all was over we found that we had made 107 runs to 105 for the All-English, and the London papers, while rebuking us for our lack of form, sadly admitted that we were marvels when it came to batting and fielding. Not one game did we lose either in England or Ireland, and never once were we guilty of good form. Between cricket matches, fourteen ball games were played—twelve in England and two in Ireland—and the crowds liked them."

In 1888, at the close of the season, Mr. Spalding again took two teams abroad, this time for a world tour and games were played in New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, France and England. The Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, was an interested spectator at the Kennington Oval, and when Anson hit out a home run, grew so enthusiastic that he slapped Mr. Spalding on the shoulder. A moment later, when Ed Williamson reached first by a beautiful slide, the big American returned the compliment, giving the Prince a joyous whack; an action that brought the various equerries close to apoplexy. The teams taken on this trip were:

Ban Johnson, Former President of the American League

Chicagos: Mark Baldwin and John Tener, pitchers; Tom Daly, catcher; Anson, first base; Pfeffer, second base; Burns, third base; Williamson, shortstop; M. Sullivan, left field; Ryan, center field; Pettit, right field.

All-Americans: John Healy, Indianapolis, and Ed Crane, New York, pitchers; Earl, Cincinnati, catcher; Wood, Philadelphia, first base; Carroll, Pittsburgh, second base; Jimmie Manning, Kansas City, third base; John M. Ward, New York, shortstop; Jim Fogarty, Philadelphia, left field; Ed Hanlon, Pittsburgh, center field; Tom Brown, Boston, right field.

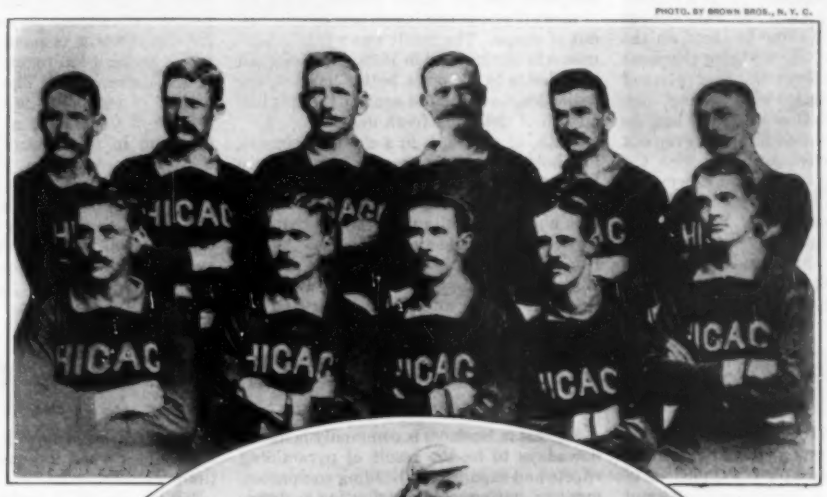
Mr. Spalding's greatest pride, however, was in his Chicago team of 1882. Seven of them—Anson, Dalrymple, Gore, King Kelly, Silver Flint, Williamson and Goldsmith—stood more than six feet and were fast as flashes, and Anson, Kelly, Gore and Dalrymple led the National in batting. Larry Corcoran and Tommy Burns were the only small men, but they had the strength of bulls; and as for Fred Pfeffer, his miraculous plays were the wonder of the whole country.

King Kelly

To the day of his death, Mr. Spalding contended that this team was the best he ever saw on any field, not excepting Connie Mack's championship machine.

How the country adored Mike Kelly! Babe Ruth's popularity is a small thing compared to the worship that America lavished upon the King. A handsome, dashing, reckless Irishman, no player ever had more color, and when he swaggered out on the field, his cap at an angle, the crowds searched their souls for new bellows: "Ten-Thousand-Dollar Kelly!" Back in 1887 all America gasped when it became known that the King had been sold to Boston for that sum. There was something almost awesome in the hugeness of the amount.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.



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Babe Waddell, Eccentric Genius of the Pitcher's Mound. Above—The Chicago White Stockings of 1882. Geo. Gore, l. f., Frank Flint, c., A. C. Anson, 1b., James McCormick, p., M. J. Kelly, r. f., Fred Pfeffer, 2b., Ed Williamson, s. s., Abner Dalrymple, c. f., Thos. Burns, 3b., John G. Clarkson, p., Wm. Sunday, sub.

When I was sporting editor of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, a story came to me that proved Mike Kelly to be a thoroughbred as well as a great ball player. That was the year when the stars quit the National League and American Association in a body, and formed the Brotherhood, putting their own eight-club circuit in the field. Facing ruin, the major-league magnates decided upon bribery, and as Kelly was the game's most popular and outstanding figure, they decided to approach Mike first. A check for $10,000 was put before him, together with an offer to let him name his own salary, but although penniless always, and well knowing in his own heart that the Brotherhood was headed for failure, the King shook his head.

"To hell with your money," he growled. "I'm sticking with the boys if I starve."

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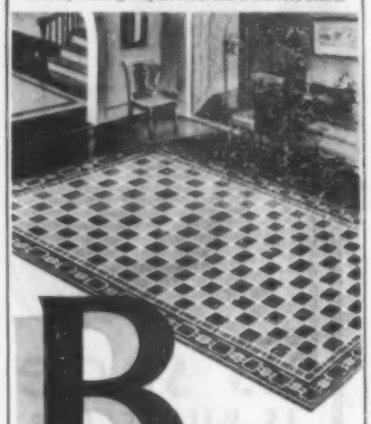

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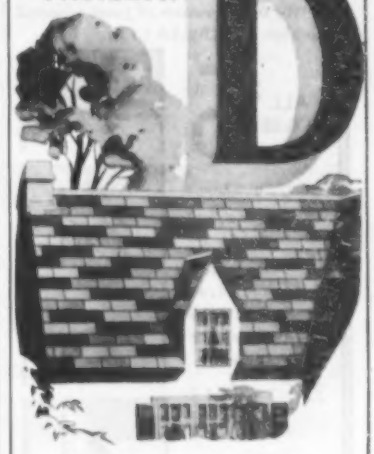

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THIS Friendly Grip style is especially recommended for weakened arches and for feet that tire easily. It has a metal arch support to protect and preserve the arch and its upper leather is genuine Kangola, the softest calfskin money can buy. That's one reason it feels friendly the minute you try it on. But only after hours of standing or miles of walking do you really appreciate the Friendly Grip. Ask your Friendly Five dealer for the "Bond Street," style No. 314, or write us for name of your nearest dealer. Widths AA to E.

ALL STYLES $5

1. *This side cut low to allow snug fit.*
2. *Combination Last. Heel one width narrower than ball.*
3. *Comfort Curve, "The Friendly Grip."*
4. *No seam here to chafe or rub.*
5. *Metal Arch Support.*

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JARMAN SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers
Nashville, Tennessee

FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES
FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

Looking back on my thirty-four years of baseball, it is surprising to note how little has been added to the improvement of the game by twentieth-century players.

Cobb, for instance, developed the slide to perfection, but long before Ty was even born, Mike Kelly stirred the fans to mad enthusiasm by his headlong dives. "Slide, Kelly, slide" went beyond the ball parks and became one of the slang phrases of the time.

Modern catchers follow the trail first blazed by Connie Mack, now veteran leader of the Athletics, but the manager of Milwaukee in 1893—the year that I took the presidency of the old Western League. In those days it was deemed perfectly honorable to beat the rules whenever possible, and artful Connie kept us busy devising changes to meet his tricks. At that time any foul tip was out if caught by the catcher, and he developed a trick of snapping his thumb against his glove in such perfect imitation of a tip that umpires and even batters were fooled. As a consequence, we changed the rule so that the out was called only when the foul tip happened to be a third strike. Another of Connie's stratagems was to drop the third strike with a man on first, and then slam the ball to second for a force-out. We met this by making the rule that the batter was out automatically on the third strike with first base occupied.

Connie, as a matter of fact, set the catching style that prevails today, just as Charlie Comiskey, his fellow magnate, originated the present style of first-base play. When Commy came into the game, back in the early '80's, the first sacker was a large stationary individual selected for his slugging ability rather than any skill in fielding. Beards had gone by that time, but all guardians of the initial bag wore heavy mustaches and savage scowls. If a thrown ball came to them breast high, they caught it, and if a hit ball came to them on the bound, they took it. Everything else went by. Comiskey overthrew this conception of a first baseman's duties with a bang. Instead of standing flatfooted on the bag, he ranged far over to second base and even out into right field, covering ground with the speed of a race horse and scooping up everything that came in his general direction.

Herman Long and Bobby Wallace pioneered at short, showing the way to knock down hits back of third, and nothing has been added to their technic in straddling spikes and tagging out runners at second base. Jimmie Collins, Boston's idol, developed every possibility of play at the hot corner, and present-day third sackers merely follow.

Only in hitting does the modern game seem to have an edge over the old, for while .300 batting averages were rare twenty-five years ago, they are now quite common. As I have already said, however, I believe this is the result of poorer pitching rather than better batting, and there is still another explanation. In the old days it was a rare thing to have more than two or three balls used in the course of a game, but now it is nothing to see six dozen balls put into play in one afternoon. Small wonder that the ball bill of the average major-league club runs from $8000 to $10,000 a year. It is not only that balls are lost by going into the crowd or over the stand. Let the slightest abrasion be discovered, or a stain, and out of the game it goes. A brand-new ball, smooth and shining, is difficult for the pitcher to handle and easy for the batter to see and hit.

For another thing, the whole tendency of the game in later years has been to encourage slugging at the expense of pitching. The reason, of course, is obvious, for the average fan vastly prefers a free-hitting session to the best of pitchers' battles. Beginning with the spit ball, pitchers gained a decided advantage over batters by the development of all sorts of freak deliveries, some fair and many unfair. It was found, for instance, that a rough spot on the ball gave queer breaks and hops, and twirlers kept a piece of emery paper in their pockets or else sewed a strip to their belts. Clarke Griffith, one of the first to make the discovery, nicked a ball on his spikes, and others got a raised surface by loading the seam with dirt. Once we caught a pitcher slitting the horsehide with a razor blade, and Dave Danforth, when he was with the St. Louis Browns, used his abnormally powerful hands to mash the ball out of shape. The result was a marked decrease in hitting, and in 1919, therefore, out of a desire to restore a better balance, the major league legislated against the spit ball and all of the other freak deliveries.

Ruth, of course, is in a class by himself, for I hold that he is the greatest long-distance hitter that the game has ever seen or ever will see; but with the exception of the Babe, I do not think that any of the moderns are superior to such old-time sluggers as Anson, Burkett, Delehanty, Lajoie and Honus Wagner. That they knocked out fewer home runs was largely due to the fact that they went in for line drives rather than towering skyscrapers, but the force was there. Many a time I have seen a ball leave Lajoie's bat, pass second not fifteen feet from the ground, and hold that line to the flagpole in deep center.

At a time when every large city boasts a great stadium, vaster than any Roman amphitheater, it may seem absurd to declare that baseball is deteriorating rather than progressing, but this is my firm opinion. The strength of the game does not lie in costly parks and huge investments, but in the heart of the American boy, and this once-solid foundation is steadily weakening. It used to be that baseball was the one outlet for athletic aspirations, and every youngster's dream was to be a major leaguer, but today we have football, golf, basketball and tennis, each one making its direct appeal to the growing boy. Baseball is doing nothing to meet the competition, and the corner-lot game has been permitted to dwindle away to a vanishing point. I saw the danger while president of the American League, and fought hard to stimulate waning interest by offering pennants and prizes to semiprofessional organizations and amateur leagues in the various cities; but all this has stopped, and no effort is now being made to hold the youth of the land to an affectionate interest in baseball.

What is more, the very roots of the game are being pulled up. Until 1920, when Judge Landis came in, no major-league club was permitted to own a minor-league club, but now the minors are all operated and exploited by the majors. As an instance, the St. Louis Cardinals own Rochester, Syracuse, Danville, Houston, Fort Smith, Waynesboro and several others. Instead of being feeders, the minors are merely farms. If a player of one of the so-called bush teams happens to show sensational form at any time during the season, he is jerked back to the majors without regard for the pennant chances of the club from which he has been taken or for the feelings of the community. The inevitable consequence of the policy is to rob the smaller centers of population of all pride and enthusiasm in their teams, with the direct result that American youngsters are no longer bred in devotion to the national game. Unless remedial action is taken vigorously and quickly, nothing is more likely than that baseball will drop down to a third or even fourth rate American sport.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Creel.

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 38)

It all comes down to a question of mental honesty and integrity, and nobody in America has a higher regard for the traditions of the Supreme Court of the United States and the independence of judgment which it imposes upon its members than the new Chief Justice himself. He has been a lawyer for business and of business. When he resigned as Secretary of State he went out to make his fortune at his chosen profession. He could have been nominated for President again when Calvin Coolidge chose not to run, but he forsook the political world many years ago—the rest of his life was to be devoted to the law. For the truth is, he, like William Howard Taft, saw in the Supreme Court of the United States something that politics and the presidency, with all its flexibility and pressure of class opinion, could never affect; he saw it as an opportunity for real service, where a man answered not to an electorate or the demagoguery of mass voting but only to his individual conscience.

* * * * * * * * *

Success in business is commonly believed nowadays to be the result of pyramiding efforts and expansion. Holding companies, mergers, nation-wide distributing systems, dozens of plants and branches—all these are in the vocabulary of present-day achievement. But how many business men can point to the success that came from self-restraint?

Samuel S. Fels, of Philadelphia, soap manufacturer, is conceded to be one of the leaders in the soap-making industry. Yet his operations are not the largest in his field and he has never gone in for by-products or side lines. Temptations have come often to expand, but he has hewn to the line and steadfastly developed the same line of business, which seemed to him to be each year making more and more progress. Having struck a vein that yielded results, he has not diverted to other veins.

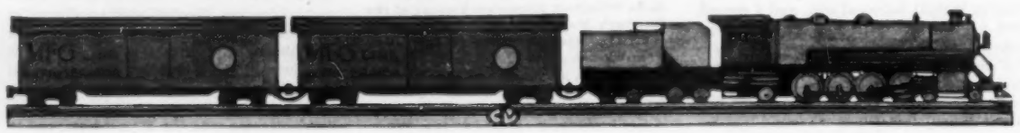
"I have never," he said recently, "had an ambition to be the principal soap manufacturer in the country, but merely to develop our own business in our own way."

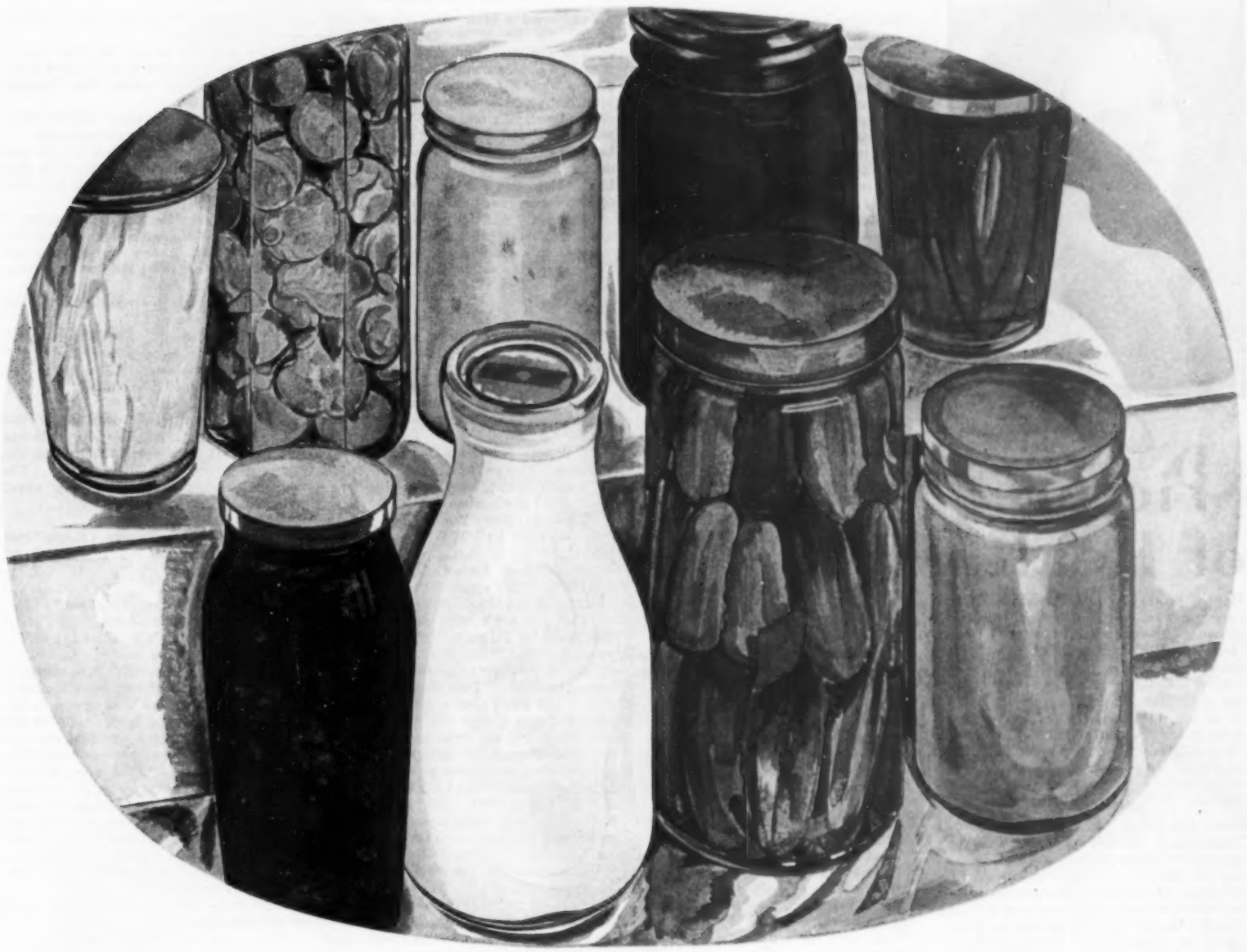
Although he is now in the sixties, Mr. Fels smiles when anyone suggests his retirement.

"Why should I retire?" he remarks. "I am enjoying business as much today as I ever did."

What did Mr. Fels do with his surplus enthusiasm, with the fruits of his toil? He did find an outlet, but it wasn't expansion of his business. It was service to others. Many an important philanthropy or charitable endeavor in the city of Philadelphia has had the support of Samuel Fels. Unostentatiously he devotes himself to civic affairs and community interests. He lives in a modest home on Walnut Street. Most of his philanthropies have never been revealed; he gives of his time as well as his money to aid worthwhile endeavors. I asked him the other day how he could find time to take an interest in so many worthy things, if it did not interfere with his business.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I never let business interfere with my other activities."





WHEN HE'S PROUD OF A PRODUCT . . . HE PACKS IT IN GLASS

IT IS PRIDE that makes a packer put his finest products in glass. He is anxious to show you that every morsel of his delicious boned chicken . . . each damson plum or tender Brussels sprout . . . will pass muster with the most critical eye. And it is with the glass container that he challenges your inspection. • He knows that women who take pride in their tables will never compromise with quality . . . for half the secret of intriguing dishes lies in the use of the very best ingredients. And it is for the woman who demands the best, that the packer packs in glass. • The glass container is your assurance that you will enjoy the original luscious flavor which you have a right to expect. It guarantees that the product is the very finest to be had. For when buying in glass, your own eyes will always be the judge. You can see in advance what you buy. . . . Only the best foods *can* be packed in glass. • From April 1 to May 15 (the period of the National Window Display Contest of the Glass Container Association of America) good grocers everywhere will feature glass-contained products in their windows. . . . Glass Container Association of America, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
BUY IN GLASS

The Picture of Health

Happy, healthy people. Children whose very complexions tell of health. Parents whose clear-eyed, carefree faces belie their age. Sometimes folks think this enviable state of health just "runs in the family." But often it's due to the friendly aid of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. There is no age at which the human system does not at times need an anti-acid. Magnesia is by far the most effective means of correcting any over-acidity. Its most perfect form—according to the doctors—is Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Baby specialists put Phillips Milk of Magnesia in infant's milk and it never sours in the little stomach. They urge its use all through childhood for the gentle correction of digestive disorders, sluggish intestinal action, coated tongue or a fetid breath. Any such sign of biliousness, is the signal for a spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Its creamy, pleasant taste makes it ideal in such usage.

As one grows older, the value of this perfect anti-acid increases. It neutralizes many times its volume in acid, so there is never need to take anything harsher to sweeten a sour stomach. It is far more efficient than the cruder things some people take for gastric disturbances. The quickest relief in cases of over-indulgence. And in the afternoon of life, it guards the intestinal tract from auto-intoxication. For your system's sake, get acquainted with Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Get the genuine, prescriptional product—made only by Phillips.

DANCE WITH ME

(Continued from Page 21)

"But your hair was red," he said, "to begin with?"

"Oh, it was red," said Judy, "but not like this."

He was looking at her hair, but that wasn't anything. Everyone looked at Judy's hair, for Judy's hair was so beautiful that it couldn't quite be true. Titian had painted such hair, but even then it hadn't been quite true. It was his genius which made it true. Judy's hair wasn't auburn or brown or gold or red, but the essence of these colors, the spirit, the dimension which went beyond mere color and became glory, became life, had been caught somehow and bound close about Judy's small head. It was Judy's hair which had put her on Broadway. It was Judy's hair and her dancing and her distinction which had kept her there. It was Judy's hair and her dancing and her intelligence and the fact that Benny Kempf had fallen for her that had given her the lead in the new show.

"I dance, you know," volunteered Judy, her voice low and husky in the quiet room, "and sometimes I get pretty tired doing it. I have some very difficult dances in the new show. And I'm not so young."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-eight," said Judy. And then, as he looked at her: "Twenty-nine." And when he still looked at her: "Thirty-one. In January."

The room was quiet. There was a fire on the hearth—a real fire—but it just glowed. It didn't crackle.

"And why have you come to me?" he asked at length.

"I thought perhaps you might help me, might make me well. The new show opens a week from Wednesday," said Judy.

"Make you well by a week from Wednesday? Help you? I can't help you by then. I doubt if I can help you at all. You're anæmic. You're run down. You're so nervous you can't sit still. Do you drink?"

Judy made a face.

"Smoke?"

"Now and then. But this isn't from smoking."

"What is it from?"

"There are things which I have to decide in my mind," said Judy wearily. "And there's the roar."

"What roar?"

"New York. So I picked out Dunham on the time-table."

"How did you pick me out?"

"The taxi man picked you out," said Judy.

He was a full thirty-five or better as he stood there, leaning against the table, with his arms folded, with his mouth set, looking at her. There were lines across his forehead. There was gray in his dark hair. There seemed to be little youth about him, and no warmth whatever. He was tall, thin, bleak. He was harsh, bitter, unkind. He was judicial, utterly ethical. He looked at Judy as a case, not at all as a woman, or a dancer, or even an intelligence, and he meant her to know it. Hibiscus flowers blooming suddenly, beautifully, breath-takingly in his quiet New England room did not appeal to him. And he meant her to know it.

"You need rest," he said. "Weeks of it. Months of it, away from everything which has made your life. You need food—eggs, butter, milk. You're shockingly thin. . . . Are you married?"

Judy blushed—a sudden hot color that, surging up from her heart, stained even her white throat momentarily before it faded.

"No," said Judy. "But—but ——"

"I see," he said.

"But you don't see," flared Judy, standing up suddenly. "You don't see. You think you do, but you don't. You're unfair. You jump at things. You see what isn't there."

"Never mind me," he said. "Sit down."

"But—but ——" said Judy, wavering.

"Sit down, I tell you."

Judy cried a little when she sat down again. She leaned her head against the back of the chair and shut her eyes and cried in a hopeless, muffled little way. But after a while she stopped crying. She sat up drearily and wiped her eyes on a scrap of handkerchief. She powdered her nose. She put red on her mouth. She found her hat on the floor beside her chair and put it on and adjusted the one lock of burnished hair which was allowed to show. She opened her bag and pulled out a roll of bills.

"All right," said Judy valiantly. "How much do I owe you?"

"I've done nothing for you," he said.

"You've talked to me," said Judy. "You've looked at me. You've spurned me."

"Absurd," he said. "Romantic. Stagy. People don't spurn any more. I have merely said that under the existing conditions I can do nothing for you."

"My teeth have stopped chattering," said Judy, "and I'm not shivering just now. So I must be warm. How much do I owe you for the fire?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Don't torture me. Where will you go from here?"

"I don't know," said Judy, rising wearily, "and I don't much care."

"Back to New York? To the—the man—whoever he is? Who is he? Who is he?"

"He's Benny Kempf, the producer," said Judy. "He's rich. He's kind. He isn't carved out of rock."

"But you can't walk to the station. You're not fit. I'll get out the car and drive you in."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Judy, wavering toward the door. "I can walk. Look at me walk. And I can always get a taxi at the corner. I can always call up Benny and he'll come for me with the car." She stumbled forward, her hand stretched out. "There was a door somewhere," said Judy, talking to herself, "but I can't seem to find it. It's quiet here. It's nice. But—but —— 'Hello, Judy Lefevre, little one, pretty one. Come along and—dance with me.'"

He caught her as she fell.

The pillow slip was of linen and had an embroidered monogram across one end of it. Judy's thin fingers, feeling about, found the monogram and traced the letters slowly, painstakingly. There seemed to be a *B* somewhere in the embroidered monogram, and there was certainly an *L*, but Judy couldn't make out the first letter. It eluded her. It danced away. So Judy cried a little and went to sleep and forgot the monogram, but when she woke up she found it again. The next day the pillow slip was changed, and there wasn't any monogram. There was just one big letter *L*—Old English, stuffed, stiff, uncompromising. That day Judy noticed a woman's face bending above her occasionally—a woman's face with a white cap above it.

"Hello," said Judy suddenly to the woman's face.

"Hello yourself," said the face.

"Who are you?" said Judy.

"Oh, I'm a friend of yours," said the face.

"I'm Judy Lefevre," stated Judy, proud of her knowledge, "but some day I'm going to be Judy Kempf."

"That'll be fine," said the face.

"Breakfast in bed on cold mornings," murmured Judy. "Gold slippers. Maybe a sable coat. I dance, you know, and I get pretty tired doing it. . . . Where am I?"

"You're in bed."

"Where's the roar?"

"There isn't any roar."

"Every night," confided Judy to the face, "taxis crash below my windows, but I don't care any more. I used to run and look out, but lately I haven't run and looked out. I've just hidden my head under the pillow. . . . You've got brown eyes, haven't you? You smile. You're pretty, aren't you?"

"Not so pretty as you," said the face.

"Are you in the new show?" asked Judy. "Will I be well by a week from Wednesday?"

"If you go to sleep now," said the face.

"All right," said Judy submissively.

She sighed and turned over and put one arm under the pillow and the other arm outside the warm white blankets, and went to sleep again.

That night she wakened to feel fingers on her wrist—cold fingers, tense, sensitive, magnetic—and, turning over sleepily, she stretched out her free hand and dropped it on somebody's hand.

"Hello, darling," she said sleepily. "Why are your hands so cold?"

"I've just come in. I've been away all day. Operating. Are my hands too cold?"

"No. They're nice. I like them. It's nice here, isn't it? It's so quiet."

"Yes. It's—nice."

"I wear a white tulle dress in the new show. It's beautiful. It's long. It has cream velvet flowers embroidered on the skirt. I dance, you know. . . . I'm thirsty. Can you find me some sweet milk?"

"I can find you anything."

"I'll go to sleep again now, I think," said Judy comfortably, yawning like a child, "if you won't go away."

"I won't go away."

"If you won't let go my hands."

"I won't let go your hands."

"It's nice here, isn't it? It's so quiet."

"Yes. It's—nice."

After a time the woman's face ceased to be just a face and became Miss Dexter's. And the fingers on her wrist ceased to belong to someone she loved, and became Doctor Loring's. After the first day the pillow slips were all embroidered with the big English *L*, stiff, stuffed, uncompromising. Judy was awake most of the time now, and the crying had practically stopped. She could hear the door open and shut now without quivering, without getting tense. She could drink her chicken broth with the rice. She began to look forward to her milk in its fat Colonial goblet.

"What did the cow say this time?" she would ask Miss Dexter.

"The cow said, 'From one beauty to another.'"

"Cows don't say anything but 'Moo,'" said Judy sensibly, contemptuously, "and I'm not really a beauty, Miss Dexter. My hair is tinted."

The doctor saw her once a day, and sometimes twice. He would come in in the morning after his breakfast, before he started out for the day, but that wasn't anything. He would just look at the chart and glance at her over the top of it. He wouldn't even take her pulse. And why should he? It was all written out on the chart.

"And where are you going today, Doctor Loring?" she would ask shyly, sunk deep in her pillows; her gorgeous hair neatly parted and braided into two austere braids, her hands, so clean and fine and small, arranged on the warm white blanket; her hands trembling a little, her feet jiggling a little where no one could see them.

"I'm going to Bristol," he would answer, looking at the chart. Sometimes he wore a gray suit. Sometimes he wore a blue suit. He looked equally well in either. Equally uncompromising in either.

"An operation?"

"Perhaps. . . . Hands trembling today?"

"No—yes—well, just a little."

"Feet quiet?"

"Well, nearly quiet."

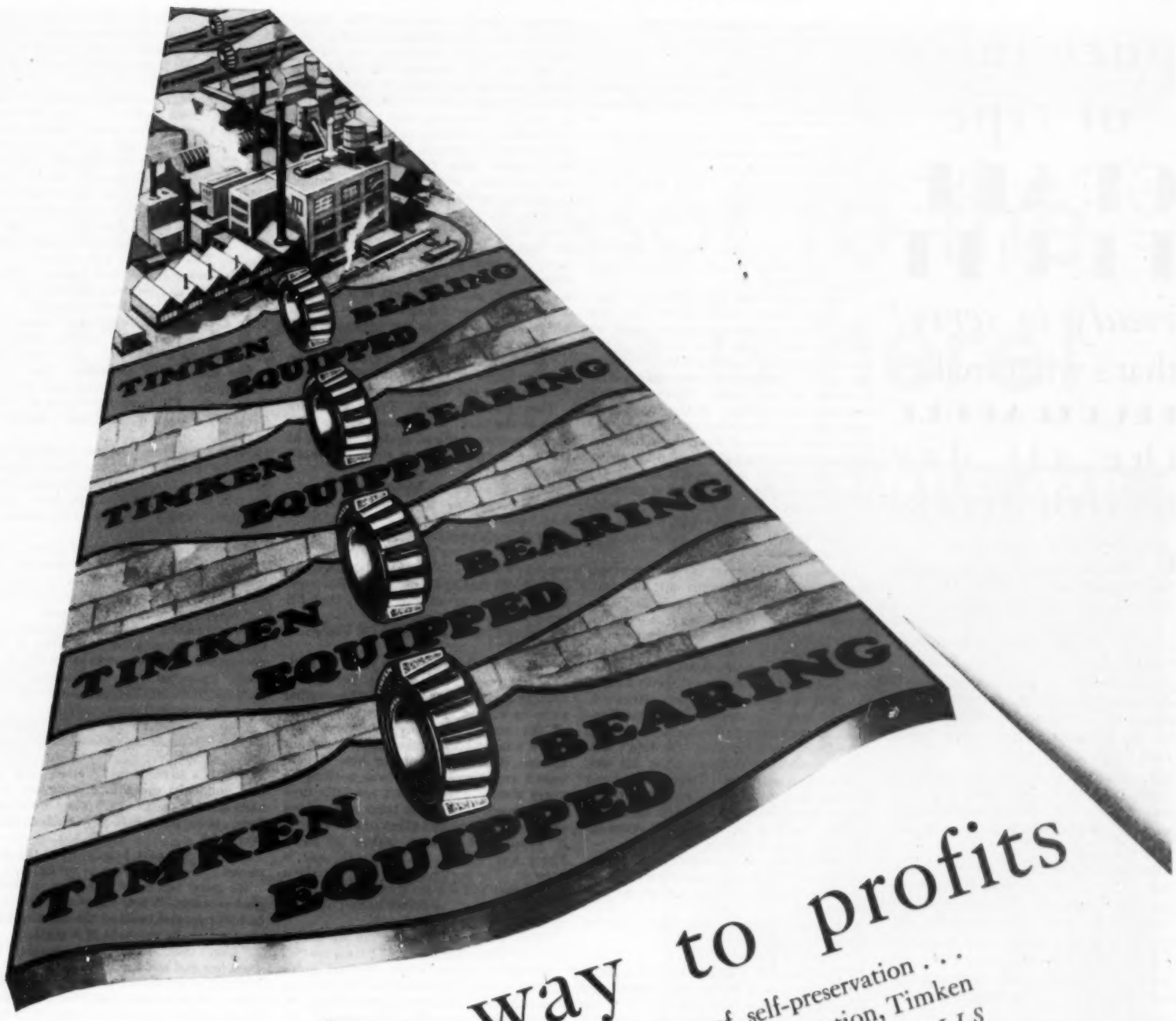
"Want to dance again?"

"No, no—I don't know."

"Anything decided yet in your mind?"

"No, not yet."

(Continued on Page 106)



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pure juice of ripe GRAPE-FRUIT *ready to serve!* that's what makes FLORIDAGOLD the all day health drink!

CLEAR, pure grapefruit juice . . . delicious juice squeezed from grapefruit ripened under Florida's sun!

That's exactly what FLORIDAGOLD *is* . . . every single drop of it . . . with just a pinch of sugar added to mellow its tingling tartness!

It is, in short, grapefruit juice in its most delicious, healthful, convenient form . . . always ready to serve . . . asking only to be chilled, poured and placed before your family.

Just as fresh and luscious as grapefruit that you'd prepare and seed with your own hands. And just as healthful too, with its sun-made store of vitamins B and C.

Try FLORIDAGOLD for tomorrow's breakfast. The taste-surprise of it will surely lead you to make this delicious drink your stand-by for every occasion of the day!

To be sure of getting FLORIDAGOLD . . . three liberal portions for 15c . . . always ask for it by name. If your grocer can't supply you, fill in the coupon and mail it at once.

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FLORIDAGOLD *Grapefruit Juice*

FLORIDAGOLD Citrus Corporation
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Please send me one-half case (12 No. 1 cans) of FLORIDAGOLD Grapefruit Juice at the special introductory price of $1.80 which I enclose.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Your grocer's name .....

(Continued from Page 104)

"Getting tired of your milk?"

"No. It's sweet."

"Of course it's sweet. What did you expect it would be? . . . Get her up this afternoon, Miss Dexter, for fifteen minutes. I'll be late tonight."

"Then you won't be in this evening?" she asked, raising herself on one elbow.

He was going out, but he looked back at her over his shoulder. "Why shouldn't I be in?" he asked briefly.

"Well, if—if you're going to be so late ——"

"What's that got to do with it?" he said. "Of course I'll be in. You can't keep me out," he said.

The evening visits were different. Usually Miss Dexter wasn't there, for one thing. And the chintz curtains would be pulled across the long windows so that the room looked like a garden. There would be just one low light under a rosy shade. And it would be very quiet. There wouldn't even be a clock ticking. In the evenings he never looked for her pulse on the chart. He would come in and sit down beside her bed and his fingers would close round her wrist. Her pulse always quickened when he did this. She would try not to let it quicken. She would try to be as impersonal, as ethical as he, but her pulse was beyond her control. It would leap like a wild thing, in spite of her.

He was always tired in the evenings. Sometimes he was worn out. Dorset, Wayne, Boston sent for him, needed him, demanded him. He was a great surgeon, fine, courageous, clean. He knew when to operate and when not to operate. He took care of his patients afterward. No matter how far away it was, how difficult to find the time, he took care of them afterward. He had spent the summer at Johns Hopkins. He was going to Vienna in the spring. Miss Dexter told her this. He didn't talk about himself. He didn't bring his sick people home with him. In that rose-hung room, in the chair beside her bed, with his fingers on her wrist, he would sit for fifteen minutes and then go. He would stand up abruptly, all of a sudden, and go.

"Wait," she said one night, breathlessly, raising herself on her elbow. "Wait, please. You're so sudden. When you go, you go so—so fast."

"People always go fast when they're scared," he said.

"Scared of—of what?"

"The comfort. The peace. The quiet."

"You have the very loveliest house," she said, "that I have ever been in."

"A Broadway star liking my house?" he jeered. "A beauty? A toast? Object-matrimony-for-eminent-producers liking my house? That's because you're sick. Once on your feet you'd tire of it in a week."

"Let me get on my feet and try," she said.

"I can't. We haven't got a week."

"Why haven't we?"

"Your new show opens in five days. I've promised to get you there, and I'm going to get you there."

"You didn't promise it to me."

"I promised it to myself," he said.

She was on her feet by Sunday, and Miss Dexter took her for a little tour down the upper hall and back again. She looked out at a garden, formal and hedged and bedded down for the winter. She looked into a guest room or so. It was a large house, Georgian, lovely, serene, quite empty.

On Monday she went downstairs. She sat in the library for a long time, looking at the books, looking into the open fire. She sat in the drawing-room looking at the closed piano, at the portraits, at the Chinese Chippendale. She glanced into the dining room. The silver on the massive sideboard was shining, polished, immaculate. There were fresh flowers on the table. The house was quite empty.

He came home on Tuesday night, but he didn't come in to see her, and she wondered why. She waited. She fretted. She jiggled her feet. She was to go back to New York in the morning. Miss Dexter told her so much, but beyond that Miss Dexter didn't know. Miss Dexter told her to be a good girl and go to sleep, but she couldn't go to sleep. She lay very still and hardly breathed, so as not to disturb Miss Dexter, but she thought of New York, of being put on the train and going back to New York, to Broadway, to Benny, to the new show, to her dresses, her dances, her responsibility. She dreaded New York, the apartment, the telephone, whistles, gongs, crashes, people, people—New York.

In the morning he drove her to the station himself. Scott tucked the robe about her feet and said, "Good-by, madam." Scott had been with the doctor for years. Miss Dexter kissed her good-by. The sun was shining, and the warmth of it brought out a faint, pungent fragrance from the box hedges. She looked back at the house over her shoulder, and her eyes were wet.

"Tears?" jeered the doctor, turning into the highway. "Regrets? Sentiment? When you've got what you want?"

They passed a park. There were elm trees in the park. She looked out at their bare branches, outlined against the sky, at the band stand, at the rows of empty benches, and she shivered.

"Cold?" asked the doctor.

"I'm beginning to realize what I've done," she said.

"You were pretty sick," he said matter-of-factly, "and you'll be sick again if you begin to worry. It's all right about Kempf. I wired him that first night where you were, and told him to let you alone, that I'd bring you back in time."

"Bring!" she said. "You're not going with me?"

"Of course I'm going with you," he said.

There was a faint color in her cheeks when they reached the station. She waited while he bought the tickets, while he sent off the car. Everything was very easy. There was nothing for her to do but walk up and down and wait for him. There wasn't any hurry. There was nothing to worry about. There wasn't too little time or too much time. The train came along without any apparent effort or excitement. It whistled, but as a matter of form. There was nothing on the track, and it knew it. The porter brought her a cushion for her feet and she sat with her feet quiet on the cushion. The doctor looked down at them once or twice.

"Don't blame them for my dancing," she said to him suddenly. "Blame me."

He sat in the next chair. He had on his dark blue suit. He looked well in his dark blue suit. He looked uncompromising. He looked cool, controlled, impersonal. He was attractive—more than attractive. Miss Dexter said women fell in love with him, but that he didn't notice. He looked young this morning—too young to be a great doctor. He looked nice in his dark blue suit. He didn't talk to her at all. He didn't look at her. He let her alone. But once or twice he glanced down at her feet.

New York met them with a roar as they came out of Grand Central. Taxis swept up in a thundering herd, swept by. Whistles blew. Brakes screamed. People hurried past in groups, in streams. "Hello, Judy Lefevre, little one, pretty one! So you've come back to me. They all come back to me, to my towers, to my blue skies. I'm the greatest city in the world. I'm young. I'm alive. I haven't yet reached the top of my stride. Listen to my roar."

Vanderbilt Avenue was jammed with cars. Forty-third, Forty-fourth, deadlocked. Lights turned red, turned green, but nothing could move. Judy sat in her corner of the taxi and he sat in his. People in the waiting cars smoked cigarettes and talked in half-finished clipped sentences. A flower shop on the corner blazed with color, and Judy looked out at the flower shop. She didn't count her change, to have it ready for the taxi man. She didn't pull off her gloves and put them on again. She didn't put her fingers in her ears. The roar outside the taxi accentuated the quiet within. There wasn't any hurry. There was nothing to worry about. She didn't any longer dread Broadway or her dances or the new show. She knew what she was going to say to Benny. There wasn't anything to decide in her mind. For it was all decided.

At the hotel the carriage man said, "Good morning, Miss Lefevre." The doorman touched his hat. The elevator starter gave them an empty car and ran them up himself. The apartment was in perfect, careful, hotel order. A card hanging on the door knob announced that there were fresh flowers in the ice box. Piles of letters were arranged on her desk. Several of the lamps were lighted under their stiff, perfect, hotel shades. The telephone was ringing.

"I'll answer that," said Loring. "Take off your hat and lie down somewhere."

"Yes, yes; this is Doctor Loring. . . . Miss Lefevre will be at the theater tonight. . . . No. She will not rehearse. She rests this afternoon. . . . Under my orders she cannot rehearse. Put in an understudy. . . . Take it or leave it. . . . Very well. I'll have her there at 7:30. Certainly I mean it. And don't bother us again."

Judy was lying on the chaise longue when he turned away from the telephone. She had gone to the length of taking off her hat. It lay beside her on the floor. Judy was pretty white. He crossed the room and looked down at her.

"You've been so wonderful to me," said Judy, looking up at him, large-eyed, young, lovely, pretty white. "You've been so sweet. But now I suppose you'll be going."

"When you need me?" he said.

The telephone was ringing. He answered that. No information whatever to the newspapers. Someone was knocking on the door. Packages from the package room. He took them in. The telephone was ringing. He answered it.

"Do you wear gold slippers or egg-shell satin in the staircase scene?" he asked her over his shoulder.

"With a silver dress?" cried Judy, sitting suddenly upright, digging her pink nails into her palms. "Oh, they are stupid! Jade—jade to match my chiffon handkerchief."

"Jade," he said briefly over the telephone. "And don't ring us up again."

He gave her some medicine in half a glass of water. When it appeared that Judy had no personal maid at the hotel, only at the theater, he got hold of a maid.

"Don't talk," he said to the maid. "Undress her and put her to bed."

"You're not to lift a finger," he said to Judy. "You're not to pull off a stocking. You're not to think a thought. You're to have nothing in your head but wool. You're going to sleep—to sleep—to sleep. Let me see if you can close your eyes."

"Of course I can close my eyes," said Judy.

"I doubt it. They're too big and too bright. I'll bet you can't close your eyes."

"I'll bet I can," said Judy. "There. They're shut."

"Now keep them shut," he said. He picked her up from the chaise longue and carried her into her bedroom. He laid her down on her bed. The telephone beside her bed was ringing. He cut the cord. He pulled down the shades and opened a window. The telephone in the other room was ringing. He went into the other room. He cut the cord of the other telephone. It rang no more that day.

He came back when Judy was in bed. He smiled down at her. He looked young—too young to be a great doctor. He was attractive—more than attractive. Women fell in love with him, but he didn't notice.

"I'll be in the other room if you need me," he said.

Judy stretched up her hand to him, and he took it. He held it carefully. He calculated just how far he could go, just how much he could stand. All the way coming down in the train, looking out of the window, he had seen nothing but Judy—Judy nine years ago, coming down the church aisle to him beneath her wedding veil;

(Continued on Page 108)

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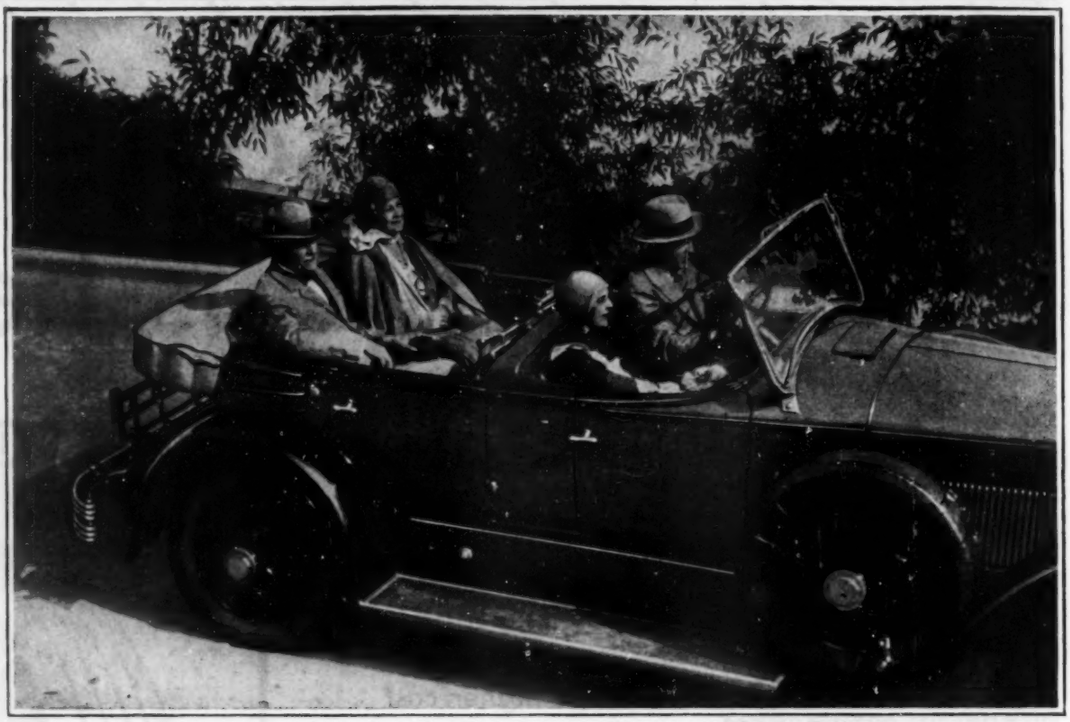

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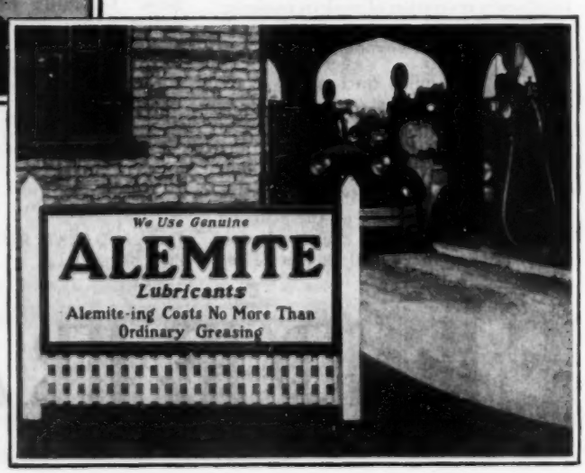

Experts at these stations give you genuine Alemite-ing service. Go there every 500 miles

(Continued from Page 106)

Judy eight years ago, seven years ago, curled up on the sofa in the library deep in a book, pouring out his coffee for him in the drawing-room, playing tennis in the sun; Judy in ginghams, in velvets, in pajamas; her hair, her hands, her mouth. It was her dancing that had taken her away from him—her dancing and his jealousy of it. By his very fear that she might go, he had made her go. Judy hadn't wanted to go. He realized that now. He realized everything. If he wasn't careful he might ask her to come back to him. He tried to lay her hand down again, but he couldn't. He couldn't. He had always so loved her hands. They had always fitted into his, clung to his. They fitted now. They clung. Suddenly he was on his knees beside her bed.

"Judy—Judy!" he was saying over and over again. "Darling—darling! Judy, you're my wife—you're my wife."

He was kissing her hands, her wrists. He was making a fool of himself. He was cracking up, going smash. If he wasn't careful he might ask her to come back to him. He might beg her to come back to him. He might tell her that he couldn't live without her.

"Come close," said Judy, lifting herself on one elbow. "Put your arms around me, tight—tight. I'm so tired. I'm so—tired. Don't ever let me go away from you again."

"If you'll come back to me I'll stand for your dancing. I'll stand for anything."

"Hold me tight, tight. Don't ever let me go away from you again. I had to come back to you, Davy. I have come back to you. I'm not made for a city. I'm made for you."

"I'll stand for your dancing. I'll stand for anything. I've learned my lesson. Tonight I'm going to see you dance. I'll never be jealous of your dancing again. I've learned my lesson."

"In the spring we'll go to Vienna. I'll stay with the show until spring. That's fair to Benny—that's quite fair. And then Wanda Vale can go into my part and we'll go to Vienna. And then we'll come home—home—home to stay. I'll use my own pillow slips again—J. B. L. Sunshine, quiet, sweet milk. . . . Hold me tight—tight, Davy. Kiss me! Oh, my darling—my darling—don't ever let me go away from you again."

Judy was doing her hibiscus dance in the second act. The house was dark. The stage was dark. But all the suns in the world were shining on Judy. Her dress was long. It was beautiful. There were hibiscus flowers in cream and tawny velvet embroidered on the skirt. Judy's lovely little face shone like a flower against the darkness behind her. Judy's hair flamed like a flower against the darkness behind her. Judy's dancing feet were as light as falling petals. Her body was as light as a summer breeze in a garden. She was joy. She was enchantment. She was hibiscus opening to the sun—hibiscus covered up, folded away, hidden, and then suddenly, astonishingly there, full-blown, complete, breath-taking. Flower stuff. Old stuff. But not as Judy did it, for she seemed to reach, to touch the heart of things. Love, birth, death. Love, birth, death—the pattern of life woven for them by her dancing feet, the beat of life marked by her beat, her rhythm; the demand of love to love, of birth to be born, of death to die.

She stopped the show. The sophisticated, bored, difficult, willing audience rose to her and stopped the show. It patted its white gloved hands together. It called to her: "Bravo!" "Bravo!" The gallery whistled and stamped. The gallery pounded with umbrellas.

Flowers were passed up to her over the footlights—flowers which had been meant for the end, but which were sent down at once, when it appeared that Judy had stopped the show. Critics thought out well-formed sentences: "A new star in the theatrical firmament ——" "It is pleasant to record ——" "Bravo!" "Bravo!" "Bis!" "Bis!" Whistles. Stamps. New York met her with a roar.

SLAVE CATCHER

(Continued from Page 9)

She was laughing. He loved to think of her at a time like that, for she seemed to draw away on the sound of her laughter until she was wiser than them all.

Something was hurting his father, for Richard saw his lips go tight together.

"I wish to God," said Matthew Swale, "you wouldn't laugh about it."

His mother's lips were still half parted in a smile, and, in that instant, she seemed very young.

"Matthew," she said, "I wish to God that other people knew that you were kind."

Matthew Swale's lips relaxed. She had a way with him, because, perhaps, she had never been afraid.

"It doesn't matter," he said slowly, "what other people think."

"I suppose," she said, "that you know what they're saying."

Before he answered, his father walked to the fireplace and back, with his quick nervous stride.

"It makes no difference what anyone says," he answered. "The only thing to do in these days is to stand by one's conviction, and I'll stand. I'm used to being unpopular, and so help me, I will stand."

What he would stand for, Richard could not guess, but his mother must have known. It was the Swale women who knew best the narrowness of their men, and she must have known more than that, because she had a wisdom which was never in the Swales.

"It makes no difference where one stands," she said. "It's all the same as long as one is kind."

His father did not answer, and Richard could tell why. Haven's End was a cold place, and Matthew Swale was cold.

But all at once he did a startling thing. He lied. It was the first and only time that Richard heard him lie. He picked up the chains from beneath the table and wrapped them in his napkin, and Richard noticed that his face flushed into a wintry pink.

"The chain's snapped on the hitching post," he said. "I'll have to get another. That's the trouble with this house. It's getting much too old. Everything keeps breaking."

"Matthew," said Richard's mother—"Matthew."

"Yes," his father answered quickly. "Yes, what is it?"

"Pomp is ill," she said, "down in Little Guinea."

"He's getting old," said Matthew Swale. "Everything's too old. . . . Richard, come with me."

His mother turned; her head was raised in a question before she spoke, and all sorts of words were in her eyes. The beauty that was leaving her and the strength that was leaving her were in her eyes.

"What do you want with Richard?" his mother asked.

"I want to speak to him. That's all," his father said.

"What," she asked, and her shoulders shook with one of her noiseless fits of coughing—"what has he done wrong?"

"Nothing," he said. "The boy's all right."

"I'm glad," she said. "You must be gentle, Matthew, when I'm not here to make you."

His father drew a deep breath, as though he were about to speak, but the pantry door had opened before he could begin. Bridget, one of the Irish maids, was standing in the dining room, twisting at her apron.

"If you please, sorr—if you please, there's after being a big black man, a negur like, in the kitchen wants to see you, sorr."

"Well, what does he want?" said Matthew Swale.

"About caring for the horses, sorr," said Bridget. "Pomp, being took sick, sent him down."

"Send him to the library," said Matthew Swale. "Richard, come with me."

He closed the door of the library softly. The chains were still in his hand, bundled in his napkin. Before he spoke, he strode over to his block-front secretary, tossed the bundle into the lower drawer, locked it and placed the key in his waistcoat pocket.

"Richard," he said. "Richard."

"Yes, sir," Richard answered.

"You'll not tell your mother what you found."

"No, I'll not tell her, sir."

The colored man of whom Bridget had spoken came into the library and closed the door behind him, brushing at his frayed, patched coat.

The man was tall; his skin was the same color as the black mahogany of the block-front desk, and it glistened in the light. His face was broad, the mouth like a scar, the nose flat, the eyes wide and melancholy. Negroes were not a strange sight, and yet Richard always remembered that the man seemed strange, like someone from a very distant place. As he stood there the whole room seemed unfamiliar, and something wild and restless went stirring in Richard's mind, and then he recollected what it was.

They come a great Way aboard with little Boats.

That man was like a part of that thumbed book which lay beneath the eaves. He was a part of that place where the crooked tree appeared like an umbrella on the highest of the cliffs.

Matthew Swale stood beside the desk, looking the black man up and down, and Richard could not help wondering if his father felt the strangeness.

"Well," said Matthew Swale loudly, as one speaks to a foreigner, "what do you want?"

The negro shuffled his feet and moved his head and sighed. The door was just behind him, and on either side were cases filled with books, and then there was the portrait of Daniel Swale in his sea cloak, and pictures of two ships done in oil. The black man sighed again.

"Pomp sent me, sah," he said. "He say fo' me to 'tend the horses." His voice was low and very strong. It sounded somehow like the beating of a drum, for, even when he finished speaking, it left an echo in the room.

"Well, what's your name?" said Matthew Swale.

"Malachi, sah," the black man said. "Malachi Cuffy, if yo' please."

"Where do you come from?" said Matthew Swale. "You don't belong in town."

"From Virginia, sah," said Malachi. "I done come from Virginia way."

"Well," said Matthew Swale, "what are you doing here?"

"Searchin' fo' work, sah," said Malachi. He smiled, so that his face all turned to wrinkles. "I knows horses, I do. I've driven for the quality."

"What quality?" said Matthew Swale.

"Ise 'ud rather not say, if yo' please, sah," Malachi Cuffy said.

"Why, damn your insolence!" said Matthew Swale.

"Sah?" said Malachi.

"You heard me," said Matthew Swale. "Do you think I'll hire a servant who won't say where he's worked?"

"Sah," said Malachi, "I'm powerful good with horses. I be so."

"Yes," said Matthew Swale, "and you're a powerful good black liar. You tell Pomp, from me, not to send any more black tramps here."

"Yes, sah," said Malachi. "Pomp, he done send me. Pomp, he says yo' might help me, if yo' please, sah. I come from very far."

"And they're looking for you," said Matthew Swale. "I'll wager that."

The black man did not move at first, but somehow his expression changed, and Richard remembered how it was. His eyes became sharp with a sudden glint of fear. His hand made a quick, spasmodic gesture, and he shrank backward until his shoulders touched the door.

"Please, sah," he said. His voice was low and soft.

"Be off with you," said Matthew Swale.

"Please, sah!" the black man said, and Richard was frightened then. Malachi's eyes were glowing. They were suddenly hard, intent.

"Be off with you," said Matthew Swale.

Then he was gone. It was strange how silently and quickly he could move. A moment before, he had been standing in front of the gray panels of the library door, and next, though the door was closed, Richard could almost believe he saw him still, tall and black, with that strange light in his eyes.

"Father," said Richard, "what made him look like that?"

His father must have had the memory, too, for he also stood looking at the door.

"The man's a runaway," his father said. "And confounded ugly too. . . . Go out. Your mother's calling."

His mother was in the dining room, seated just as they had left her. When he came in, she gave her head a little shake and brushed quickly at her shawl, as though to brush off something invisible that was all around her.

"Richard," she said, "there's a basket in the kitchen. Will you bring it down to Pomp?"

"Yes," said Richard. "Now?"

"It's Saturday," his mother said; "you have no school. Yes, you know the house in Little Guinea."

Richard knew the house. As long as he could remember anything, Pomp had been working at the harness and brushing down the horses as he sang beneath his breath.

"Yes, I'll go," said Richard, but, as he turned, his mother called him back.

"Richard," his mother said, "did your father see that poor black man?"

Richard nodded.

"He's gone," he said.

"Gone?" said his mother. "I saw him in the hall. I wonder where he's gone." But how should Richard Swale have known?

"He was like a lost soul," she said—"a poor lost soul—and he was frightened. I can tell, because I'm frightened too. There's something—something terrible is going to happen. Richard, I'm afraid."

Now, what was premonition? Nothing but the air, but a boy could tell. The unseen things were moving. Not the wind, but unseen things were hurrying through the streets, and Richard had that sense of hurry. He always remembered that. The sun was out in a soft, blue sky. A northwest breeze, still bearing on it the sharpness of the winter, was making the river dark and rough, and making the puddles on the lawns and streets like little rippling seas. A row of muddy buggies was tied before the West India Store; smoke curled from the chimney of the old distillery on the river street, and smoke was coming from the engine house of the new granite cotton mills. There was a humming from the mills, a new and restive sound which prevailed above the hammering in the shipyards, like the noise of a newer time, struggling against the old, rising freshly whenever the hammering stopped.

Old Mr. Nevins, who was preacher at the old First Church, was walking toward the main street. His long white hair made him

(Continued on Page 112)

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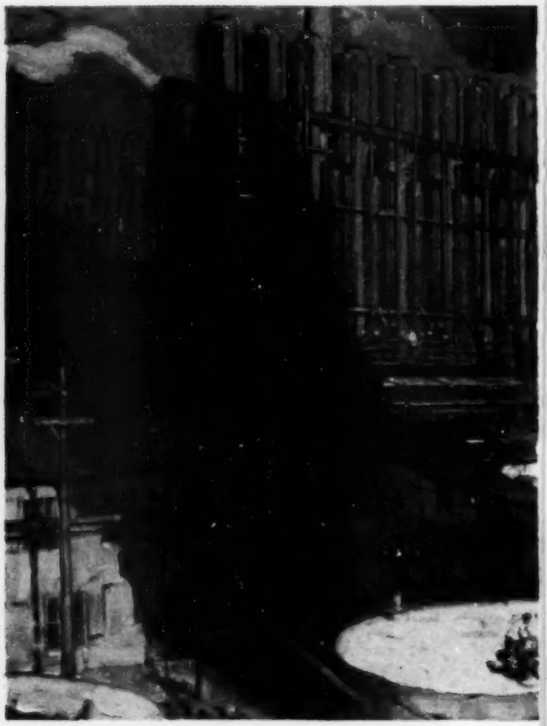

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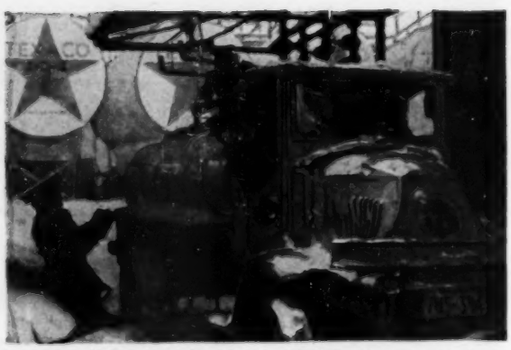

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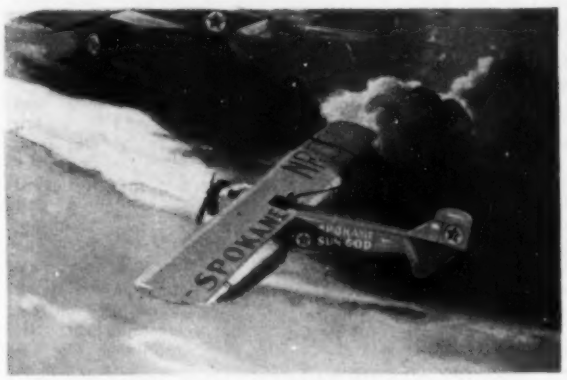

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(Continued from Page 109)

very venerable; his thoughts were so far away that he walked through the puddles, splashing as though he did not see them.

"Where have you been, Richard Swale?" Mr. Nevins asked.

When Richard told him that he had been to Little Guinea, Mr. Nevins laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Be merciful," he said. "Mercy is the best of all."

The frost was oozing from the mainstreet, leaving it all mud and ruts; steam from wet shingles was curling from the old First Church. A carriage had drawn up before the tavern; a single man, a stranger, was standing on the porch, and a group of men were gathered on the sidewalk ten yards or so away.

The strange thing was that Richard could hear their voices a long way off, and loud voices and excitement were rare in Haven's End.

"There's trouble," said Mr. Nevins. "I do believe there's trouble."

The men on the sidewalk were staring at the tavern, and their voices rose and fell with a curious intensity. A man in a tall beaver hat was speaking to them, and Richard knew him well enough. It was Mr. William Scarlet, who owned the rigging lofts farther down the street—a red-faced, coarse-grained man, heavy like all the Scarlet family, wearing a greatcoat buttoned to his throat. As Mr. Scarlet spoke, he would wipe his face with a red handkerchief and then thrust the handkerchief in his pocket and pull it out again.

"William," said Mr. Nevins. "What's the matter, William?"

They all turned when they saw Mr. Nevins, as if they were glad to see him.

"There's matter enough," Mr. Scarlet said. "A slave catcher's come to town."

"Yes," said one of the shipyard men, "and he'd be a damned sight wiser if he was to get out again."

"Vengeance," said Mr. Nevins—"vengeance is mine saith the Lord. Speak more gently, friend."

He turned to Mr. Scarlet, and a look passed between them. When that look passed between them, both their faces changed.

"William," said Mr. Nevins, "is there ——" and his sentence ended with another glance.

"Yes," said Mr. Scarlet. "Yes, a new colored man's in town. You know where. And look yonder on the porch—there's the one who's after him—him in the black slouch hat—and the marshal and two deputies are up the street."

As Mr. Nevins glanced toward the porch, you might have thought that the excitement pleased the stranger. His face beneath his whiskers and his drooping brown mustache was thin and yellowish. His eyes were yellow and unblinking, and his voice was very smooth. He took a long cheroot from his mouth and spat at a knot hole.

"Wherefore's all the noise?" he asked. "It's what I tell you. I'm here to get a nigger—a low, no-account nigger. Holler if you like. I'll get him."

"Nigger catcher!" shouted someone. "Nigger catcher!"

"White trash," said the stranger, "shut yore face!"

Mr. Nevins drew a key from the pocket of his coat. It was the key to the old First Church.

"It's time," said Mr. Nevins. "Yes, the time has come. Open up the door and toll the bell. They'll know the meaning when they hear the bell."

Then Mr. Scarlet made a sudden gesture and looked narrowly up the street.

"Clam up," said Mr. Scarlet. "Here comes Swale."

"He'll do no harm," said Nevins. "I'll speak to Matthew Swale."

Then Richard saw his father walking toward the tavern; his head was stiff and unbending, supported by his great white collar. His gray beaver hat was freshly brushed and smooth; the pin in his cravat, his watch chain and the top of his walking stick all glittered in the sun. It was pleasant to see the way the mechanics touched their hats, and Mr. Scarlet himself looked ill at ease and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Good morning, Matthew," said Mr. Nevins

Matthew Swale bowed, but before he answered, the bell began to toll with a quick staccato beat.

"What's wrong?" he said. "Has someone died?"

"No," said Mr. Nevins. "Since you ask, it's a call. The time has come."

"May I ask," said Matthew Swale, "what you mean by that?"

Mr. Scarlet stepped forward and pulled Mr. Nevins' sleeve. "Don't," he said. "You know his sentiments."

Mr. Nevins' voice rose higher with the tolling of the bell. The sound of the bell went pulsing through the blue like heartbeats, stirring all the sleep and all the peace of Haven's End.

"I mean you're a just man, Matthew," Mr. Nevins said. "I've known you and I've known your father for fifty years. You won't see injustice done. There are officers here, looking for a poor black slave, and the bell is ringing for a signal—a signal from the Lord."

Matthew Swale's lips curled up and the color was higher in his cheeks.

"A signal?" he said. "Do you mean to start a riot?"

A crowd was gathering in the street. A minute before, the place had been empty, and now, before one noticed it, was filled until it seemed that all the town was there, shouting questions and elbowing toward the tavern steps.

"Parson," said Matthew Swale, "do you know what you're doing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Nevins, "and you'll be with us, Matthew Swale."

"Will I?" said Matthew Swale. "I'll show you there's one honest man in town. Who's that on the porch?" He was pointing to the stranger in the black felt hat.

Mr. Scarlet stepped forward and mopped at his forehead. "Now, Mr. Swale," said Mr. Scarlet, "you leave him to us. Hey," Mr. Scarlet's voice rose to a shout, "do you see him, boys? There's a slave catcher in town!"

"Damn the slave catcher!" shouted someone. "Ride him on a rail."

Then Matthew Swale's voice also rose to a shout, harsh and clear above the ringing of the bell.

"Stop that howling," he shouted, "you infernal fools! Don't you know the law?"

Next there was a silence, and everyone was staring.

"Look!" Richard heard someone mutter. "Yonder's Matthew Swale." There was something about the gold-headed cane, something in the long straight nose, which made them stop and stare.

"Don't he lay it on, though?" someone was muttering. "You might think he owned the town."

The noise of the bell was quickening the pulses, filling the air with a throb of excitement, until the air seemed full of angry waves.

Matthew Swale walked up the steps, swinging his cane from side to side, and everyone was watching.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "My name is Swale, and I'm at your service." He glanced down at the sidewalk carelessly. "Don't mind them," he said. "Something like this was bound to happen, and cheap sentiment won't help it."

The man in the black felt hat stretched out a lanky hand. "Proud to make your acquaintance, sir," he said in that soft smooth voice. "I'm Joe Lacey, sir, from Calvert's Plantation; Mr. Calvert's agent, with full attorney powers. I've come to fetch a nigger back—an ordinary buck nigger."

Mr. Swale did not appear to notice Mr. Lacey's hand suspended indecisively between them.

"Very good," he said. "Something like this was bound to happen. I'll do what's right, you understand. How do you know your man is here?"

Mr. Lacey spat over the porch rail. "Mister," he said, "we traced him on from Boston. Niggers are powerful stupid, I reckon I know, and he's a downright ordinary chattel."

"What's he like?" said Matthew Swale.

Mr. Lacey chewed on the end of his cheroot.

"A big buck, powerful and prime," he said. "Field hand purchased by Mr. Calvert in Mobile. Goes by the name of Malachi Cuffy, if he ain't changed it."

Matthew Swale's cane dropped from beneath his arm and clattered on the veranda boards.

"It's that way, is it?" he said. "Well, he's the one."

"Have you chanced to have seen him, sir?" said Mr. Lacey.

Richard's father cleared his throat, and then his words came harshly, loud enough for everyone to hear.

"He was at my house this morning," Matthew answered. "He should be in Little Guinea now."

"Don't you fret, sir," said Mr. Lacey. "We know that. The marshal's gone to fetch him. Heigh, now look you! Here he comes."

There was a murmur in the street that was growing louder, louder. Everyone was turning, pushing, staring, and the sight was strange enough for Haven's End. Half a dozen men were walking down the street, led by a heavy-bearded man who wore a badge upon his coat. A black man was in the center of that group, and he was wild and terrible. The eye clung to him, Richard always said, as though he stood alone. His shirt was in tatters; the whites of his eyes were gleaming. The blood was running from a cut upon his temple, and his hands were tied with rope.

"It's him!" shouted Mr. Lacey. "Yes, by gad, it's him!"

"And, by thunder," shouted Mr. Swale, "there's going to be trouble. Marshal, bring that man in here!"

There was going to be trouble, and it was very strange when one remembered that Haven's End had been so dull and quiet not half an hour before. The sound in the street had risen until there was a roar of voices beneath the ringing of the bell. How it happened, you could never tell; first there was the knot of men walking down the street, and then the crowd was all about them in a rush of tossing hats and sticks.

"Run!" someone was shouting. "God be with you! Run!" It was old Mr. Nevins' voice. His hat was off and his white hair was flying.

"By gad," shouted Mr. Lacey, "he's got away! Look there, he's running yonder!"

Sure enough, the black man was running up the street, and Matthew Swale was watching.

"Yes," said Matthew Swale, "he's got a pair of legs."

"Get the slave catcher!" the crowd was shouting. "Ride him on a rail."

"Don't worry," said Matthew Swale. "He'll not run far; they'll take him up again. He's tired—he's very tired."

"Fetch the slave catcher!" they were shouting. "Ride him on a rail!"

"I think," said Matthew Swale, "you had better come to my house. These men are excited, and you'll be safer there."

He put his hat more firmly on his head and walked down the steps of the tavern porch. "Get back," he said. "Get back, you fools."

They did not touch him, though Richard could not tell why.

"Shame!" someone was shouting. "Shame on you, Mr. Swale!"

At the head of the street, Matthew Swale stopped to look behind him, and something was puzzling him, as anyone could see. Mr. Lacey's breath was coming fast; Mr. Lacey's hands were trembling like his voice.

"Damn 'em!" he said. "Did you hear 'em? They want to ride me on a rail!"

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679

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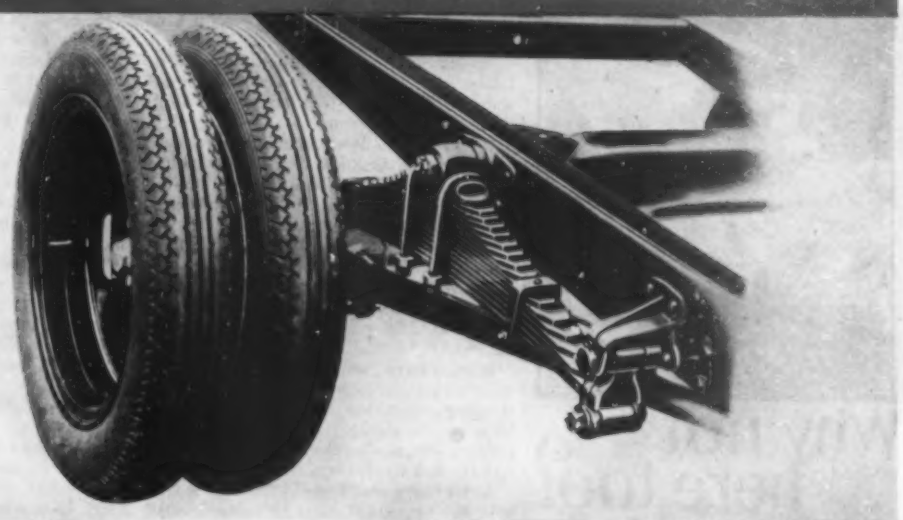

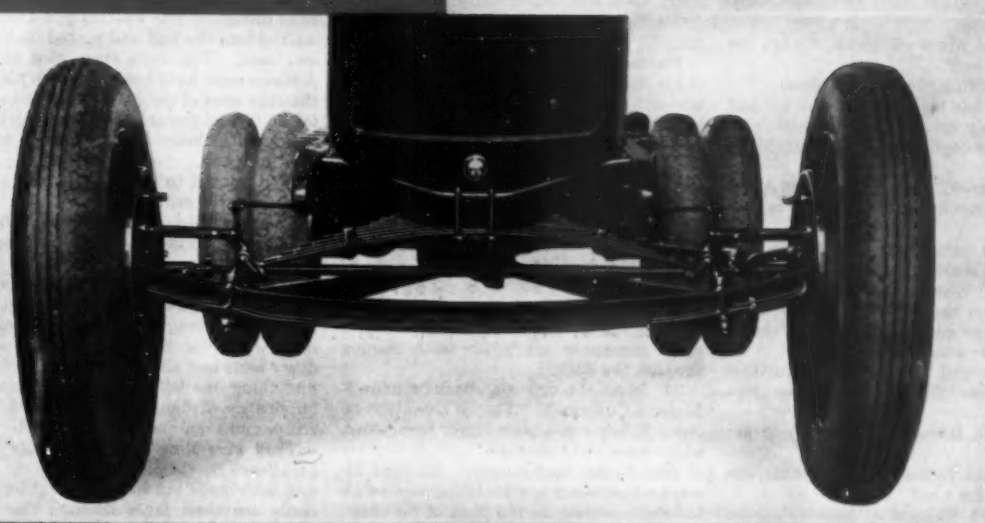

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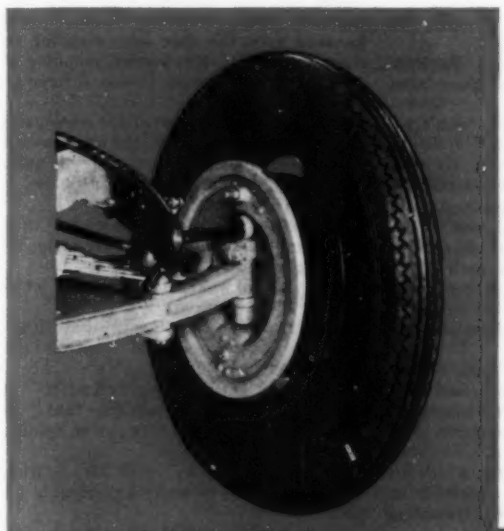

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(Continued from Page 112)

But Matthew Swale still did not appear to hear. He was gazing at the crowd, which was growing larger by the old First Church; the workingmen were coming from the rigging lofts and the shops, and mill hands and shipwrights were walking from the river.

"He'll not run far," said Matthew Swale. "I saw him this morning; the man was very tired and weak."

He sighed and looked at Mr. Lacey with half-concealed dislike.

"You can only do what you think is right in these days," said Matthew Swale. "We all must stand by that."

"You're a gentleman, sir," said Mr. Lacey.

"Richard," said his father, "take Mr. Lacey to the guest room and bring him whisky. I'm going back to town. We'll have to find that man."

He was going—he was like all the Swales—going because he knew that he was right. He was going in his stubbornness; he was going in his pride to hunt and seize the body of that lonely, running man.

"Shame!" someone had shouted. "Shame on you, Mr. Swale!"

But there was no shame upon him—even Richard could see that, and Richard knew that he would never stop from pity or from fear.

It must have been after four when Matthew Swale got home. Richard could remember because the shadows were growing long, and the sunlight in the front hall was growing soft, as always in the afternoon, before the sun went down.

As his father stood beside the table in the hall, taking off his coat, he seemed very tired.

"Ah," said Matthew Swale, "what are you doing here?"

"I was waiting, sir," said Richard.

His father laid his cane beside his hat and looked sharply up and down the hall.

"What the devil were you waiting for?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Richard, and it was true—he did not know. "Have they caught him, sir?"

"No," his father said. "They saw him down at the Scarlets' wharf, and he broke clean away. Where's that overseer? Did you bring him back?"

"He's in the guest room," said Richard. "He's got the whisky there."

"I'll be bound he has," said Matthew Swale. "Does your mother know he's here?"

"No," said Richard. "Mother's in her room."

"Good," his father said. "Has anyone been asking for him?"

"No," said Richard. "Nobody's been here." As he answered, he could imagine that his father was listening to some noise out in the street.

"Well, they will be," said Matthew Swale. "They're coming. Come into the library. Don't stand mooning there. Come into the library. I want to think."

His father was very much disturbed, and his face was all sharp lines. Richard went back to a chair by the window and glanced out at the sodden lawn. His father was pacing quickly about the room, but finally he sat before his desk and leaned his head upon his hands.

"Father," said Richard.

"Be quiet, boy," said Matthew Swale. "Be quiet. I want to think."

It was getting on toward dusk and there was not a sound except now and then a creaking noise in the front hall and the rustling of the wind in the trees outside.

The thing that happened did not seem strange, because it was part of all this place. There was the portrait of old Daniel Swale upon the wall; his face seemed to sink back into the canvas, but his eyes seemed brighter in the dusk. There seemed to be all sorts of people, airy, shadowy, who moved about that room. You could almost imagine that all the other Swales were back in the Swale house, when the dusk was coming on, whispering of all sorts of things which everyone had forgotten. You could think of Colonel Richard Swale who placed the Powaw's head upon a pole. You could think of Swales in doublets and Swales in small clothes, and voices everywhere were saying, "Don't be afraid. We're here."

The blacks would come out in canoes to meet the ship. Richard could see them coming over violet water, through the dusk, against a coast line of dark, misty trees. He could almost hear their shouts as they came alongside the ships from Haven's End. It did not seem strange, when he looked up, to see a black man there, because he seemed a part of all the shadows, an unseen thing grown real.

He stood in the center of the library as noiseless as a shadow, but he was alive, Richard could see the gleam of his eyes and the rise and fall of his black skin beneath his torn, checked shirt. He was in a shirt and breeches, barefoot, with a blood clot on his cheek.

Richard Swale remembered clutching at the arms of his chair and shutting his eyes, but when he looked again, the black man was still there, breathing noiselessly through his open lips.

"Father," said Richard—"father."

And then his father saw him. Richard saw his father turn very slowly and saw his eyes grow wide and his face turn white as paper. Somehow, some spell had broken when his father turned, and all the shadows vanished.

Malachi Cuffy, the runaway slave, was standing in the library.

As Matthew Swale moved, Malachi Cuffy moved also, and as he did so, Richard saw that he had a billet of wood in his hand which he had raised to strike.

"White man," he said softly—"white man."

Matthew Swale got up, holding the back of his chair, but he did not speak; his face was still as white as paper, just as though he had seen a ghost.

"White man," said Malachi Cuffy, "don't yo' move. Yo' done tole on me, did yo', white man?"

Then Matthew Swale found his voice, and it did not surprise Richard that he was not afraid.

"I told," he said, "but they'd gone to get you before I told. How did you come here?"

As Malachi Cuffy answered, Richard could remember his white teeth shining through the dusk.

"I come through the back window," Malachi Cuffy said. "They'll know that no one will help out a poor nigger here. And, white man, yo' done told."

Yes, Swales had courage. Richard always remembered how his father stood with his hands resting on the back of his chair, and, though his face was white, his voice was steady.

"You've been running a long way," he said.

"Yes, white man," said Malachi, "I been running—I been running."

"Put down that stick," said Matthew Swale. "Put it down, you black-faced fool."

"White man," said Malachi, "don't yo' move. I'll kill yo' if yo' move."

Matthew Swale was very quick. He must have known all the while what he would do, and the chair he held was light enough to handle. He swung it upward, and its upward arc landed clean on Malachi Cuffy's jaw. There was a thud and a rattle of the chair as the two men rolled together on the floor. Then Matthew Swale had his hands on Malachi's throat and his knee on Malachi Cuffy's chest.

"Richard," he was saying, "take this key and get the irons from the desk, and close the door. Don't hurry. There's no need to hurry. The poor man's weak as water. You could have knocked him down."

There was one thing, besides, which his father said. Richard could remember it, though he was taken with a fit of trembling and though he felt very ill.

"They work," said Matthew Swale. "Now who would have thought they'd work? Lord have mercy on us, the man's in chains!"

Malachi Cuffy was sitting on the floor with manacles on his wrists and ankles, and Matthew Swale was on his feet, and looking still as though he saw a ghost, and always the picture of Daniel Swale was staring at them solemnly, and all the room seemed filled with people, although they were all alone.

"This house is old," his father said. "Lord, but it is old. Richard, fetch the brandy and wet that poor man's lips. Take the brandy, black man. Don't you be afraid."

Matthew Swale himself must have known the room was filled with other people, for he looked round him exactly as though he saw.

"Lord," he said, "we've bought and sold enough of that."

Then Richard heard someone running down the stairs.

"Mr. Swale!" someone was calling. "Mr. Swale!"

"Here," called Matthew Swale, "don't shout like that! You'll wake the dead!"

Richard was the one who opened the library door, and there was Mr. Lacey, smelling strong of whisky. His hair was matted; he was twisting his long hands together, and he did not appear to notice that anything was strange, because it was very clear that Mr. Lacey was afraid.

"I seen 'em from the window," Mr. Lacey said. "There's hundreds coming up the street! You won't let 'em take me, will you, Mr. Swale?"

"No," said Matthew Swale. "Stay here and watch this man."

As though it was an everyday occurrence, or as though he was walking in a dream, he walked into the hall and picked up his hat and cane. Yet, even then, that last experience must have been fresher in his mind than the news of the crowd upon the street, for he turned toward the library again and spoke out a thought, though there was no need to speak.

"He wanted to kill me," he said. "I'd have done the same."

Then his voice was drowned out by the thundering of the eagle knocker on the great front door.

Matthew Swale opened it and walked out upon the granite steps. It must have been as surprising to him as it is to imagine now, when the old debate has become a dusty issue and all the slaves are free. The first thing one felt, Richard said, was the imminence of danger that made the skin creep, and then one saw the crowd.

They were filing through the gate of the high fence by the street—an orderly lot of men who made but little noise. You could easily see their faces through the dusk. There must have been a hundred—enough, at any rate, to be beyond the grasp of ordinary thought. They were talking in low voices but they stopped when they saw Matthew Swale. Two men who must have knocked upon the door were standing on the gravel walk—Mr. Scarlet, mopping at his face, and Jonathan Hume, a foreman from the shipyard.

Matthew Swale looked at the crowd, and then at Mr. Scarlet, and then at Jonathan Hume, seemingly getting it all in his mind as one might memorize a row of figures.

"Well?" he said. "Well?"

Mr. Scarlet mopped his face again, and Jonathan Hume thrust his hands in his jacket pockets.

"Don't you want to know what we're here for?" he inquired.

"No," said Matthew Swale, "but I'll tell you this: I'll give you two minutes to get off of my front lawn."

Mr. Hume spat on the gravel path. "It don't do any good to talk like that," he said. "Scarlet and me here, we're heading the vigilance committee."

"Now, Mr. Swale," said Mr. Scarlet, "we don't want to make any trouble for you."

"You won't," said Matthew Swale, and smiled. "When a pair like you heads anything."

(Continued on Page 117)

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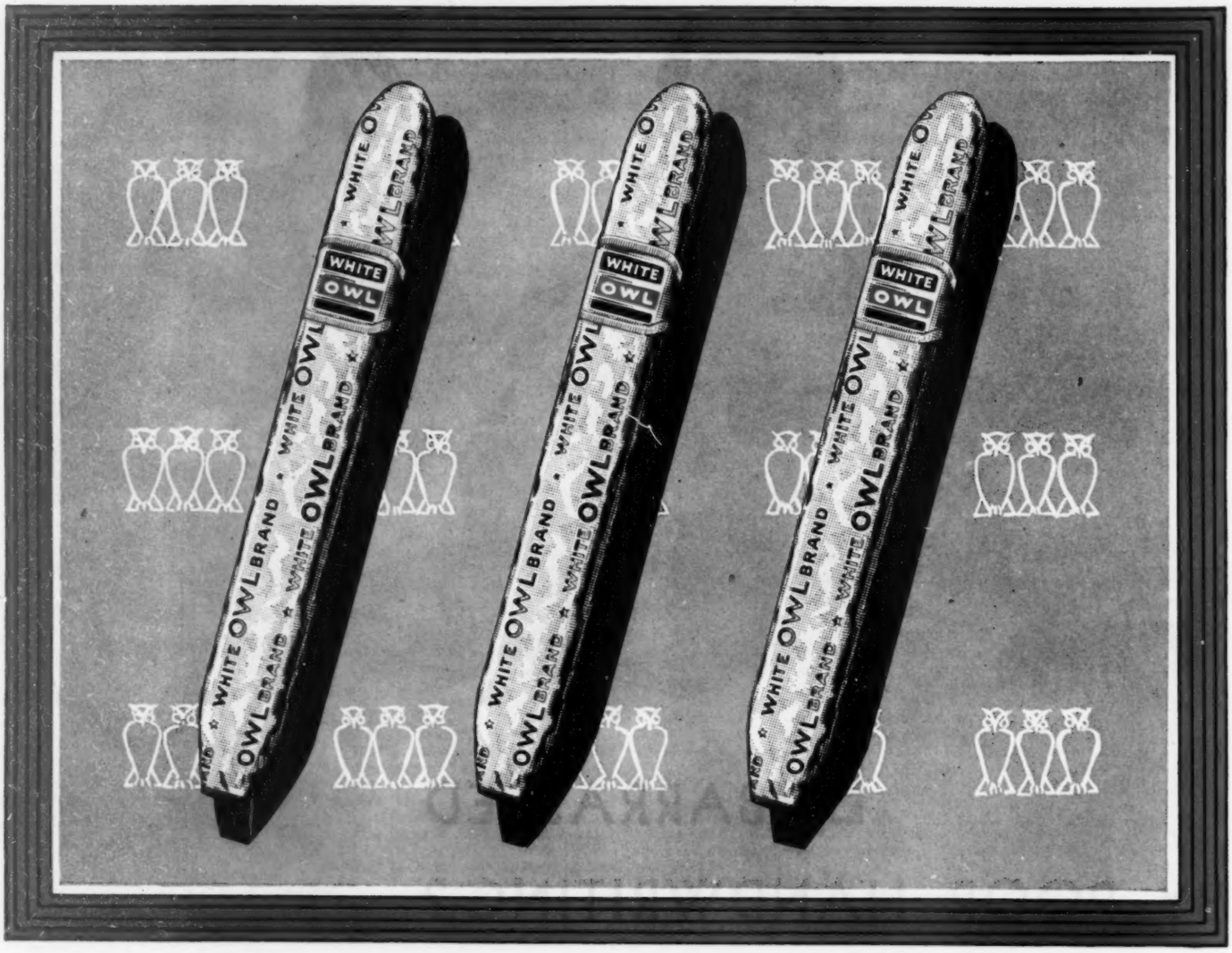

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(Continued from Page 114)

Mr. Scarlet's voice was thick. "I guess we're just as good as you, in spite of all your stuck-up manners."

"Ah," said Matthew, "did you come here to tell me that?"

"We came here," Mr. Hume stepped forward, "to get that damn slave catcher. That's why we've come. Will you give him up or must we bust in to get him?"

It was clear that Matthew was growing angry, though he did not raise his voice. "So it's a mob, is it?" he said. "A tar-and-feather mob. Get off with it, Mr. Hume. And mind you don't come here again until you're asked."

"Don't you put on any airs now," Mr. Scarlet said. "We're just as good as you, you nigger catcher."

"Nigger catcher!" shouted someone. "That's what Swale is, boys!"

Richard never dreamed what would happen next; even when it had happened, the action seemed incredible. Matthew Swale had raised his cane and had struck Mr. Scarlet diagonally across the face. Mr. Scarlet staggered a step backward; involuntarily his hands went up.

"There," said Matthew Swale, "that'll do for you." Suddenly his voice rose to a shout. "Listen, you!" he shouted. "Hold your tongues and listen. The man in my house is acting according to the law. Do you understand what that means—the law? He's a guest in my house, and he'll stay in my house as long as I'm in it. Now move off of my front lawn."

Then someone threw a club. It went crashing through a window, and then the air was filled with stones and the noise was suddenly terrible, indistinguishable, derisive jeering.

Everyone upon the lawn was sneering at Matthew Swale.

"Come on!" Mr. Hume was shouting. "Come and git him, boys!"

And they were coming, swarming up the thirty yards of lawn. Richard could see them, black faces and white faces, crouching bodies and awkward, shambling feet.

"Richard," Matthew Swale was saying, "go inside and close the door."

The time was too short for accurate impression, but it could not have been more than a few seconds since his father raised his cane when Richard was aware that his mother was on the doorstep too. She had come there as illogically as a figure in a vision, but the sight of her was very clear—her white hooped skirt with little flowers printed on it, her shawl with the cameo pin.

"Matthew," she was saying—"what is it, Matthew dear?"

He remembered her voice, clear and very sweet, and next she lay on the doorstep in a rumple of white muslin, broken and without a word. And next his father kneeling over her, holding up her head.

"You've killed her!" he was shouting. "Oh, my God, you've killed her!"

Somehow everything had stopped, and there was only his father's voice, breaking with a sob. "You cowards!" he shouted. "Ah, you filthy cowards!"

He was lifting her in his arms; his back was to the lawn as he carried her through the doorway. Richard followed him, but when he turned and looked, just before he closed the door, the strangest thing had happened. There was no one on the lawn. Everyone had gone; they must have started leaving when they saw her fall.

Richard remembered when she opened her eyes, though how much time had elapsed he could not tell. She was lying on her four-post bed, covered with a Paisley shawl. There was a decanter of brandy upon the candle stand, and old Nora, the children's nurse, was laying a hot towel on her head.

"Matthew," she said, "whatever is the matter? I should drink that brandy if I were you."

Richard had never seen his father so. He was nearly ashamed or afraid to look long at his father's face; he could not tell which. Matthew Swale had been kneeling by the bed; but when she spoke, he got up slowly and drank the glass of brandy very quickly and then he wiped his eyes.

"When I find the man who did this ——" he began, but he stopped when she smiled at him softly, mockingly, for she was never afraid of Matthew Swale.

"It's just as well I was there," she said. "You couldn't have stopped them. Could you, Matthew Swale?"

Matthew did not reply. The old lines were returning to his mouth and eyes, but he must have known that never in the world could he have stopped them.

"It's what I said"; she was still speaking. "None of them know that you are kind."

When his father answered, Richard understood him, because he himself had the same feelings; yet, perhaps, his father never knew exactly what he said.

"You can't help what's inside you," said Matthew Swale. "Why do race horses run and bird dogs hunt? Because it's all inside them. They're not our instincts which are inside us; they're somebody else's. Lord knows whose! I have to do what I think is right. Confound it, don't you understand? I have to do what I think is right."

She sighed and turned her head. "I know," she said. "Please don't lecture, Matthew. The Swales always do what they think is right. It makes no difference if one is kind."

"You'd best be leaving now, sir," Nora said. "You and the young master. The lady's very tired."

Matthew Swale walked down the stairs very slowly. You could not tell what he was thinking, because the lines were back upon his face. The lamp in the hall was lighted, and its yellow light went up and up into the blackness of the landings, making his shadow grotesquely long against the wall.

"There's too much rubbish in this house," said Matthew Swale, and he opened the library door.

There they were, just as he had left them. The black man was crouching on the floor with his face buried in his hands, as Mr. Lacey sat watching him, smoking one of his cheroots. The air was very thick with the cigar smoke—thick enough to make you cough.

"The marshal's coming in a carriage," said Matthew Swale, "to take you out of town."

"Well and good, sir," said Mr. Lacey. "It can't be too quick for me; and once I get this black boy back—you wait till I get you back, you black ——" And Mr. Lacey began to swear.

Matthew Swale crossed the room toward Malachi and slapped him on the back.

"Stand up, man," he said. "I want to have a look at you."

"Yes, sah," said Malachi. "Yes, sah."

"And how do you feel about it?" said Matthew Swale. "Are you ready to go back?"

Malachi looked at Mr. Lacey and looked away. "Yes, sah," he said.

"Ah," said Mr. Lacey, "he'd kill me if he could, the black ——" And Mr. Lacey began to swear.

Matthew Swale placed his hands behind him and looked at Malachi and cleared his throat.

"I stand for law and order, do you understand?" he said.

"I reckon," said Mr. Lacey, "when I get back I'll tell 'em there are gentlemen in the North."

"Lacey," said Matthew Swale, "I stand for doing what's right, but I've never seen a black man chased before."

"You ain't a planter, sir," said Mr. Lacey, and he laughed. "But you know niggers—that's what I've been saying: 'These are gentle people and they know niggers and they've got the fixings in the house.'"

"Yes," said Matthew Swale, "we know them, and this one looks like a good strong hand."

"Ah," said Mr. Lacey, "he'll be prime when he gets the cussedness beat out of him. Yes, sir."

"Do you want to sell him?" said Matthew Swale.

Mr. Lacey started and took his cheroot from his mouth.

"No," said Mr. Lacey; "I ain't his owner, sir."

"No," said Matthew Swale. All at once he was pleasant, almost genial. "But you have attorney powers. You have them in your pocket, and fifteen hundred dollars is the price of field hands now."

"Well," said Mr. Lacey, "I don't aim to sell. I didn't come up here to sell no niggers."

"Very good," said Matthew Swale. "You, Malachi, hold out your hands. Mr. Lacey, you don't own these chains. My grandfather owned these."

"Here now," cried Mr. Lacey. "Hold a minute. What do you aim to do?"

Matthew Swale began to smile, speaking very patiently.

"I said," he repeated, "that you don't own the chains. He's yours. Take him if you want him. . . . Richard, let us step outside. Mr. Lacey will want to beat the man."

"Here now!" cried Mr. Lacey. "That ain't right!"

Matthew Swale stepped toward him. "Why, damn your insolence," he said, "don't tell me what's right or wrong. There he is; now take him."

"Here now," cried Mr. Lacey, "don't go out. Don't leave me with that nigger here."

"Perhaps," said Matthew Swale courteously and gently, "you'd rather sell?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lacey, "yes, I'll sell."

"That's better," said Matthew Swale. "Now everything's right and proper. Richard, light the candle on my desk while I draw my check. Malachi, come over here. You're my nigger now."

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A Ferryboat on the Androscoggin River

It's the *top* of the can that counts these days

A color photograph

Now you can choose just the grade of pineapple best suited for each salad, each dish, each dessert

GROW pineapples carefully as you may. Choose only the finest plants, the richest soil—gather them, as we do, at the peak of ripeness. Even with such care there are degrees of perfection.

So we have always graded every can of our pineapple—over 7,000,000 cans a year. But never has it been so clearly and simply marked as now—*by numbers stamped right in the top of the can.*

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Gleaming cans of pineapple on the grocer's shelf. Which shall you buy for that dish or dessert you are planning for dinner? Look, first, for DOLE stamped in the top of the can, for that tells you the ripe and freshly gathered fruit inside is Dole grown—Dole packed. Then beneath DOLE look for the grade you wish—1 or 2 or 3. Yes, "It's the top of the can that counts these days."

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Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

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You'll find them in this beautiful and useful booklet, and you'll also find the full story of the Hawaiian Pineapple industry and the man who started it all—James D. Dole. Fill in and mail coupon—that's all you need to do.

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NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO COUNTRIES

(Continued from Page 4)

not entirely foreign to its scheme. Dictatorship means militarism with the lightning rods out for war. This, in turn, demands every available male who can be put through the army routine, once they enter the zone of seizure. Italy, with the boss dictator of them all, has been the principal offender. She has made some concessions in the matter of impressment—if naturalized citizens come from transoceanic countries they may remain a year without molestation—but there is no guaranty of permanent immunity until a naturalization treaty is negotiated.

Fully to comprehend the business of nationality, it is first necessary to catalogue the raw material, as it were, out of which the tangle of dual citizenship is evolved. The words "national," "naturalization," "citizen" and "citizenship" are bandied about so loosely that a definition of them is in order. One fundamental trouble is that in a country like the United States, where the citizenship mill almost works overtime, the obligation involved is sometimes taken lightly. Too often it is merely regarded as a means to an end.

Then, too, there is the problem of the so-called hyphenated American, who figured in the spotlight so conspicuously during the World War. The hyphen has no place in the citizenship structure. No less a personage than the last of the German kaisers is an indorser of the doctrine, as this incident shows:

In the great day of the Hohenzollerns an American visited the then All Highest at Potsdam. Wishing to curry favor with the great man, he made a flattering remark about the devotion of German-Americans to the Fatherland. Instantly the emperor replied:

"I know Americans and I know Germans. I do not know any German-Americans."

Let us begin with a definition of the principal entities and functions involved. The groundwork for this exists in the Reports of the Research in International Law made last year under the auspices of the Harvard Law School, with Prof. Manley O. Hudson as director and Richard W. Flournoy of the State Department as reporter on nationality. The objective of this investigation was to frame a tentative, uniform international code which would eliminate many of the complications growing out of dual citizenship, especially in the matter of compulsory military service for naturalized citizens in the country of birth. This code will be discussed at an international conference for codification which started at The Hague on March thirteenth. You will hear more about this conference later on, because it holds the hope of bringing some degree of order out of the prevailing citizenship chaos.

Two Bases of Nationality

According to the Harvard Reports, nationality is defined as "the status of a natural person who is attached to a state by the tie of allegiance," while a national of a state is a natural person attached to that state by a corresponding tie. Naturalization is "the process by which a state confers its nationality upon a natural person after birth."

The United States Government has recognized the right of expatriation since July 27, 1868, when Congress passed a joint resolution to the effect. Other governments, however, do not take the same view. Naturalization treaties are, therefore, necessary to give the voluntary exiles from the land of their nativity immunity from conscription and other obligations.

A state may confer its nationality at birth upon a person by what is called *jus soli*, which means birth within its territory or jurisdiction, or by *jus sanguinis*, which is birth through the law of blood, or descent. Keep these facts in your mind, because from them emanate all the troubles to which citizenship, or rather the dual or multiple phase, is heir. So long as in the laws of half the countries of the world nationality continues to be based primarily upon place of birth, while in the other half it is based primarily upon descent, confusion will exist.

Under the American law of nationality, as well as under the British, nationality is based upon the fact of birth within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, or of Great Britain, as the case may be. In the countries of Continental Europe nationality is acquired primarily through descent. Germany, Austria and Hungary, for example, recognize only descent. It means that a German is a German because his father is a German, irrespective of the place of birth. The French also adhere to this idea.

It so happens also that many governments use both place of birth and descent as bases of determining nationality. To illustrate: The United States and Great Britain claim as citizens those born in a foreign country to parents who are American or British citizens. Any child born on a British ship is claimed as a British subject.

Under Four Flags

With a statement of these facts the plot thickens. Thus, a child born in Italy of American parents is born a citizen of the United States according to American nationality law. Under certain conditions, however, Italy likewise considers him an Italian subject. Conversely, a child born in the United States of Italian parents is born a citizen of the United States; yet, under the Italian law, if the father of this child has not yet renounced his original allegiance, it is an Italian subject, even though born in American territory.

It is at this point that dual citizenship lifts its head to confuse and to confound. The circumstances in which it may be acquired are so varied and complex that it would take a book to catalogue them. A common case of dual nationality is that of a person born, let us say, in State A, which recognizes nationality through process of birth within its confines, of parents who are nationals of State B, which recognizes nationality by descent. The person at birth has the nationality of both State A and State B.

This predicament is bad enough, but there can also be cases of multiple citizenship. Here is the way it would work: A French woman married to a Russian gives birth to a child on a British ship in an American port. The offspring is, therefore, a citizen of four countries. He is Russian on his father's side, French on the mother's, British by virtue of having been born on a British ship, and American for having seen the light of day within Yankee jurisdiction. It would take a flock of lawyers to fix this child's international standing when he tried to get a passport.

We now come to another kind of dual citizenship. A native of Ecuador, for instance, who becomes a naturalized citizen of the United States does not lose citizenship in his native land, because the law makes citizenship permanent unless removed by the government itself. The same is true of Finns, who, upon becoming naturalized here, are Finns and Americans at the same time. Guatemala and Honduras do not recognize our naturalization. Sad is the status of the Italian naturalized in Brazil, for he is subject to military duty in two countries if he should return to his native land for a visit.

The most interesting example of original citizenship being maintained despite naturalization in the land of adoption was afforded by the operation of the Delbrück Law, which went into effect in August, 1913, and which is still on the German statute books. Under it a German can retain his native citizenship no matter what foreign country he adopts. It was more than a coincidence that this law became operative just a year before the outbreak of the World War.

The exact clause in the Delbrück Law which makes for dual citizenship reads as follows:

Citizenship is not lost by one who, before acquiring foreign citizenship, has secured, on application, the written consent of the competent authorities of his home state to retain his citizenship.

The Delbrück Law grew out of imperial Germany's attack of *Weltmacht*, which means world power. In South America huge colonies of Germans retained their Teutonic loyalties despite the acquisition of citizenship in the lands where they lived and had their business connections. Sentimentally and legally they were still Germans, although they had Argentine or Brazilian passports. When the war broke they were subjects of the kaiser. It followed that they made an organized effort to seize control of three Southern Brazilian states and make them German dependencies.

Clearly the Delbrück Law is in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States, which exacts repudiation of allegiance to all other sovereignties, and particularly by name to the sovereignty to which the alien, prior to the time of naturalization, owes fealty.

More complicated is the plight of American women who marry into races not eligible for naturalization in the United States. These include Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans and Malays; in fact, all races that are neither black nor white. The marriage of an American woman to a Hindu revealed this situation a few years ago. The wife's ancestors came to this country in 1700. She was, therefore, American to the core. The Hindu had made application for American naturalization before the United States Supreme Court held his race ineligible for citizenship. By applying for American citizenship, he ceased to be a British subject. In consequence, both husband and wife found themselves respectively a man and a woman without a country. This woman, however, can have her American citizenship restored under the provisions of the Cable Act, passed in 1922, the benefits of which will be dealt with later on, when dual citizenship because of matrimonial alliance is reached.

Born Americans

The fact that the yellow and brown races are ineligible to naturalization does not mean that Chinese and Japanese cannot become American citizens. The children of Chinese and Japanese born in the United States automatically become citizens of the United States under the Constitution. Both Japan and China, however, also claim them as nationals. A famous test case involved a man born of Chinese parents in the United States who went back to China. When he returned he was refused admission to the country of his birth. He made a legal test and the Supreme Court upheld his contention that he had a right to enter, because he was still a citizen. If a Chinese merchant and his wife are returning from Europe to China via the United States, and a child is born to the woman in San Francisco on the day before they sail, the child, by the mere accident of having come into the world in this country, is a citizen of the United States, although China regards it as her own as well.

Dual citizenship does more than create a line of international hybrids. It leads, as I have intimated, to service under two flags. In consequence, neither nation involved gets 100 per cent loyalty.

The naturalized person of Italian birth, for example, who is conscripted for the Italian army has a grouch against the American Government for its failure to protect him. He looks upon enforced military duty abroad in peacetime as a violation of his rights as an American, and with every justification. While in foreign uniform he

(Continued on Page 131)

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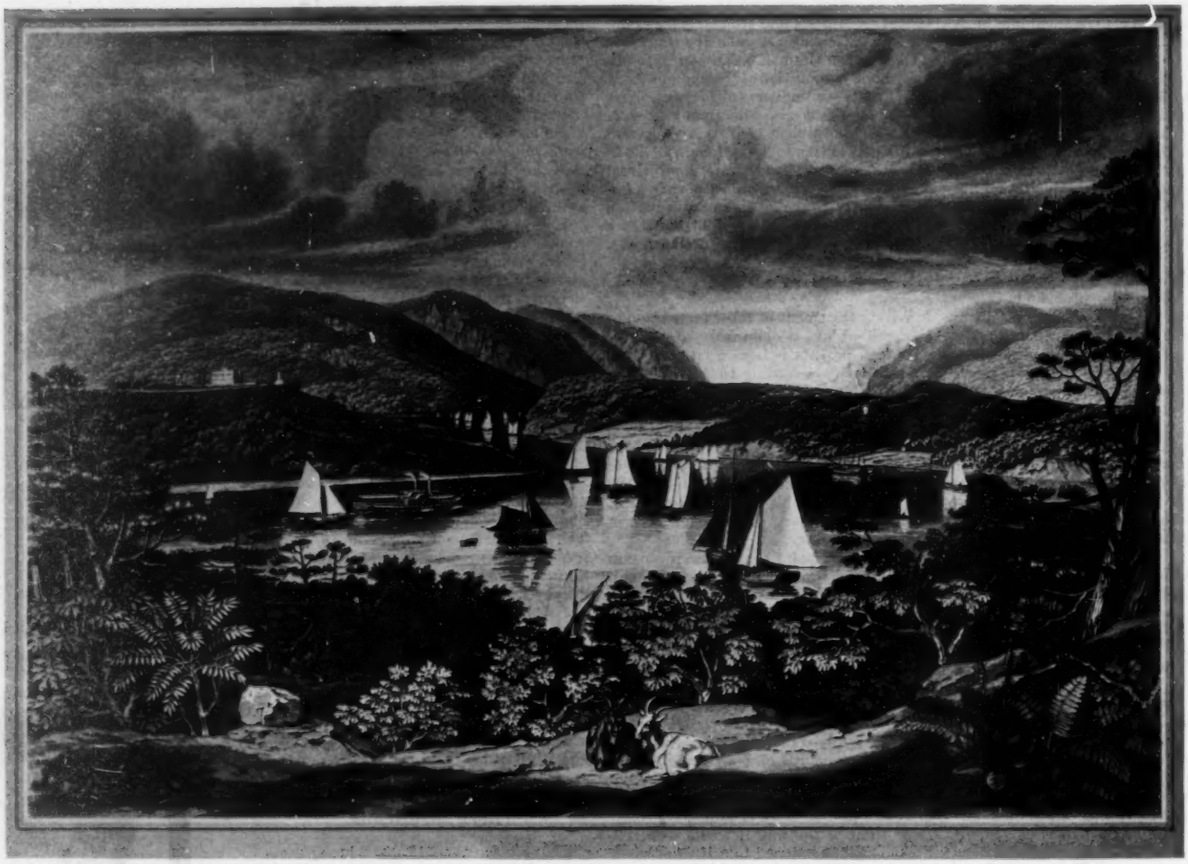

THE HUDSON RIVER AT WEST POINT, from a Currier & Ives colored lithograph engraved by Bennett. Courtesy of Kennedy & Co., New York

"SEEING THE HUDSON has been for three centuries one of the "high spots" of world travel. Henry Hudson, who explored the river in 1609, wrote home that it was "a pleasant land to see." His adventurous voyage of discovery from New York to Albany was more hazardous than a trip across the Atlantic today.

Before the days of Robert Fulton, who steamed up the river in 32 hours and back in 30—with a night spent each way at Chancellor Livingston's country seat on the river—the journey was a matter of days in a Hudson River sloop, struggling with the tides and the storms of the Highlands.

Now thousands of travelers every day have the whole magnificent panorama of the river unfolded before them in three hours from the car windows of the New York Central trains.

Every globe trotter who came to America in the 18th century or the early years of the 19th made his arrangements to see the glories of the Hudson. The bolder ones added Niagara to their itinerary—but the mighty cataract was many days westward through primeval country.

The Marquis of Chastellux, famous compatriot of LaFayette and Rochambeau, first saw the river on a visit to the Revolutionary stronghold in the Highlands at West Point. "*The most magnificent picture I have ever beheld*," he wrote in his journal. And a short while after, when the war was over, the English traveler, Isaac Weld, wrote, "*To describe all the grand and beautiful prospects along this noble river would be an endless task.*"

Storm King, Hudson Highlands

Mrs. Trollope, who lampooned the manners of the Americans in 1832, confessed that it was "*hardly possible to imagine anything more beautiful than the Highlands of the Hudson.*" Washington Irving, whose "Sunnyside" retreat at Irvington is seen from New York Central trains, has done more than any other American to picture the charm and mystery and romance of the valley of the Hudson. Rip Van Winkle and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow are immortal in our literature. "*I thank God*," he said in his "Book of the Hudson," "*that I was born on the banks of the Hudson—this glorious river.*"

All New York Central trains to and from New York City follow the famous Hudson River Valley route. The Hudson from the windows of the *20th Century Limited* is one of the travel wonders of the world.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST SAFEGUARDED BY AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

(Continued from Page 119)

performs his task mechanically. The moment he gets back to the United States the poison of resentment against the home of his adoption is likely to generate in his system.

To the average Anglo-Saxon American, impressment of our naturalized citizens is incomprehensible. He assumes that the majesty and might of the United States Government, as embodied in an American passport, guarantees immunity from any foreign obligation, certainly on the military side. Yet these passports have been seized with impunity by Italian officials and the holders thrust into the Italian army.

The performance is all the more incredible when you examine the nationality laws of the various European powers with whom this irritating problem exists. Needless to say, they are nations with large standing armies.

While professing to recognize the acquired citizenship of their one-time nationals, they, at the same time, still regard them liable for military duty. As in every other phase of international citizenship, endless complications and ramifications cloud and obstruct the issue.

We will first take up the case of Italy, because she has been responsible for the bulk of seizures. Article 8 of the Italian Citizenship Law of June 13, 1912, states that "one loses citizenship" for these reasons:

1. When he of his own will acquires a foreign citizenship and establishes or has established his residence abroad.

2. When, having acquired a foreign citizenship independently, of his own will, one declares that he renounces Italian citizenship, and establishes or has established his residence abroad. In the cases contemplated in paragraphs 1 and 2, the government may except the transfer of the residence abroad.

3. When, having accepted employment from a foreign government, or having assumed the military service in a foreign power, he persists in that position, in spite of the Italian Government's instruction to abandon within a fixed lapse of time the said employment or service.

The loss of citizenship in the cases contemplated in this article does not exempt one from the obligations of military service, except as regards facilities granted by special laws.

From these sections of the law it is quite clear that the Italian contention is inconsistent. In one paragraph citizenship obtained abroad is recognized, while in another this citizenship, despite its renunciation of Italian allegiance, provides no immunity from military service in Italy. In practically every case of conscription the victim had "established his residence abroad" and had only returned to Italy for a visit, with no intention of remaining permanently. The only way, therefore, that the naturalized Italian of military age can, in the main, keep out of the army is never to set foot on his native soil again.

An Italian From Troy

Four distinct classes of Americans have been subject to impressment. They are: Naturalized Americans of Italian origin; native-born Americans of Italian parentage who have resided since childhood in Italy; native-born Americans of Italian parentage whose residence is in the United States and who come to Italy to visit relatives or to attend to business; and native-born Americans of Italian parentage, born after the fathers became naturalized Americans, but whose fathers had returned to Italy to reside.

There is some degree of validity in the seizure of naturalized Americans who have gone back to Italy to reëstablish residence. Under our naturalization laws, when any naturalized citizen "shall have resided for two years in the foreign state from which he came, or for five years in any other foreign state, it shall be presumed that he has ceased to be an American citizen."

The most flagrant cases of conscription, and the ones which have provoked the sharpest protests from the American Government, involve Americans who merely went back to Italy for personal or business reasons, with no desire to remain in the country. With three concrete cases—the facts are all taken from affidavits made by conscripts before American consuls in Italy—I can show precisely how this impressment has worked.

The first relates to a former Italian who was naturalized before the Supreme Court of New York at Troy in September, 1927, and who maintains a residence at Troy. He went to Italy in December last to visit his mother and father in Acquaviva Collecroce in the province of Campobasso. Immediately after his arrival he was drafted. In his affidavit he says, referring to the certificate ordering him to report for examination for army service: "This certificate states that I intend to make my home forever in Italy. I made no such statement and only desire to stay in Italy for three months."

One illuminating feature of this case is that the man did not arrive in Italy until December 17, 1929, whereas the official statement granting conscription immunity to returning naturalized citizens was issued by the Italian Ambassador at Washington on November 3, 1929.

A Quick Call to the Colors

The second deals with a resident of South Norwalk, Connecticut, who was naturalized before the Superior Court of Fairfield County, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in May, 1929. Directly upon arriving in Italy he went to the town of Ielsi, where he was impressed for service. Under oath before an American consul, he declared "that I told the captain that I was an American citizen and he told me that did not matter; that I told him I had been operated upon and was not in a condition to be a soldier; that he told me I would have to serve, sick or not; that after the examination I was told to report again on the following Sunday, December 29, 1929; that I hereby request the help of the American Government to endeavor to have me released from Italian army service; that I protest against serving in the Italian army; that I must be back in the United States by the first of March, 1930; that I have a wife in the United States; that I came to Italy for the purpose of selling a house which was inherited from my mother."

Here you have another case of seizure after the promulgation of the ambassadorial immunity statement. The man involved did not sail from the United States until November 29, 1929. His examination for the army was on December twenty-third.

The third instance is that of a construction laborer who was born in Chicago in 1907. He went to San Vitaliano, Naples, last September, to visit his parents. When he made his affidavit he was serving in an artillery regiment near Naples. This case reveals a slightly different angle, because the parents had returned to Italy to live. The man himself, however, as I have just shown, was a native of the United States and, therefore, ineligible for compulsory service in Italy, from the American point of view.

These experiences are typical of many more that I could cite. The worst case that came under my observation in Italy was a violation of a ministerial decree issued by the Italian Government in 1927 exempting all Italians who had served in any of the Allied armies from compulsory military service in Italy. The original exemption applied to those who had served one year prior to November 11, 1918. It was subsequently broadened so as to include anyone who had served between 1914 and 1919.

The man in question was a naturalized American who served in the American Army in France from 1917 until 1919. He reënlisted in the American forces in 1927 and was discharged, because of illness, the following year. Desiring to visit the home of his fathers, he went to Italy in July, 1928. Despite his possession of an American passport and his service in the war, he was impressed for military duty. When he naturally rebelled, he was tried for insubordination and given a sentence of two years and

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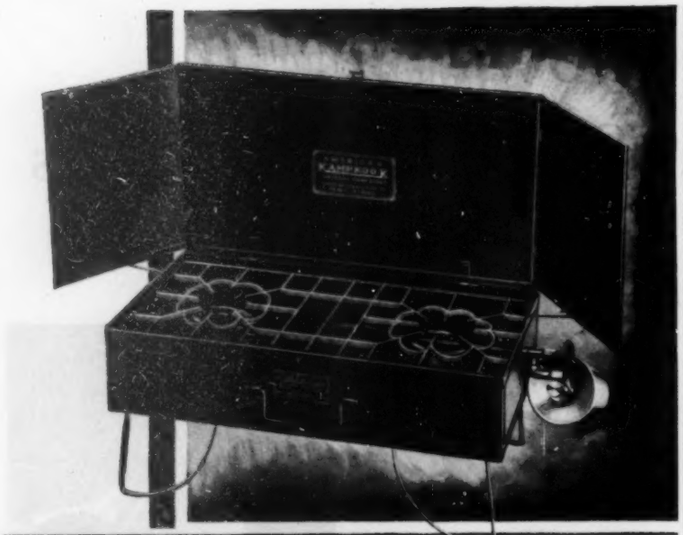

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two months in a military prison. The American authorities who protested were told that absolutely nothing could be done, but as a special condescension, the soldier would not be required to serve his compulsory duty at the close of his prison sentence.

Many of the naturalized or native-born Americans forced into the Italian army on their return to Italy failed to get permits from Italian consular officers here, which, in some instances, exempt them. But even in such cases the heavy hand of impressment has fallen because so many constructions are placed upon eligibility. Moreover, the average naturalized Italian is more or less untutored. Once he becomes an American citizen, he believes that his passport is ample protection, as it should be.

The Ambassador's Statement

Compulsory Italian military service for naturalized American fathers, like those proverbial sins, has been, in many instances, visited upon the sons as well. Children of Italian descent, born in the United States after their fathers renounced allegiance to Italy and acquired American citizenship, are not considered Italian subjects by the Italian Government. Technically they are not liable to conscription. This technicality, however, has not prevented some from being impressed.

An example of this kind of impressment was called to my attention in Genoa. It involved a youth who had been born in 1910 in Far Rockaway, New York, of an Italian father and mother. His father was naturalized in 1906. The boy is, therefore, doubly an American citizen. In 1923 the parents removed to Italy, where the son attended school for a few years. Subsequently he obtained a position in the offices of an American steamship company. Last December he was officially notified that he was eligible for compulsory army duty. He registered a complaint with the American consul, and the American embassy at Rome filed the usual protest.

The Italian Government held that the boy "has again acquired Italian citizenship by having followed his father to Italy in 1923 and having resided there ever since." The specific article under which this young man was held reads:

> The minor sons, not emancipated, of a person acquiring or regaining Italian citizenship become citizens, except when, by living abroad, in accordance with the law of the state to which they belong, they retain their foreign citizenship. However, the son of a foreign-born individual that has become an Italian citizen can, within a year from the date when he reaches his majority, or his emancipation, make a declaration whereby he chooses to retain his original citizenship.

In other words, the Italian authorities went beyond the provisions of the first sentence of this article when they "assumed" that the son regained his Italian citizenship by returning to and living in Italy since 1923. It means, in essence, that every American-born son of an Italian previously nationalized abroad who returns and resides in Italy is subject to military service.

The young man involved in this tangle has an American passport. He told me that he has no desire to become an Italian subject. If he is enabled to take advantage of the process of election—that is, elect the citizenship he wishes to continue—he may have a way out. Election, however, is only valid when a man reaches his majority. In Italy, subjects are liable for military service from their twentieth year. The point to be emphasized is that in this case, as in others, the individual involved, convinced from his viewpoint that he is an American citizen, considered it unnecessary to elect the citizenship to which he was born.

In view of some of the revelations that I have made, the statement made by the Italian Ambassador at Washington on November third last is interesting. I reproduce it herewith in full:

> As it is known, the Fascist government, which has made every effort to develop or create a movement toward the motherland of Italians residing abroad, announced some time ago that no questions as to citizenship would be raised to travelers who, being born abroad by Italian parents, would arrive in Italy with passports issued by the authorities of their native land. This statement, while giving reassurance as far as questions of citizenship are concerned, might have left a doubt that these same citizens of Italian origin born abroad might meet some difficulties if subject to military duties in Italy, and it is, therefore, opportune to make the following matters clear in the most absolute and final way:
>
> 1. Citizens residing abroad, by virtue of the law of Dec. 24, 1928, N2959, are exempted from military service in time of peace while they reside abroad.
>
> 2. By virtue of the same law, in the event that they should come to Italy, they are authorized to remain there, in time of peace, for a period of one year, if residing in transoceanic countries; for a period of six months, if residing in the Mediterranean countries; for a period of three months, if residing in Europe, without being required to report themselves for military service during those periods.
>
> 3. Leaving aside the above-mentioned provisions of the law, the Fascist government—upon examining the proportion between the result of the compulsory conscription and the actual military contingent approved by the financial laws—would have no interest to impose military duties in time of peace to citizens residing in far-away countries—for instance, transoceanic countries—in place of citizens residents of nearest countries, if not altogether residents of Italy, and, therefore, under all circumstances which are not war, Italian citizens residing on the other side of the ocean, notwithstanding the kind of passport which they might present in Italy, whether issued by Italian authorities or by the authorities of the foreign country where they were born, cannot but be considered in excess of the necessity of the military service in time of peace, and, therefore, free from being molested in any way, as far as the miltary-service duties are concerned, even past duties, provided they have no reference to time of war.

This immunity is based only on a statement. The logical deduction, therefore, let me repeat, is that until we have a naturalization treaty with Italy no absolute guaranty of freedom from conscription in the Italian army will exist. The United States is willing to execute such a treaty. The fact that the Italian Government persists in refusing coöperation to this end can only be construed as a desire to have a prior claim on all our nationals of Italian blood. As long as this contention holds, dual nationality must continue.

Remedies Considered

Failing a treaty, and as one way to avoid further complications, it has been suggested that our laws be amended so that citizenship may not be conferred on a national of Italy until he presents evidence that he has renounced his Italian nationality before a properly appointed official of Italy. Furthermore, natives born of Italian parents whose residence is in the United States might be permitted to repudiate their Italian nationality at the age of eighteen and thus be free to visit Italy thereafter. In the case of those native-born Americans who return to Italy as minors with their Italian fathers, it should be provided that they surrender their Italian citizenship before the age of twenty-two. If they do not, it means that they have elected Italian nationality. Up to the age of twenty-one they should be considered to be of Italian nationality, if residing in Italy, in as much as they are not American in feeling, language or sentiment. To give them American passports only means to have them taken from them by the Italian authorities, unless exempt from military service.

Although we have not employed it, we could use the immigration law as an accelerator of a naturalization treaty. It was suggested at one of the many congressional hearings on this subject that we say in substance to Italy: "We will let your nationals come in, and they are free to go home when they desire. But if they become citizens of the United States they must be protected as such under a treaty with the United States. If they come in and bear children here, you must recognize the American citizenship of these children." Another method indicated was refusal to authorize loans to foreign countries who decline to

(Continued on Page 124)

Germs may destroy both teeth and tissues

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

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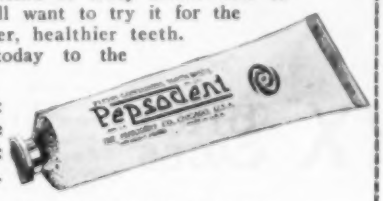

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YOUR guest room is the best room in your house. When you invite a little golden canary to be your guest, you should select his home with equal care. Many things that seem quite insignificant to human eyes may cost a little canary his health, his happiness and even his life. You therefore should not select a bird cage simply because of its price.

There is considerable scientific knowledge of the daily habits of birds involved in designing living quarters that will meet every requirement of your bird, down to the minutest detail. Two cages may look something alike but a cheaper construction and less permanent finish may be used in one or wires may not be accurately spaced or secured by enough cross rails to keep the bird from crowding his head through between the wires and injuring himself. These are only two examples of many things which might escape your notice when you examine a cage.

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Finished in Red, Green or Blue with Polished Brass trimmings and in Meadow Green or Tangerine and Ivory—stand to match.

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"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES
Since 1869

(Continued from Page 122)

conclude naturalization treaties with the United States.

Turn to the conception of French citizenship and you have another instance of how the long arm of tenacious nationality reaches out to embrace naturalized individuals and their sons. In some respects the laws of our sister republic are more stringent than those of Italy. A section of the French Civil Code states that a Frenchman is "every person born of a Frenchman in France or abroad." This blanket assertion has been largely responsible for the impressment of Americans for military service. The general public seldom hears of them, because the number, as compared with those of Italian birth similarly seized, is small.

France recognizes loss of French citizenship through naturalization only when the individual shall have completed his military service, or obtains express permission of the French Government to cast off allegiance. Technically, the sole course open is to submit to being called to the colors and have it over with or to get a special dispensation from Paris. This dispensation is rarely bestowed until after the army service has been rendered.

When a Frenchman becomes naturalized, France ties a string to him. In a section of the law of August 10, 1927, it is stated that French nationality is lost by "a Frenchman who is naturalized abroad, or who on his own request acquires a foreign nationality by operation of the law after he is twenty-one years old." There is also this little proviso:

However, until ten years have gone by, counted from either enlistment in the active army, or the entry on the military-liability list in case he is excused from active service, he who has become a foreign subject does not lose his French citizenship except under special authorization by the French Government.

Thus, as with Italy, you have the existence of dual citizenship, with all its complications.

As a matter of fact, France does not relinquish her military grasp on any male with French blood in his system, no matter what nationality he assumes, until he is thirty-five years old. The exceptions are the *réformes*—that is, those who are incapacitated through illness or wounds—or the fortunate few who get the special dispensation to which I have referred. It means that any person of French descent and military age is subject to conscription once he gets within French confines.

One More Soldier for France

Here you have the reason why so few Frenchmen, once they settle in a foreign country, become naturalized. When they do renounce French allegiance, it is usually after they have performed their military duty. If they leave France before majority, they invariably come back for the period of conscription, so as to be free from interruptions should they be obliged to visit their native land for business or personal reasons.

This is no concern of ours. What does interest us is the French assumption that a Frenchman who becomes naturalized in the United States, and his sons, are likewise liable. Since so few Frenchmen of mature years seek foreign citizenship, our principal impasse relates to the male offspring. The facts are best set forth in the circular which the United States State Department sends to all Americans receiving passports. It follows:

A minor son whose French parents acquire naturalization in the United States and who is himself naturalized by the same act according to the American naturalization laws, is not considered by the French authorities to have lost his French nationality. American citizens in this category are frequently molested upon their return to France and are sometimes forced to complete the usual military service required of French citizens. Even the fact of having fulfilled American military requirements, or of having served in the American Army, does not appear to relieve such persons from further military obligations in France. The French authorities do not recognize the right of a French citizen to acquire foreign citizenship until he has reached the age of twenty-one.

Sons of Frenchmen who have acquired American citizenship and who have attained their majority are also subject to conscription. A concrete case will illustrate. It deals with a man of twenty-four who was born at St. Bonnet in the department of the Hautes Alpes. His father, also born in France, went to the United States as a youth and became naturalized several years before the birth of the son. The entire family—the mother was a native American—returned to France. The son, who had gone back to America, was seized for military service when he again set foot on French soil. Despite the protest of the American Government, he was compelled to serve. The American contention was that the conscript, having lived in the United States during his twenty-first and twenty-second years, showed by this act that he had chosen United States citizenship and renounced any claim by France in so doing.

Long-Distance Nationals

A famous case which emphasizes how the French retain their long-distance nationalistic hold was that of P. A. Lelong, Jr. His father, a native of France, settled in New Orleans when he was twenty years of age and lived there forty years. Five years before his death he took out naturalization papers. The son was born in New Orleans in 1880; had never been outside the United States; had regularly voted as an American citizen; had held the office of Township Commissioner in Henderson County, North Carolina; had served in the Louisiana militia; had filled various court appointments, and was a member of the state and Federal bars.

In 1915 he wished to visit France on business. When he applied for a visa he was told by the French consul that if he went he would either be impressed into the French service or punished for not having reported for military duty, and also for having served in the state militia of Louisiana without permission from the French Government.

Lelong made a protest to the State Department. In his reply, the then Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, made this statement:

Under the provision of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, all persons born in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States. Section One, Article VII, of the French Civil Code, states that the following are Frenchmen: "Every person born of a Frenchman in France or abroad." It thus appears that you were born with a dual nationality, and the department cannot, therefore, give you any assurance that you would not be held liable for the performance of military service in France, should you voluntarily place yourself within French jurisdiction.

France makes one exception which applies to an American born in France of American parents. He has the right to choose French or his own citizenship at the age of twenty-one. France, however, as I have intimated, denies this right to children of French parents born in the United States, although they are Americans by virtue of having been born in the United States.

A comparatively recent amendment to the French law gives one loophole of escape for the sons of naturalized Americans of French origin who desire to return to France. They can repudiate French citizenship by proving that they have preserved the nationality of their parents. They must also have an official certificate showing that they have fulfilled the military law of the foreign country of which they are subject, or that obligatory military service is not instituted there. Since we have no conscription, it lets young Americans, other than minors, out.

Repudiation of, or escape from, French nationality under these conditions can only be observed after majority is reached. Persons born with dual or multiple nationality often find it necessary, however, to leave

the state where they have their habitual residence before majority to study or attend to family business in the country of their parents' origin. It invariably follows that they are caught in the conscription net.

The United States recognizes the right of France to conscript all Frenchmen who fled to America just before or immediately after the declaration of war in order to escape being drafted in the army. They are technically classed as defaulters. It does contend, however, that those who had come to this side five or more years prior to 1914, and all children born to them when they become naturalized citizens, shall be exempt from French military service.

The Export of Fascism

The fundamental trouble is that, as with Italy, we have no naturalization treaty with France upon which to base official protection of our nationals from conscription. Uncle Sam is ready to go the whole treaty way, but so far has been unable to reach the point of negotiation.

A third country that cramps our citizenship style is Greece. The Greek Government does not recognize a change of nationality on the part of a former Greek without government consent. A former Greek naturalized after January 15, 1914, is liable to arrest and enforced service in the army or navy upon return to the country of his birth. Foreign nationality acquired prior to 1914 is recognized. It is possible, however, for a Greek naturalized since 1914 to escape conscription if he remains only three months in the country.

Under the various peace treaties negotiated after the World War, Germany, Austria and Hungary are compelled to recognize the acquired citizenship of their one-time subjects. Even if this did not exist, there would be no complication over military service, because these countries have abolished conscription.

Polish citizenship is lost through the acquisition of a foreign nationality. Persons liable to Polish military service may acquire foreign citizenship only by obtaining permission to do so from the Ministry of War; otherwise they continue to be regarded by the Polish State as Polish citizens and remain subject to military service and to punishment for violation of the military-service law.

Heretofore we have dealt with dual allegiance enforced by national law—that is, based on a technicality. There is another type growing out of the attempt to impose twin fealty through what might be termed aggressive sentiment. I refer to the export of Fascism, which is nothing more or less than the effort to Fascisize former citizens of Italy and their children who have become naturalized. It is part of a world-wide Italianization movement to link whatever alien loyalty has been acquired with the obligation of Fascism as well—in other words, to join all the Little Italys with the Mother Italy. The chief theaters of activity have been the United States, Argentina, Brazil, Switzerland, France and Tunis.

In this country the formal propagandizing and proselyting agency was the Fascist League of North America, which had nearly 100 branches and more than 10,000 active members, each one an ardent propagator of the Fascist faith. When its program of boycott and intimidation of anti-Fascists and those unwilling to accept Fascist tenets was brought officially to the attention of the State Department and a senatorial investigation impended, the League was disbanded. Announcement followed that its activities had ceased. But, as I remarked in the first article of this series, the frenzied fervor of Fascism, either at home or abroad, cannot be wiped out with the stroke of the pen.

What is generally believed to be a successor to the Fascist League—it was officially disclaimed by the Italian Government—has been established in the Great Federation of the Lictor. The lictor's rods—the old Roman symbols of authority, discipline and power—form part of the Fascist insignia. Draw your own conclusions.

American objection to intensive Fascist propaganda in the United States is based on the fact that it is an invasion of sovereignty because it is inclined to discourage Italians from taking out citizenship papers. Moreover, it seeks to induce our naturalized citizens to assume an allegiance incompatible with their oath of citizenship. Many active Fascists in our confines are American citizens, either by birth or by adoption. When a man becomes a Fascist he swears "to obey the orders of the Duce without question, and to serve the cause of the Fascist revolution with all my strength and, if necessary, with my blood." You need no diagram to point out that once an American citizen subscribes to this obligation he is really serving two national masters. It cannot fail to dilute his Americanism.

A Married Woman's Status

The propagation of the Mussolini brand of Fascism in the United States and elsewhere must not be confounded with so-called Fascist movements in Germany, Hungary, Austria, Britain, Bulgaria and, to a lesser extent, France. They represent reactionary groups pure and simple. In Germany, for example, Ludendorff is leader of the Fascist wing which has sought to undermine the structure of the republican government. Their latest maneuver was the plebiscite campaign against the Young Plan. Thus Fascism has become a sort of international word to signify reaction. To run true to its original form, it requires the volatile and dramatic Italian temperament.

Any attempt to analyze dual citizenship would be incomplete without a reference to the marital expatriates. International marriage leads to many instances of nationalistic isolation and complication.

Prior to the passage of the Cable Act in 1922 an American woman who married a foreigner assumed his nationality. This principle is adhered to in most European countries. Marriage automatically submerged the wife's original citizenship.

The United States was the pioneer in recognizing the right of independent citizenship for women. Under the Cable Act, an American woman who becomes the wife of an alien does not lose her nationality unless she formally renounces it. She can revert to American citizenship after a year has passed, through process of election. During this year, however, she is a woman without a country. If she wants to travel abroad she must obtain a certificate setting forth the facts of her marriage. The document becomes a substitute for a passport.

The Cable Act provides that the American woman who has lost her citizenship by reason of marriage to an alien must be naturalized under the regular naturalization laws, precisely like an alien who comes into the country. A concession is made in that she is required to reside in the United States only one year instead of five, as is the case with a foreigner. An amendment to the Cable Act now before Congress eliminates this period of residence. If it passes, the wife can reëstablish her American citizenship immediately after marriage. Women citizens of the United States married to aliens lose their citizenship rights if they reside two years continuously in the land of which their husbands are citizens or subjects, or five years continuously outside the United States.

The Codification Conference

The English woman who marries an American is up a tree. She not only loses her British citizenship by the act, but does not acquire the nationality of her husband. She may, however, apply for American citizenship through the regular channels. In the interim she is a stateless person. If she enters the United States she is subject to all alien regulations, including registration. To remedy this, a bill has been introduced into the British Parliament enabling a British woman who becomes the wife of an alien to retain her British nationality.

That most countries realize the importance of standardizing citizenship laws is shown by the conference for codification called by the League of Nations which began its session in March at The Hague. We sent a delegation. A preparatory committee established bases of discussion through a widely distributed questionnaire, while a tentative uniform code was prepared, as you will recall, under the auspices of the Harvard Law School. Two articles of the proposed code bear directly upon the theme of this paper. The first reads:

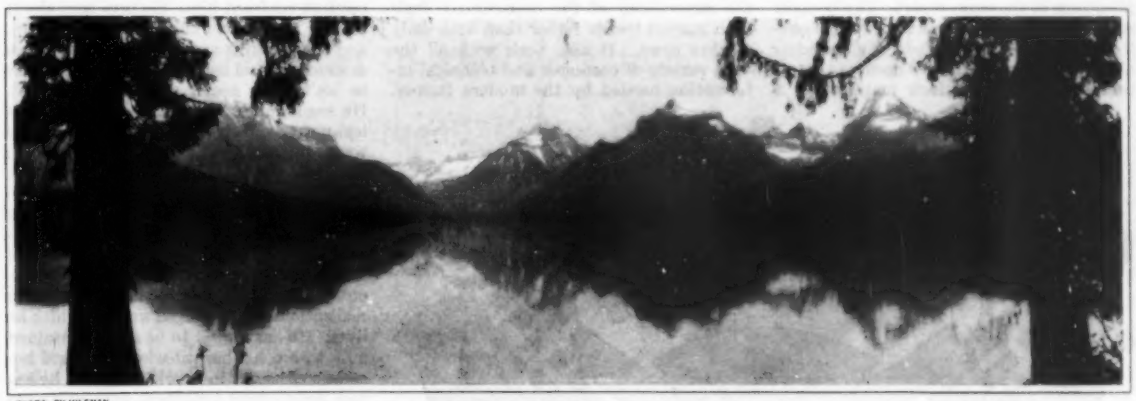
> A person who has the nationality of two or more states shall not be subject to the obligations of military or other national service in one of these states while he has his habitual residence in the territory of another of these states.

The second is:

> A woman who marries an alien shall, in the absence of a contrary election on her part, retain the nationality which she possessed before marriage, unless she becomes a national of the state of which her husband is a national, and establishes or maintains a residence of a permanent character in the territory of that state.

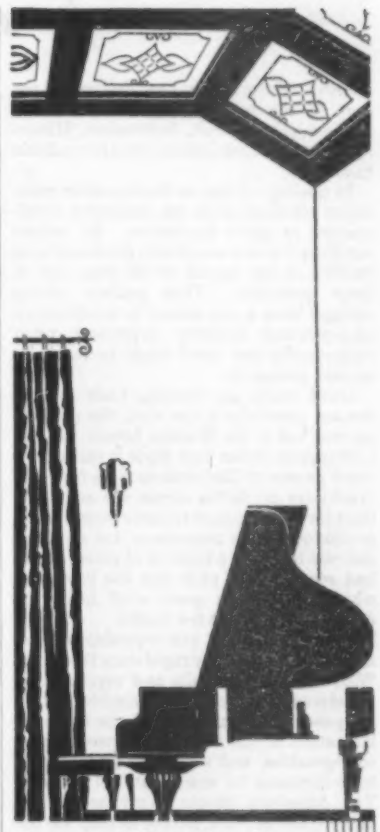
If these articles become world law, and are enforced, much friction and annoyance can be avoided. If not, dual citizenship will continue to ruffle international temper and likewise impair loyalty and service.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson.



PHOTO, BY HILEMAN

Lake McDonald in Glacier National Park



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A NEW FARMER ON A NEW FARM

(Continued from Page 35)

known. Motortrucks now deliver 90 per cent of the milk supply to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul, just to cite a few notable examples.

In poultry raising we have another revolution resulting from the successful development of giant incubators. By expert handling it is now possible to produce young broilers at any season of the year, and in large quantities. Thus poultry raising changes from a pin-money by-product to a high-powered industry dependent upon motortrucks and good roads to reach its market promptly.

Good roads are winning back for the farmer, especially in the East, the markets he once lost to the Western farmer. It was a strange situation that made it easier for a truck grower in California to place fruit and vegetables on tables across the continent than for that produce to come from a truck grower only a few miles away, but such was the case for quite a number of years, due to bad roads. Now each city has its season when home-grown green stuff holds the market for at least a few weeks.

Expansion in fruit and vegetable growing has been astoundingly rapid since the World War. Receipts of fruits and vegetables in our eleven largest cities have doubled within the past seven years. This figure is a mere indication of the trend; the consumption of vegetables, and especially greens, must have increased far more than 100 per cent. The American people today are eating many times as much lettuce as they ate ten years ago.

When the farmer sells fruits and vegetables he meets the world's most intricate market. People buy these products for their good looks as much as for their edible qualities. Consequently the farmer finds that he has an enormous tonnage of culls. He will not be nearly so much interested in the tonnage of lettuce he can grow on an acre of ground as in the number of heads of the first grade.

Expertness in grading and packing thus becomes of more importance than the planting and cultivation.

Salvaging the Culls

In the prehistoric days before the World War it was a common experience for a truck grower to load a refrigerated car with four hundred or more bushels of perishable produce and later receive word from his agent at the point of destination that when the car was opened its contents were rotted and stinking. This could happen even with the car iced. The trouble was that the produce was too warm when placed in the car and that deterioration got a good running start before the ice had any effect. To meet this difficulty the Department of Agriculture worked out a pre-cooling process so that a car need not be sealed until the produce inside is thoroughly chilled. When promptly chilled while still fresh from the field, produce can be shipped enormous distances with no deterioration at all. The use of this system has meant millions of dollars in additional returns for the farmers. But even after loss in shipment has been avoided and the best of qualities have been grown and the grading and selection have been looked after, there are certain crops that will still leave you vast quantities of culls, and something must be done with them if agriculture is not to be outrageously wasteful.

We have been making notable progress toward the salvage of culls since the war. Before that we had talked about it, but we had not done a great deal. The department's experts have been at work on this problem for years, but the processes they developed went into commercial use slowly—sometimes not at all. To give you an impression of the importance of this matter, our annual sweet-potato crop must be culled to the extent of about 20,000,000 bushels. It is estimated that the white-potato culls amount to 76,000,000 bushels a year. Cull apples average about 35,000,000 bushels annually. Most of these culls are just about as good to eat as the first grades, but they are difficult to handle, or they are ugly, or they have other disqualifications. The potato has many industrial uses, and during quite recent years we have been finding industrial uses for the fruits too. Lemons turn out a distressing percentage of culls, but the lemon growers have been making them profitable by extracting chemical oils; quite recently they have discovered that the pulp, or rag, as it is called, which is left after everything of value has been extracted, can be sold for cattle feed. Thus the culled lemon is now used in its entirety. This points the way to what must be done for uncounted millions of tons of farm produce.

Outlook Extension Work

Dehydration processes offer a logical rescue for a great many vegetables, especially when crops are excessive. Dehydration plants are in profitable operation in New Orleans, Chicago, Niagara Falls, and at various places in Pennsylvania and Ohio. There is need for a great deal more research in dehydration. The expense of these plants makes it difficult at present for small groups of farmers to own them coöperatively. When they become cheaper, as they indubitably will with the development of the art, dehydration will place on the market vast quantities of excellent food now wasted.

Six years ago the department began its system of outlook reports as an aid to farmers in adjusting their production. In the main these reports necessarily present a national rather than a local point of view, and need to be supplemented with regional and local information. Accordingly the outlook work as now conducted involves close coöperation between Federal and state research and extension workers, so that data about main trends in production and prices may be related to the requirements of particular farms. Not all the producers of a given commodity should increase their production when the prospect is for favorable prices, nor should they all curtail their output when the prospect is less favorable. Much depends on whether the individual farmer's costs of production are relatively high or relatively low. It is, therefore, necessary to combine general economic information with farm-management studies. This has been done extensively of late, with gratifying results.

In the preparation of the national-outlook report, workers from every state participate. Some states have several representatives at the outlook conferences in Washington. Forty-five of the state colleges sent representatives to Washington to attend the national-outlook conference in January, 1930. In turn, members of the department coöperate with state economists and extension officials in drawing up regional applications of the main report. Thirty-eight state agricultural colleges issued state outlook reports in 1929. Federal economists also coöperate with county agents in interpretations of the outlook material on a county basis. Economic charts prove effective in promoting better adjustments of production. Some idea of the scale on which the outlook extension work is conducted is given by the fact that 250,000 copies of the national and 215,203 copies of the state outlook reports were distributed during 1929. More than 2500 outlook extension meetings were held. During 1929 outlook information was also distributed in a national radio broadcast including thirty-two stations, and henceforth more stations will be available. That this service is found valuable we know by direct reports. It represents an entirely new phase of the farming business, comparable to the adjustment of production schedules by a manufacturer after he has received estimates from his sales agents.

The use of radio broadcasting to carry information about market conditions and prices to the farmer offers immense possibilities. When a local buyer of farm produce names a price and makes an offer to a farmer for his crop, if he intends to resell that produce in St. Louis, he knows exactly what the price is in St. Louis that day. The farmer, as a rule, has not known. By means of radio broadcasting it is easy to tell that farmer almost everything the buyer knows—what the price is in St. Louis, what quantity of produce of the kind he is selling arrived that day, and whether the market was strong or weak. We have the information. How to get it to the farmer promptly and cheaply has always been the problem.

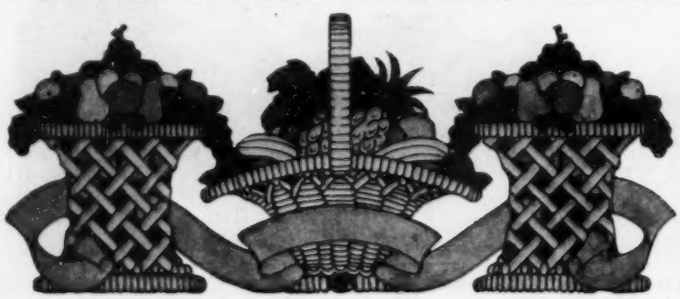
All together more than 300 of the nation's 600 radio broadcasting stations are coöperating with the United States Department of Agriculture. They completely meet the test of prompt and cheap information, because radio signals travel with the speed of light and the news which reaches the farmer through his receiving set is free.

The National Broadcasting Company's Midwest farm chain broadcasts livestock quotations and news of receipt and market conditions for fifteen minutes of each market day. This network reaches virtually all the livestock-producing sections of the country.

Market News Broadcast

The Department of Agriculture's daily market-news broadcasts are sent by individual stations rather than by chains of stations. The reason for this is that many of the price quotations would be of interest to relatively small districts and the work is, therefore, organized around these individual local stations through the branch offices of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics which are located in the farm-market cities. To give an adequate picture of what the department is doing with radio, it is necessary to include the Weather Bureau system, which works through 230 stations, and the syndicate programs of technical agricultural information supplied by the department and transmitted by 175 stations.

The network broadcasting done under the supervision of the department deals with market trends rather than with daily market news. It also deals with all the vast variety of economic and technical information needed by the modern farmer. The National Broadcasting Company has placed at the disposal of the Department of Agriculture forty-five stations to be used one hour a day. We use them during the noon hour, because that is a convenient time for the farmer to listen; moreover, it is early enough in the day for him to make immediate use of the information. The full importance and value of these broadcasts will not be realized, I believe, until the farmers are better organized, so that they will act in commodity groups rather than as individuals. Even after they have full market information, it should be digested and leaders should direct what to do. That achievement, I think, will be not far in the future, and it will constitute a mighty and almost unimaginable revolution in the farmer's status in relation to that of the buyer. Consider what a key position it will give him to have every bit of information that any buyer can possibly have. He and his neighbors, when properly organized, can then determine what course of action they are to adopt from day to day. When that time comes they will be standing on an equal footing with the buyer. Nothing comparable to this achievement—which is now just around the corner—has existed since farm produce was first shipped.



Fewer Farmers, Bigger Crops

Aside from its commercial value, the radio is a great boon to the farmer because it brings him entertainment. And entertainment is a necessity of life. The lack of it has been one of the farmer's heaviest burdens. To have it available every evening gives him a different life.

Our farm population at the close of 1928 was the smallest in more than twenty years. About 1,960,000 persons moved off the farms during that year. But we are inclined to forget that there is also a movement from the city and town back to the farm. This takes places every year. There is always some part of the country where agriculture in some of its many forms is prospering and drawing new recruits; perhaps drawing back persons who abandoned farm life a few years before. For example, during 1928, 1,362,000 persons moved from cities and towns back to the farm, so that the net loss of the farm for that year was cut down to 598,000 persons. The corresponding net loss for 1927 was 604,000 persons; for 1926, 1,020,000 persons; for 1925, 901,000 persons; for 1924, 679,000 persons; for 1922, 1,120,000 persons. No estimate was made for 1923. Our farm population, on January 1, 1929, was estimated at 27,511,000 as compared with 32,076,960 for January 1, 1910.

But in spite of this decline in the farm population, both the tonnage and value of our farm products go on increasing. If life would just stand still in other places, no doubt the farmer would consider himself a happier and more fortunate man, but life does not stand still and he measures his situation by comparison with others. New needs press upon him. New standards of comfort confront him. He now uses about $700 or $800 worth of machinery per man, and thereby tills approximately five times as much ground as a European farmer, but he isn't doing nearly so well as he could. He needs more machinery, more mechanical power and more capital with which to work, so that he can conduct his business more efficiently. He is fired with a great determination to have these things and to be a more effective person. He is seething with discontent, but it is not an idle discontent. He grumbles, but he doesn't simply mutter as a disgruntled person without a plan. He has a plan based upon realization of the changed world in which he lives. He has ceased to be a self-contained unit within his barbed-wire fence and become a citizen of the world. As such, he has new duties, new problems, new prospects and new hopes.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES are offered as a service to all men who give thought to their appearance.

The matter of dress has assumed such vital importance in recent years—it is so potent a factor today in the success or failure of every man—that none can afford to neglect it.

To make good dress more easily attainable, to give men a more definite and comprehensive guide to appearance, twelve leading makers of men's wear join here in a unique exhibit—the first of its kind. The name of each maker is ample guarantee of authentic style, superior quality, and value. You cannot do better, in selecting your Spring apparel, than to choose it from these famous lines, and rely on the counsel of merchants who carry them.

During the period from April 10th to 19th, give particular attention to the displays of your leading merchants in men's wear. They will feature apparel selected from the following pages. You will find it a particularly good time to choose your Spring wardrobe.

Copyright 1930—Men's Apparel Group

Your RECREATION budget is where to charge the little extra that it costs to be well dressed. • Being well dressed is recreation, just like travel or the theatre. It is stimulation, like a shower or plunge. It creates confidence and courage. • And remember, no man was ever well dressed without good shoes. • In justice to yourself, look at Smith Smart Shoes when you are outfitting for the new season. These shoes cost enough to be really good, inside and out—but not a penny more! • They are gentlemen's shoes • • • exceptional in quality, tenacious of their good looks, distinguished in style • • • and harmonizing perfectly with the correct ensembles of 1930. • $10

Smith Smart Shoes

Let us send you our new Dress Guide and the name of your nearest dealer • • • without cost or obligation, of course.

J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Chicago, makers of Smith Smart Shoes for men and women • • • Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for men

KNAPP-FELT
HEADWEAR
Nothing contributes more to a man's pleasure than the knowledge that he is properly dressed for the occasion . . . .
all made by
The CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

What will it be for Spring?

by SCHUYLER WHITE

Formerly
MEN'S FASHION EDITOR
Vanity Fair

"THE blues and the greys—these are the predominant style colours for Spring—the colour points of interest around which the turn-out of a well-dressed man will be assembled.

"For town wear, worsted will be a popular fabric, and will be especially smart in stippled striped patterns and shadow stripes. And, of course, there is the indispensable blue serge. Hopsacking, or basket weaves, will also be popular in the plain and neat all-over patterns.

"For sport and country wear, clothes with a roughish finish such as shetlands, homespuns and tweeds, will be correct.

"Shirts for both town and country continue to show a prevalence of the narrow, hairline striped patterns. Small clear-cut checked patterns are an innovation of Spring shirtings.

"The popular neckties will be all-over patterns and neat geometric designs, together with smart novel striped effects, miniature herringbone and stippled stripes. Polka dots will also be favored. The various shades of blue, from pale blue to navy, red in the wine and beet-root shades, greens and orange lacquer shades will be the important colours in neckwear.

"My review of the new Pioneer Braces reveals that they have been designed with a definite and unmistakable relationship, in colours and patterns, to the motifs prevailing in the other items of the Spring turn-out. Pioneer Belts, too, feature the correct leathers, and a modernistic touch characterizes the buckles. I find that the importance of relativity of pattern and colour has not been lost sight of in Brighton Garters."

PIONEER

presents the

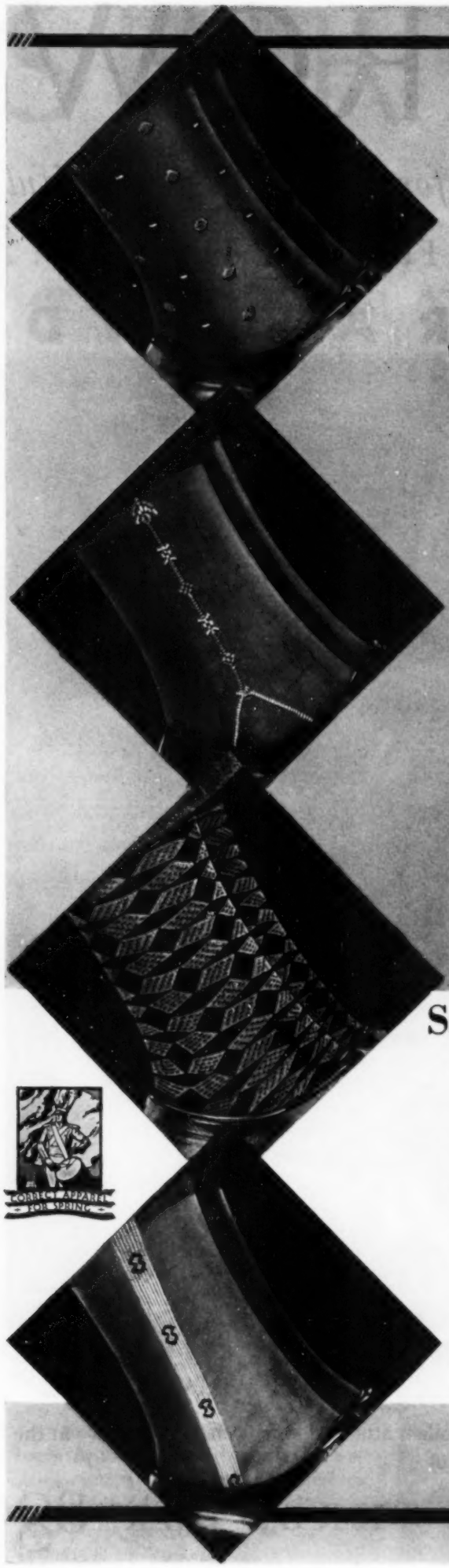
BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS

for the Spring Ensemble

TURN back Time in its flight and glance into the Pioneer Designing Rooms several months ago. Spread around is an assembly of shirts, ties, socks—swatches of the suitings—which will form the authentic Spring ensembles.

Pioneer has gathered these authentic fashions of Spring from tailors, shirtmakers, mills and looms. And from this "preview," Pioneer designers have fashioned braces, belts and garters in colours and patterns which are perfect "affinities" of the colours and patterns featured in the related items of dress. At your favourite shop.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*



Monito
ADVANCE STYLE SOCKS

Safeguarding the Ideals of the Monito Stylist

THE basis of everything worth while is an ideal. Back of the tremendous popularity of Monito Socks are the ideals of the Monito Stylist. Ideals concerned with exclusive designs and original color combinations. Ideals expressed in terms of beauty, individuality and good taste; wear, comfort and general worthiness.

From the first knitting machine operation to the final inspection the ideals of the Monito Stylist are uppermost in the minds of the men and women in the great Monito mill. And this is as it should be, for only in the perfection of the finished product—the pair of socks you buy—can these ideals be realized. See the new Monito Advance Style Socks for Spring. Socks that fit well, wear well and are comfortable. Socks correctly styled and properly made.

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., INC., HARRISBURG, PENNA.

Creators of Advanced Styles in Men's Socks

© M. K. C., Inc., 1930

ARROW

Introduce a new GUARANTEED *model for spring . . . a beautiful new broadcloth in blended colors . . .* THE FIRST OF ITS KIND . .

ARABOND

ONLY ARROW SHIRTS HAVE ARROW COLLARS

IT'S called ARABOND because the fit of it is *guaranteed permanent;* because Arrow's full *promise* of satisfaction is back of it; because it is a good style *investment;* because it yields a steady *return* of good-looks and comfort. Arabond is ready now for you in three interesting blended shades—with Arrow Collars attached, or starched-to-match—at the unusual value of

$2.85 THREE FOR $8

SHIRTS

A triumphal *discovery* by Arrow takes all the guesswork out of your shirt-buying . . . Absolutely *guarantees permanent fit.* The collar stays your correct size . . . Sleeves stop climbing . . . Tails can't "bob."

ARROW has invented and patented a new process of shrinking fine fabrics. It is called "Sanforized." New Arrow fabrics are now so Sanforized that henceforth you buy your proper size and the shirt *stays your size throughout its long life.* The discomfort and bad style of later laundry-shrinkage are gone. *And Arrow absolutely guarantees every processed Arrow fabric for permanent fit.*

GONE is the strangling collar, which used to start too big and shrink too tight. No more need you guess what size it will ultimately shrink to.

Buy your right size—the Arrow Collar will stay that size. Gone is the "gaping" at the tie-space. And *saved* is the money you used to waste buying guesswork sizes!

Ever have cuffs creep up your wrists after each trip to the laundry? Ever feel awkward because they left your hands dangling like raw hams below your coat-sleeves, and because the sleeves began to bind under the arm? The new Arrow-Sanforized fabrics are guaranteed for the permanent fit of the sleeve. *Buy your actual proper sleeve-length—it will stay that way throughout its long life.*

Shirt-tails of fabric not shrunk by Arrow shrink with every washing, and climb up your hips every time you move—leap free to fly impudently in the breeze. You have owned shirt-tails that shrank actually two full inches! *Arrow shirt-tails are cut to fit your build and processed to keep on fitting your build—to stay down where they belong.*

ONLY the Arrow shirt, treated by the new Sanforized process (which Arrow owns alone), is guaranteed for *permanent* fit at these three crucial points: collar, sleeve-length, and body-length.

Some fifty thousand Arrow merchants in America regard this discovery as the most important advance in the annals of men's linen. They are *your* personal style-interpreters: ask your outfitter to show you the new Arrow-guaranteed models today.

ARROW
PRE-SHRUNK
ARABOND
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

THIS WOVEN LABEL *is sewed into every ARABOND shirt. It is your proof that this shirt promises* PERMANENT *fit. Every Arrow merchant will honor this guarantee, and will show you the label as you buy your correct size.* YOU GET SATISFACTION OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.
Arrow Collars, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Underwear

IF YOU *prefer white starch for business, as most style-wise business men do, you'll want to wear (with Arabond) the Golden Arrow style "Hempstead"—it's light as a feather, flexible as your neck itself, and as comfortable as a soft collar. 35 cents, 3 for $1. (Other Arrow styles at 25 cents, $2.75 a dozen.)*

You'll look your best in BLUE

Wherever this picture is displayed ∾ *there you will find Middishade Blue Suits*

NATURE knew what she was doing when she made such a liberal use of blue. The eye never tires of the blue of the sky, the blue of the sea or the blue of distant mountains. And the eye never tires of the blue of Middishade Suits—the one color that compliments all men—a blue that is rich, restrained, yet youthful. Middishade has taken this color—favored by man as it has been favored by Nature—and styled it in a way that has made blue the style.

Middishade has focused all its attention on Blue to enable you to picture yourself in a wide variety of Blues. Plain blue, blue with a faint stripe, unfinished, basketweave, or blue fancies—every one unqualifiedly guaranteed. The moderate Middishade price results from this specialization in a single color. Look up a Middishade clothier in your town—or mail the coupon for expert fashion advice.

MIDDISHADE

The SPECIALIZED *Blue Suit*

WHAT IS MY MODEL?

Free Diagnosis Coupon

Designing Studios, The Middishade Co., Inc., "Sergical Specialists—Operating on BLUE Suits Only," Philadelphia, Pa.

Without obligation, please have your famous designer send me a sketch of the Middishade Blue Suit a man of my age and build should wear. Also send me a Blue Ensemble Chart.

*Age*_____ *Height*_____ *Weight*_____

*Chest Measure*_____ *Waist Measure*_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

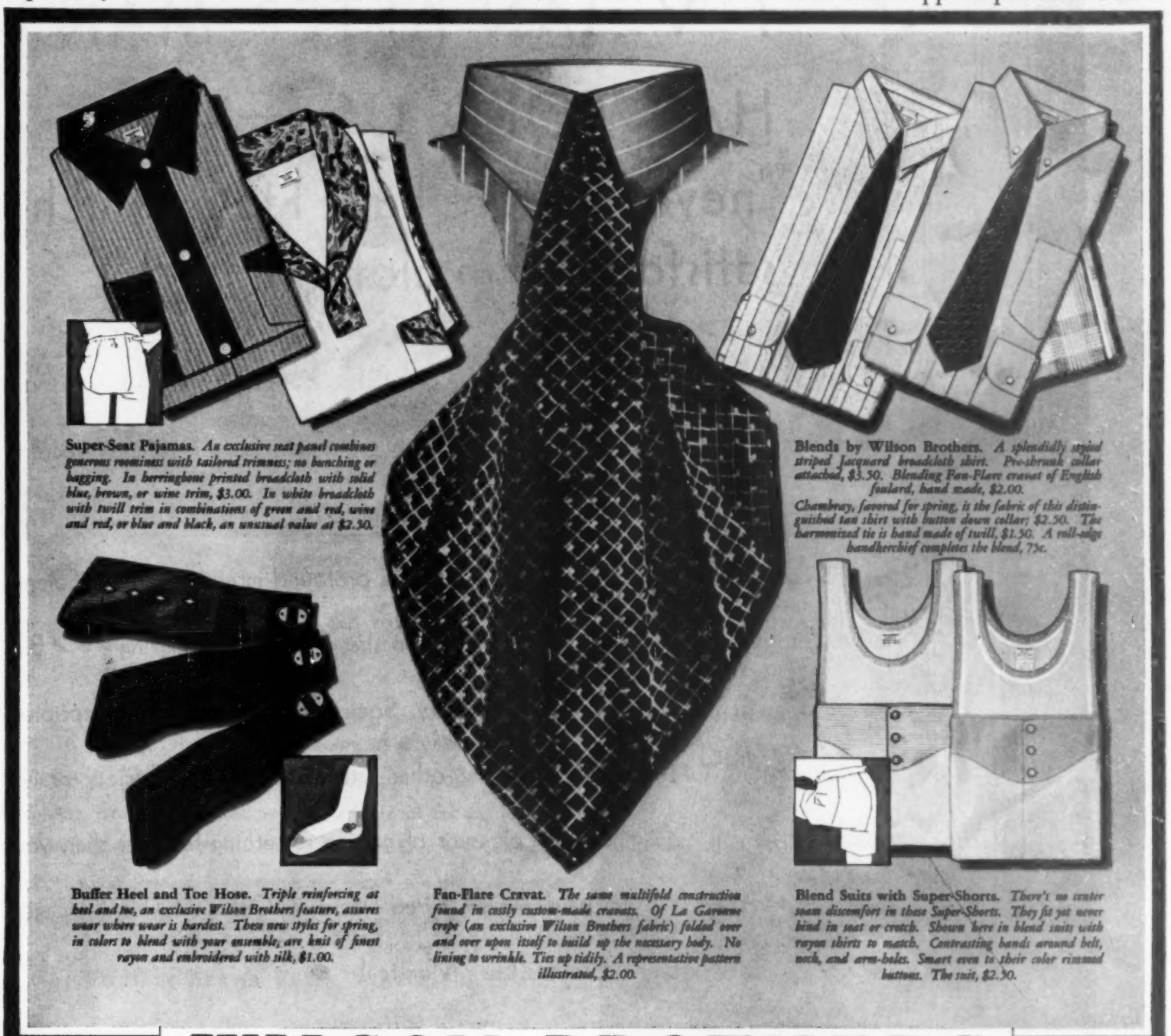
Your Dealer's Name and Address

_____

_____

In Blends or Individually . . . . . distinctive

Here are reasons to prefer Wilson Brothers haberdashery, whether you appraise it collectively . . . or consider any individual item. All styled by one authority, the colors blend, the patterns harmonize. From related groups you select effective ensembles—shirts, socks, cravats, handkerchiefs, even cuff links. Yet some construction advantage also distinguishes each accessory, some superiority that adds to its exclusive smartness, wear, or comfort. See the features in the apparel presented below.



Super-Seat Pajamas. *An exclusive seat panel combines generous roominess with tailored trimness; no bunching or bagging. In herringbone printed broadcloth with solid blue, brown, or wine trim, $3.00. In white broadcloth with twill trim in combinations of green and red, wine and red, or blue and black, an unusual value at $2.30.*

Blends by Wilson Brothers. *A splendidly styled striped Jacquard broadcloth shirt. Pre-shrunk collar attached, $3.50. Blending Fan-Flare cravat of English foulard, hand made, $2.00.*

Chambray, favored for spring, is the fabric of this distinguished tan shirt with button down collar; $2.50. The harmonized tie is hand made of twill, $1.50. A roll-edge handkerchief completes the blend, 75c.

Buffer Heel and Toe Hose. *Triple reinforcing at heel and toe, an exclusive Wilson Brothers feature, assures wear where wear is hardest. These new styles for spring, in colors to blend with your ensemble, are knit of finest rayon and embroidered with silk, $1.00.*

Fan-Flare Cravat. *The same multifold construction found in costly custom-made cravats. Of La Garonne crepe (an exclusive Wilson Brothers fabric) folded over and over upon itself to build up the necessary body. No lining to wrinkle. Ties up tidily. A representative pattern illustrated, $2.00.*

Blend Suits with Super-Shorts. *There's no center seam discomfort in these Super-Shorts. They fit yet never bind in seat or crotch. Shown here in blend suits with rayon shirts to match. Contrasting bands around belt, neck, and arm-holes. Smart even to their color rimmed buttons. The suit, $2.50.*

WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · PARIS

* *If your dealer has not the haberdashery shown here, send us your order with sizes and check. It will be filled promptly through any store you suggest.* GUARANTEED: *If any article bearing the Wilson Brothers trade mark is unsatisfactory for any reason you can exchange it at any Wilson Brothers dealer. Address, Wilson Brothers, 528 South Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.*

© Wilson Brothers, 1930

THE UTMOST IN STYLE

MAN AFTER MAN HAS TOLD US,— "never before have I found such satisfaction in clothes"

"It's the first time in my life that I've had a suit that was completely satisfactory!" Such expressions come to us constantly from new Society Brand wearers. They say these things because a Society Brand suit is not alone exceptional in style — it is equally exceptional in quality. There is a profound integrity in the woolens, in the tailoring, in every skilled hand-operation that goes into its making But style and quality do not tell the whole story. Society Brand values are exceptional as well. Along with these and all the other satisfactions which Society Brand Clothes give you, you'll have the pleasure of getting something far finer than you expected for the price you paid! Alfred Decker & Cohn, *Makers*, Chicago, New York. Society Brand Clothes Ltd., Montreal ●

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS . . .

Society

— IN QUALITY —— IN VALUE

This suit and the one below illustrate the two outstanding styles for Spring. The one here is cut along conservative lines. It is popular with well dressed men of all ages. Broad shoulders, notch lapels, partially fitted waist ~ Every Society Brand model is available in a variety of fabrics, in the newest, smartest shades and patterns ●

This suit illustrates the other outstanding style for Spring—less conservative than the above, more novel, equally correct. Raised shoulders, peak lapels, fitted waist ~ Three of Society Brand's exclusive fabrics are particularly notable this season:—*Stanwear*, *Staunchley* and *Sturdyman*. Remember the names—each represents a remarkable value ●

SOCIETY BRAND SUITS, $45 TO $85

Brand CLOTHES

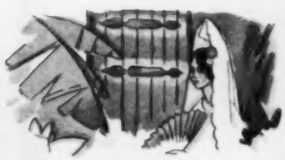
HOLEPROOF

An Italian Mosaic of the thirteenth century...an ancient Assyrian medal...a man-eating African tree...the robe of an Eskimo princess...these and many other unique sources inspired the new Holeproof men's socks for spring and summer. They are unusual, never conspicuous. They are colorful, never loud. They are modern, never bizarre. In a word, the socks the well-dressed man enjoys wearing. See them at good men's shops—everywhere...50c to $2.00.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., NEW YORK CITY AND LONDON, CANADA

An Alaskan Totem

The weird eyebrows of a family divinity at the top of an Alaskan totem pole inspired the knit-in clock of Holeproof style 429. It is interestingly worked out in smart colors in silk and rayon. You'll want to display these socks on your own feet . $1.00



Spanish Escutcheon

Doña Estrella of Cordoba, beautiful, wealthy and sought by many suitors, had on the door of her hacienda one of the intriguing metal escutcheons of her century. Its pattern has been cleverly reproduced in Holeproof style 885 . . 50c

Lighthouse

One of the distinguished hand-embroidered clocks of Holeproof style 454 is an impressionist interpretation of a lighthouse. 454 is all silk and comes with three differently clocked styles of the same color in each box ... per pair—$1.50

Caterpillar's Eye

One breed of caterpillar is a deceptive fellow. The side of his rear segment displays a spot like a grotesque eye. His enemies imagine he's coming to attack—but he's really fleeing. Style 430 shows the false eye in an embroidered design . . $1.00

The Fish That Lights

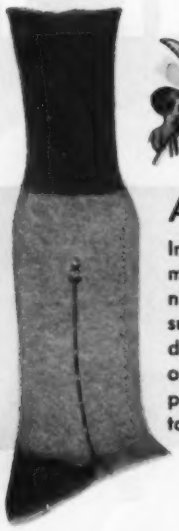
Natives of British Columbia run a wick through a dried candlefish, and, since the body contains so much fat, it serves as a candle. The little bones show through the skin in an interesting pattern which has become Holeproof style 428 . . .$1.00

Chinese Prayer

Chinese prayer wheels are inscribed with prayers suitable for any occasion. The devout Oriental turns the wheel to his prayer (an old Chinese custom) and it is as good as prayed. The designs on one wheel inspired Holeproof style 815, 75c

MEN'S SOCKS

NEW STYLES FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

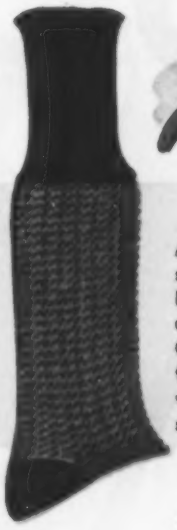


A Man-Eating Tree

In darkest Africa a native tribe makes human sacrifices to a carnivorous tree. The huge leaves surround the body and in eight days the native is no more. One of the clocked designs of Holeproof style 1767 is an interpretation of this tree . . . $2.00

Venetian Candle

From a home chore of housewives in the 15th century, tallow-chandling evolved into a modern craft of artisans. Among the most beautiful Venetian candles is one that inspired the clocked design of Holeproof style 432 . . . . . $1.00

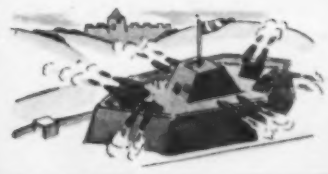


Ancient Assyria

Assur, god of the ancient Assyrians, was worshipped by kings—as shown by a metal cylinder in the British Museum. One of the oft repeated cuneiforms has been adapted to the vertical panel of Holeproof style 866 . . . . . 50c

Eskimo Princess

Eskimaux measure their wealth in fish-hooks and furs and in the deerskin embroidery which ornaments the robes of their squaws. The embroidered design of the robe of an Eskimo princess is reproduced in rich colorings in style 817 . . 75c



Prodigious Porthos

Porthos, prodigy of Dumas' "Three Musketeers," won engineering fame in fortifying Belle-Isle-en-Mer. Here was one of the first forts to offer protection on six sides instead of the usual four. Its hexagonal design is the theme of style 433, $1.00

Spear-Fishing

In New Guinea, where rod and reel are unknown, the natives prepare for supper with a spear-fishing expedition. They use decorated wooden spears with serrated handles. One spear has been interpreted in the clock of Holeproof style 881 . . . 50c

"Called It Macaroni"

"Yankee Doodle," the popular air, draws on the experiences of travelers who returned from Italy in 1770, calling themselves Macaroni. They had their breeches embroidered in a fascinating design—now interpreted in Holeproof style 884 . 50c

An Italian Mosaic

Lorenzo Cosmati, Italian artisan of the 13th century was a master of beautiful mosaics. His finest work still endures in the pulpit of Santa Maria in the Ara Coeli, in Rome. Holeproof style 427 is patterned after the mosaic in one of its columns. . . . $1.00

Bet A Sarape!

The sporting blood of Mexicans runs high—and a cock-fight is always the occasion for much betting. At one of these events a Mexican staked and lost his Sarape, a beautifully decorated cloak. Its motif is now in Holeproof style 868 . . 50c

KUPPENHEIMER

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

There is a satisfaction in smartly fashioned clothes that always gives a man a fine feeling » » and increases his gait. More men every year are recognizing the value of a good appearance. After all, appearances do give a pretty accurate idea of what a man thinks of himself.

Dressing correctly is not difficult » » often depends only upon finding the right store in which to make your selections. You can safely depend on the counsel of the Kuppenheimer merchant in your community » » the merchant who distributes the Famous Features » » fine clothes built to a high standard of quality through more than a half century of specialization.

Quality by Kuppenheimer means that every important element » » the style, the controlled designs, the fabric-value and the handcrafted finish is available in Kuppenheimer Good Clothes. Forty to seventy-five dollars.

QUALITY BY KUPPENHEIMER

Is your night wear as MODERN as your MODE of LIVING?

—in Style? In the home, on the beach, at the club—wherever the cares and clothes of the day may be laid aside—smartly dressed men (women, too) are turning to the freedom of a new sort of Pajamas. *Pajamas by Glover*—for lounging as well as for sleep. Modern! Colorful! Correct! Rivaling your day clothes in distinguished style. Refreshing as a cool dip, after the conventional attire of the street.

—in Comfort? Gone, now, the old-fashioned drawstring. Today, nearly all pajamas have some form of *elastic* waist. Yet only Glover Pajamas have a *perfected* elastic waist—*exactly* adjustable to *your* waist measure—as snug or loose as you choose—giving with every breath . . . an exclusive advantage typical of the care Glover takes for your comfort.

To this infinite attention to detail, to the generous sizing, the fine, unhurried tailoring, Glover Pajamas owe a leadership as outstanding in comfort as in style. Look over the new showing at your favorite store, and you'll find this *extra satisfaction* may be yours at no extra cost.

The styles and patterns pictured are representative of the broad range from $2 to $25. If your store cannot supply you, write us.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
New York Chicago Dubuque
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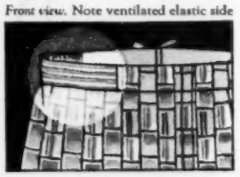
The Exclusive Glover Waist

(Patent Applied for)

Only the Glover elastic waist allows a full fourteen inch adjustment on every size—with no disarrangement of the trim appearance or comfortable fit of the trousers. The trouser front fastens with an anchored, non-breakable aluminum button.

Front view. Note ventilated elastic side



Back view, showing take-up adjustment

SAMOVAR, $5—A picturesque broadcloth suit for those who favor the ultra-modern. Colors only as shown.

(above, left)
BACHELOR HALL, $3—Not a button on either coat or trousers. Glover's answer to a modern washday problem. Green, blue or red broadcloth.

COUNTRY CLUB, $3—Exceptional comfort with a dash of style. Blue, green, red, or black check Penang.

(above, center)
TRAVELER, $3—Smart lounge and sleeping suit in practical black and white broadcloth.

(above, right)
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VOLGA, $3—The fashionable Russian type at a popular price. Blue, green or red figured broadcloth.

(above)
TUXJAMA, $7.50—Enjoy the informality of the lounge Pajama, with the dignity of a "tux." New and very smart *three-piece* suit. Black and white broadcloth, sateen lapels.

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GLOVER SHORTS, 75c to $1.50—Smartly cut and with the advantages of the exclusive Glover waist.

Glover's BRIGHTON CAMSHEAD

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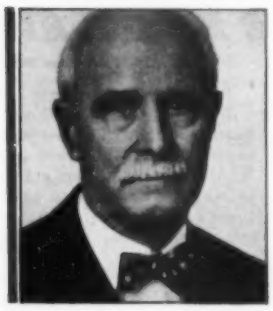
GLOVER PAJAMAS



BURKE .. Harvard's smartest tailor *says*

"The best-dressed men are wearing more bows"

WITH tailoring establishments at Harvard Square, Cambridge, and on School Street in Boston, T. F. Burke, of Burke & Company, has been making clothes for the best-dressed Harvard men, both in college and out, for over thirty years.

He says: "It was golf that showed men how really becoming bow ties are. Golf and the dinner coat. It doesn't take a young chap long to discover that the particular shape and style of bow that looks equally well with his tuxedo and his tweeds is a pretty smart choice for everyday wear. There's something about the bow tie that seems to suit the keen young American . . . in college or business, either.

"Not only at Harvard, but in other style centers, here and abroad, the best-dressed men are wearing more bows. It's the trend of the times."

* * *

Spur Ties will suit your most particular preferences as to style, pattern and variety of colors. They are all tied for you with the expert knack of feminine fingers that have been trained to tie them better than anybody else could fix a bow for you. They fit perfectly, and they keep their smartness—everlastingly.

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'Be sure that you find this Spur Tie label when you're buying hose. It identifies every genuine Spur—tied over the patented H-shaped Innerform that keeps the bow shaped the way you like it best.

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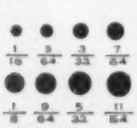
ALSO,—you find each drill-point stamped with the name "YANKEE."

That means that every drill-point,—in the very tool you get, has been *individually* tested by "Yankee" toolmakers. It means that each drill-point, from the smallest to the largest, is right in temper and best suited for speed and efficiency in the work for which it is intended.

Like every "Yankee" Tool, for its particular job, the "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill will do its job of boring holes for screws—with large drills or small, in hard wood or soft, better than any other tool.



Eight "Yankee" Drill-points make holes these sizes.

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THE BURGLAR'S BRIDE

(Continued from Page 15)

"No, no," Mike laughed. "No shop talk! We ain't going to talk shop—but I have got one little thing I picked up in the quaintest little flat over on East Forty-ninth Street the other night that I'd like to show you." He went to the mantelpiece and taken up a little dog made out of glass. "Ain't that pretty?"

"What do you do with it?" I said.

"Nothing. It's just decoration. You just put it on the mantelpiece for looks."

"Very neat," I said.

"What I been telling Mike," Mabel laughed, "he better pay more attention to practical things and not think so much about those little doodads. They're all right, you know, now and then, but a man can't fritter his life away on foolish things, especially if he has got a wife to feed and buy clothes for."

"I am not going to fritter my life away," Mike said, "but in my business there is a lot of routine and if a man can find a little pleasure now and then, even if it don't pay anything, then he is very lucky and it keeps him interested."

"If you don't run it in the ground," Mabel said. "A man ought to have some kind of hobby, but he ought not to let it get in the way of his regular business."

"Mike is very poetic," I said to her.

"You take a little thing like this," he said, looking at the glass dog, "it's very pretty and looks nice on the mantelpiece."

"Where'd you say you got it?" I said.

"In the quaintest little flat over on East Forty-ninth Street that I just happened to run into."

"I must get the address from you," I said.

Now that didn't look like what I said when they got married had any sense to it. I mean, about two people in the same line, or practically, getting married together. There these two was just as happy as they could be, and her giving up her career, what she called it, just because of these home notions of Mike's.

He'd come home every morning and she'd meet him at the door with a nice clean apron on, and she wouldn't let him say a thing until he had got on his slippers and had his pipe and was sitting back comfortable in a big chair in front of the fire, with a glass of hot milk and some little cakes on the table by his side; and then she'd curl up at his knee and make him tell her all about the jobs he'd turned, and what he'd brung her, and every step of how he'd got into the flat.

"The way I look at it," she'd say, "a wife ought to be interested in her husband's career, and not just take his money and spend it like a butterfly. She ought to be somebody that he can talk over his problems with, and understand them, especially if she has been in the same line herself, and not going bad, either, when I graduated. If a husband finds that his wife is bored if he talks over his problems with her he is liable to go somewheres else and do his talking."

Mike was the same way. All the time he would bring her a little something for herself, like a hat or a pocketbook or a stick pin or a pair of shoes. Once he brought her a hat and it was too small and that night Mike taken it back and got her one a size larger. That was the way he was, all the time pampering her.

That must have gone on for about three months, and we didn't hardly ever see anything of them. Every minute Mike wasn't working he was at home. Then one night he come around to the restaurant where we boys hung out and sat around and had a beer. He come around the next night, too, and two or three nights later. Naturally we boys noticed it.

"Anything wrong, Mike?" I asked one night.

"Oh, no," he said. "Everything's all right."

"How's Mabel?"

"She's all right."

Then he got up and left.

What we heard later, though, everything wasn't all right. The dew was off the rose, as they say. Mabel was getting restless. What I said when they got married began to look like it wasn't so haywire after all. It ain't in the cards for two people with the same professional interests to be happy married together.

What happened, it seems that one morning when Mike was telling her about the night's work she pulled a crack that the way he got in the flat wasn't right. Now that's the kind of thing that upsets a man with an artistic interest in his work, like Mike. A lot of little hints she'd been dropping about what she knowed about turning off flats he'd let pass by. But this time she come straight out with what you might call criticism, and Mike was hurt.

"Listen, darling," he said, "who done this job, me or you?"

"You done it," she said, "but you didn't do it right."

"You could do it better maybe," he said. "I ain't arguing with you, sweetheart, but you better keep your yap shut about how I do my work without you know more than you do now."

"I don't say I could do it better, honey," she said, "but I wouldn't make no bonehead break like busting the windowpane when the servants' door could have been cracked."

"And wake up the whole building, I suppose."

"Didn't you wake 'em anyways, when that pane broke?"

"That was an accident, I'm trying to tell you, darling," Mike said. "Accidents can happen to anybody. Even to you."

"What do you mean, even to me!"

"Ain't you perfect?" he said. "The way you begin telling me about my own job, I thought you was perfect."

"I never claimed I was perfect," she said. "All I claimed is I ain't any out and out dope."

"Are you calling me a dope?" Mike asked.

"I wouldn't have broke the windowpane," she said.

That's the way those things begin. Just a little argument about some little no-account thing, and the next thing you know there is bad blood. It don't die down. They're polite to each other, politer than ordinary, but they got their eyes open and they're watching. They're just watching for another break.

That's the way it was with Mike and Mabel. He went out more in the evenings. He'd hang around the restaurant with we boys until time to go to work. When he come home from work half the time she would not wake up and fix him his glass of hot milk and little cakes. He'd have to get his slippers and pipe his ownself. If she was up and waiting he'd just tell her he had a good night or he didn't, whichever it was, and they never talked over his problems like they used to, because he found out if he did she had her own ideas of how he ought to done it, and that just led to a row.

The big blow-out come a couple of weeks later. You know how I told you Mike was, poetic and always getting little things to pretty up his roost. Well, now and then he'd come in a flat that was full of these little doodads and he'd kind of have a holiday. He'd just kind of devote hisself to them and not bother about practical stuff.

He come home this morning I'm talking about, and for a wonder Mabel was up to let him in, though you didn't notice her putting out any hot milk and little cakes.

"Well," she said. "What you got?"

That ain't what she used to say when they was first married together. What she would say then was, "What has my big boy brought his little girl?" That's what she used to say.

"Look here!" Mike said, all excited. "I just want you to take a look at these!"

He opened his case and taken out a lot of little statures about six inches high and made out of soap. They was carved in bars of soap. There was a little stature of a king and a lion and a horse and a lot of things. Mike taken them all out and set them on the table.

"Ain't they cute?" he said.

"What else?" Mabel asked.

"That's all. I seen these little rascals and I collected them. I didn't feel like working much tonight."

"You mean to tell me," Mabel said, "that all you brought home is them little statures made out of soap?"

"Different kinds of little statures," he pointed out.

"And nothing else?"

"I wasn't feeling good ——"

"You was feeling good enough to pack up them little statures made out of soap."

"They're novelties," Mike said.

"Can I wear novelties like that?" Mabel shouted, beginning to climb up on a horse. "Can I eat novelties like that? Will they take 'em at the butcher's for steaks?"

"Wait a minute!" Mike said. "You're flying off the handle. It seems to me that I ain't all the time got to regard my profession in a commercial sense. It seems to me I could sometimes do something that gives me a little pleasure without it's got to bring me in dough."

"In your spare time, yes!" She was burning up. "In your spare time you can swipe goldfish and humming birds' wings and hair combings and whatever you want. But it seems to me you owe something to me. Do you realize I got a house to keep up and three meals a day to get and I got to have new clothes sometimes? Do you realize that?"

"Yes, but ——"

"I reckon you think I can do that on air! You probably think all I got to do is say 'Money!' and money floats in on me! Well, you're wrong. When you go out in the evening I look for you to bring back something we can liquidate. But no, not you! You bring back statures made out of soap, and probably you're going to say we can't even use 'em to wash our hands with!"

"Will you listen a minute?" Mike said.

"If only I had listened to what people said before I was married," she said, "I'd known what to expect."

"What do you mean, what people said?" Mike demanded. "Is anybody talking behind my back?"

"I'll tell you what they said! I'll tell you right to your face!" she said. "People said to me, don't marry Mike Maloney, because he is a flibbery-gibbet!"

"Me!" Mike said. "Me a flibbery-gibbet!"

"They said, he is all right when he gets down to cases but he is inclined to be flighty. Have a good time with him all you want, but don't marry him, because he is a butterfly and not practical. That's what they said, and if I'd listened to them I'd be better off."

"Listen!" Mike said.

"But no, I wouldn't listen! And now it's doodads, doodads, doodads, doodads all the time. With all the pocketbooks and money and furs and silks and jewelry and negotiable stock and liquor and bonds laying around loose for a good man to snake, you got to pick little statures made out of soap! That's the kind of man I married!"

"Sweetheart, you ——"

"Look at my hats! Not a one fit to go to a dog fight in! Do you care? Not you! I suppose you want me to wear one of them little soap statures on my head!"

"Darling, will you shut up a minute?"

"Oh, I'll shut up!" She throwed herself on the sofa and begun to cry like her heart would break. "I'm through!" she sobbed.

"You see what you've done?" Mike said, sitting down by her side and patting her head. "You've worked yourself up into a temper. You've got upset and you've worked yourself up into a temper. But I

know what's the matter with you," he said. "You know what's the matter with you?"

"What?" she said out of the pillow.

"You're unhappy," Mike said. "That's all the world's the matter with you, you're unhappy!"

"It's a mind reader you are now!" she sobbed. "I am unhappy and I'm getting unhappier by the minute!"

Then Mike started to petting her. He never was a fellow to hold a grudge. He was sorry she was unhappy and he told her so. Sitting there by her side on the sofa, he patted her hair and kissed her neck and told her how sorry he was.

"I'm just a big, clumsy fellow," the little midget said. "I reckon I do put too much time on these little dohinkuses, but I didn't think you cared. But I'll turn over a new leaf. I'll pay closer attention to business, honey."

Pretty soon she was stopped crying, and she put her arms around him. In her way she loved him too. They just sat there then like a couple of turtle doves, loving each other and getting happy as the dawn came. It must have been a very pretty sight indeed.

"Mike," she said then.

"Yes, honeybunch."

"You love me, Mike?"

"Darling!"

"Lots and lots and lots?"

"Sweetheart!"

"A world full of love?"

"Beautiful!"

"Well, Mike ——"

"Yes."

"Won't you let me go out boosting again, just now and then, a little bit?"

There it was! There was the old pay-off! Mike jumped to his feet so quick that Mabel, not looking for the leap, went into a tail spin off the sofa.

"No!" he shouted. "There ain't a chance in the world! But I might known it! I might seen it coming!"

"Listen, you!" Mabel demanded: "What's the idea of pitching me off the sofa ——"

"I'll pitch you out the window if you start any more of this about going back to work again," Mike said, madder than he was ever before. "What do you want, that people should talk about me? Me with my wife out working all day? You want that people should say ——"

"I'm a human being ——" Mabel said, getting back on the sofa.

"You want that people should say Mike Maloney can't support his wife? That she's got to work for a living, even if she is married? Because that's what they would say. They'd say Mike Maloney is not a success in his business, because he has got to make his wife work ——"

"That ain't got anything to do with it, you dope!" she shouted. "A woman's a human being, not just a slave and cook for a husband. She's got ambitions of her own ——"

"Talk! All talk! Nothing but talk!" Mike said. "All you want is to disgrace your husband, going out to work like he is a failure and can't buy you whatever you want. Many a woman ——"

"I'm a human being ——"

Well, that went on for about a hour or more, until gradually it grew into an argument, and when finally Mike went to bed they was both sorer'n hell at each other.

"Anyways," Mike said, ending it, "that's final. As long as you are my wife you are not going out to work and make a spectacle of me in front of my friends and neighbors. Just remember that. You are my wife, by the law and the church, and I hope I have not married a woman that does not respect the law; that is, as regards the marriage vow to obey your husband. But no matter what, you are my wife, and you will not go out boosting articles out of department stores as long as you are my wife. That is final."

Then he bounced out.

Now I'm going to tell you how that situation turned out. Not having much home life, though a home man, after this last little argument, Mike just throwed hisself, as you might say, into his work, and was knocking off jobs faster than you could count them. There wasn't hardly a night passed that he didn't bring home a nice haul.

What's more, he never give up his little side lines either. He got him some little decorations made out of pipe cleaners once, and another time he brought home some little ash trays made out of clam shells. He never tried to hide them either; he just set them right in front of Mabel and she never said boo to him.

One night, about a week or so later, he had a job cased down to the last minute. It was a duplex flat on the East Side, in the tall-millinery district, and he'd found out about when the owner, a bachelor, went in and out and what time it would be best for him to make his call. It looked like a Number One job.

That evening he stayed over to the restaurant with we boys until time to go to work, and then he taken a cab to a block away. In about a hour the fellow went out in evening clothes. Mike went in a drug store and give the place a ring, and the operator downstairs said the fellow said he might not be back until three or four o'clock in the morning, and was there any message? Mike said there wasn't.

He cracked a service door in an alley and walked up five flights of stairs as easy as coming out the Subway. There was a door to the kitchen of the flat, where the fodder was delivered, and Mike put the edge of a chisel in the crack and give a little push and walked into the place like into his own roost. The place was blacker than a yard up the chimney.

He felt his way to the dining-room door and then give his lamp a flash, just enough to see so he wouldn't go taking nose dives over chairs and stools and to spot the living-room door. Then he was in the dark again, in the black dark, and he moved into the living room. All of a sudden he froze, because what he heard was somebody breathing. There was somebody in the room besides hisself.

He stood still for five minutes, breathing through his mouth so as not to make any noise, waiting for something to happen, and then something did happen. The outside door of the flat slammed—bang!—and Mike nearly went out the window. The time had come, he felt, to lam. It looked like the place must be full of people.

He taken a deep breath, intending to make a dive for the dining-room door, when every light in the whole flat went on at once. It was like daylight, or brighter, and Mike, caught with the biscuit, shot one look at the hall door and stuck up his mitts. There was a little fat man standing there in evening clothes, a rod in his hand.

"Hands up!" he yelled in a little squeaking voice. "Hands up, both of you!"

Mike turned, got a load of who was standing on the other side of the room, and nearly dropped. It was Mabel, caught just as much with the biscuit as him, and Mike went up like a balloon.

"So!" he shouted so loud that the little fat man nearly dropped his rod. "So you would, would you?"

"Listen," Mabel started.

"Listen, eh?" Mike's hands dropped and he clean forgot all about the gentleman standing there with the rod. "So I find you disobeying me and you want me to listen, eh?"

"Hands up!" the gentleman said louder.

"Listen, Mike," Mabel said, meeting him in the middle of the room, "I'm a human being ——"

"I'm a frog or something, I suppose," Mike interrupted without much sense to it. "I suppose I ain't any human being myself! I tell you you can't work and let people get to talking, and I don't hardly show up for work before here you are, not paying no attention to what I say!"

"I got just as much right ——"

"And on my case too!" Mike shouted. "Not on a case of your own, but on my case you're working!"

"How did I know it was your case ——"

"I say," said the gentleman, clearing his throat, "hands up!"

"That ain't either here or there," Mike said. "Whether it was my case or if it ain't my case, that ain't the question. What I'm saying is I told you flat that you wasn't to work as long as you was married to me, and I told you why. If the reason wasn't no good, all right; but I told you what to do, just the same."

"What I'm telling you ——"

"You ain't telling me anything! I'm telling you! And I'm telling you you done wrong."

"All right!" Mabel shot at him. "All right! If I can't lead my own life, if I got to give up my career just because you got old-fashioned ideas about wives, all right. I'm quitting you!"

"Quitting me?"

"Quitting him!" gasped the gentleman, shocked.

"This is the last straw," Mabel said. "I'm free, white and twenty-one, and I'm a human being ——"

"Listen," said Mike, "did I say you wasn't a human being? Did he say you wasn't a human being?" he asked, pointing suddenly at the gentleman, who shook his head quickly. "Did anybody say you wasn't a human being? All right, you're a human being. You're two human beings. You're three human beings—but you can't work while you're my wife!"

"Well, I'm sorry we have to argue this out in front of company," Mabel said, glancing at the gentleman.

"Not at all!" he assured her. "Go right ahead."

"The trouble with her," Mike explained to him, "she's one of these women that's got her career in front of her home."

"Any children?" asked the gentleman politely.

"No children," Mike answered, "but she's got me to look out for."

"It's a difficult situation," the gentleman said. "A friend of mine had the same problem recently. It seems that he married a movie-gossip writer, or interviewer. He was a baseball reporter. Well, it seemed that she was forging ahead ——"

"The trouble with you," Mike said to Mabel, "you don't know when you're well off. You got a nice home, you got a husband that's faithful and a good provider, you got nice clothes ——"

"But my career ——"

"Many a woman would be happy ——"

"There ain't any use talking any more about it," Mabel said. "You got your work, but I got mine too. We been over this again and again, and it always comes out the same. We don't see eye to eye on it and I think we might just as well call it all off. There's a place in the world for me and I aim to get it. So"—she put out her hand—"good-by, Mike."

"But, Mabel ——"

"It ain't any use," she said. "You're a home man. What you need is a home woman, a woman who'll be happy just making a home for you. It's bad, but I ain't that kind of woman. I'm a professional too. So"—she took Mike's hand—"good-by, Mike, and good luck!"

"Good-by, Mabel!"

She caught Mike's coat lapel suddenly, pulled his face down and kissed him. Then she was gone, and Mike stood staring at the door. Then he looked down at his hand.

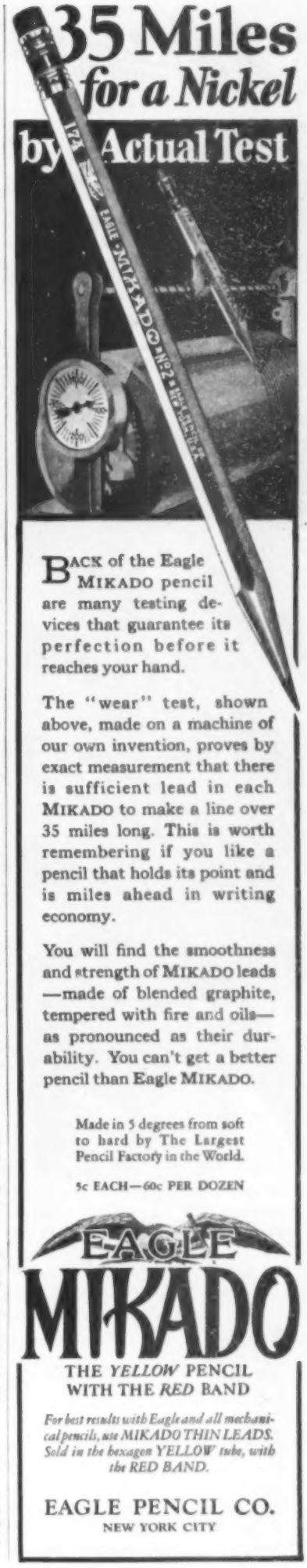
"—— so he came to her at the hospital," went on the gentleman, who seemingly had been talking all the time, "and they made up. They are now very happy together, with a new understanding." He smiled happily at Mike and then around. "Where is—your wife?" he asked, surprised.

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"For good," Mike said, still looking at his hand. "We were mismated."

"That's too bad," the gentleman said, and discovering the rod still in his hand, laid it hurriedly on the table. "I'd like to have known her better." He looked around uncertainly. "Won't you sit down?"



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Mike dropped in a chair.

"Will you have something to drink?"

"A glass of hot milk, if it ain't too much trouble," Mike said. "Nothing like a glass of hot milk when you're feeling low."

"I like it cold," the gentleman said.

"I like it hot," Mike repeated.

"There are two sides to the question," the gentleman admitted.

It was six o'clock when Mike walked out of that flat.

They'd sat there, him and the gentleman, drinking milk and talking, Mike drinking hot milk and him drinking cold milk, until they'd drunk about twelve quarts. And Mike was another man when he walked out. In the cold gray dawn he took a cab all the way over to the North River, and walking out on a pier he dropped his lamp and chisel and billy into the water. Not until then did he go home.

That's the story of Midge Mike Maloney, and the reason I tell you it, that gentleman was Mr. Andrew Hefferman, founder of the Andrew Hefferman Foundation. Mike was his first convert, and that was the inside story of the founding of the Foundation.

He stopped and that big baboon of a face of his wrinkled up into another smile.

"Ain't that a story!" he said.

I was looking at the dried-up little fellow with thin hair, sitting between the two blimps and obviously suffering.

"I wonder if he ever regrets it," I said; and then, "Has this story ever been printed?"

"Printed!" The mug laughed. "Ain't anybody knows it but Mike and Mr. Hefferman and me—not the whole story like I told you."

Then the dinner was over. Everybody was pushing back chairs. We all got up.

"Well, I can't tell you how much I appreciate it," I said. "It's a corking story. Thank you very much. But what is your name?"

"You ain't using my name!" he said in alarm.

"Absolutely not," I assured him. "I'd just like to know it."

"My name's Cassidy," he said. "But keep it out, understand."

"I will."

He moved off with the lady that had been on his left, and I went to find the secretary to get a list of guests and stuff like that. I introduced myself to him, and he was anxious to know if I'd got all the dope I wanted.

"I think I have," I said. "I was talking to that big red-headed fellow over there and he gave me some very interesting stuff."

"You mean Cassidy?" he said.

"That's him."

"Cassidy's a very nice young fellow," the secretary said, "and, I understand, a very capable reporter."

I thought maybe I didn't get that right.

"A very capable what?"

"Reporter," he said. "He's on the Herald. I thought you knew him. I mean I saw you talking to him."

"I see," I said slowly; "I didn't get it at first." Then another thought came to me. I looked around and spotted the dried-up little fellow with thin hair. Midge Mike Maloney. "By the way," I said casually, "but who is that fellow, that little chap, over there?"

"That?" the secretary said. "Why, that's Mr. Andrew Hefferman, our founder."

"I see," I said. "You got some pretty smart reporters in New York, haven't you?"

"They're very good, I hear."

"Yeah," I said, "so good that some of them are going to get a crack in the jaw if they don't watch their step."

"Why, I don't understand!" the secretary said.

SOCIAL ARBITER

(Continued from Page 27)

From the age of twelve to seventeen I was contented to rule a world composed of Miss S——'s girls. When boys began to appear as a factor in our social life, I realized that I was at a disadvantage. They resented the very quality my feminine followers admired—my self-assurance. In fact, I must have been a pretty objectionable child, but since this is a confession, I shall not try to paint myself in more attractive colors. I was not even pretty, and this was an era when girls had to be pretty. In order to have any success at all with young men, I had to learn, first, to conceal the iron hand with the velvet glove and to capitalize my lack of beauty.

I definitely wanted to marry well—chiefly for the reason that I intended to use my gift for social leadership in a bigger field. This was my most romantic yearning. I had the singleness of purpose of all truly ambitious men or women.

Now my mother, who was an immeasurably wiser and kinder woman than I have been, might have been expected to be unsympathetic about my determination to spend a summer in this fashionable resort. She could not afford to take all of us there, but she consented to my visiting the most faithful of all my henchmen—who, of course, was none other than Ruth. No one admired me so much, for she saw me in the position she had failed to attain, and she therefore valued it highly.

The Power of the Pocketbook

The question of suitable clothes then arose. I knew that I needed more carefully chosen and costly gowns and hats than other girls.

My mother quietly told me she could manage this, and together we traveled to a famous modiste in Metropolis. My wardrobe was epoch-making. It transformed me from a plain girl into a piquant and interesting one. A young diplomat immediately christened me "the *jolie laide*," and the word went out that merely pretty girls were insipid and *passé*.

Lest this sound like vanity, I must repeat that before the metamorphosis I had suffered such agonies over the realization that I had neither beauty nor charm for men, that only a woman who has gone through this torture of the ugly-duckling stage will understand my ecstasy when suddenly I emerged from it.

I blossomed, not into a swan but into a more enduring and, for my eventual purposes, serviceable rôle—that of a young woman who can be confident of her powers of attraction. Ruth's older brother, who had previously ignored me, became openly a serious suitor.

Three other proposals of marriage followed his—the sheeplike instinct being in no domain more certain.

Shortly after I came home, the man I accepted—whom I shall call Roger Lane—visited my family and the engagement was formally announced. Only in the discussion of my trousseau did I learn that in order to make my summer possible, my mother had sold her most cherished Stuart portrait of her grandmother. Even today I avoid going into the museum which houses it and will not, for any price, sell it.

Although it is not my intention to discuss my purely personal affairs in print, even anonymously, it is necessary to describe Roger. He was—and is—well-bred, handsome, tall, almost delicate in physique. Our attraction for each other was the ancient law of opposites in personality, plus an identical feeling about a mode of living.

He admired my quickness of mind and vitality; I found his understanding and appreciation indescribably restful. I could not have married a vigorous, aggressive man. I do not believe many other social leaders have done so, either.

After our wedding trip to Venice and Paris, we returned to a house in Metropolis which his parents had given us. They were people of substantial wealth and excellent social position.

After forty years of marriage I do not yet know whether or not I would have accepted Roger had they not been. For it did not occur to me to consider anyone who was not. In justice to my sincere regard for him, I must add that two other of my suitors of that summer also possessed these qualifications.

In Metropolis I found a social order startlingly dissimilar to that of my birthplace. That it was so much larger seemed to me a difficulty, until I saw that the bigger the town, the more important becomes the leader's invincible weapon, exclusiveness. But as a bride, not yet nineteen, I was overwhelmed. Moreover, although, as in my town, there were here certain names which carried great social weight, many of these names in Metropolis were also identified with great wealth.

Roger smiled when I spoke of this. "My dear Damaris, society has always been based upon financial power. In your town, the riches were gained more generations ago than is the case here. Even those people who started in the colonies with large grants of land from the king had to pay for them—power and money are one and indivisible. You will dine tomorrow night upon gold plate, because the father of your host made a fortune in a rather questionable way during the Civil War."

"But do the Lanes accept them as equals?"

Again he smiled. "We like to feel superior, but it is only a question of years, really. For you will wear that becoming diamond necklace which I could not possibly have afforded had not one of my ancestors, two hundred years ago, deceived the Indians of Metropolis into exchanging miles of valuable land for a string of worthless red beads about that size. Let us be tolerant."

The Grande Dame of Metropolis

I perceived after a time that, although money was important in social life, in Metropolis certain names held an even greater magnetic power than in my home town. For down there we took for granted that our friends came from good old stock. In Metropolis they were self-conscious about family.

The name which carried supreme authority in Metropolis was Mrs. Adam Blank. No one could have been better born than she; the theory was that her position would have been impossible otherwise. But no man was richer than her husband, even though his fortune had descended only from his father, an uncouth and uneducated financial genius.

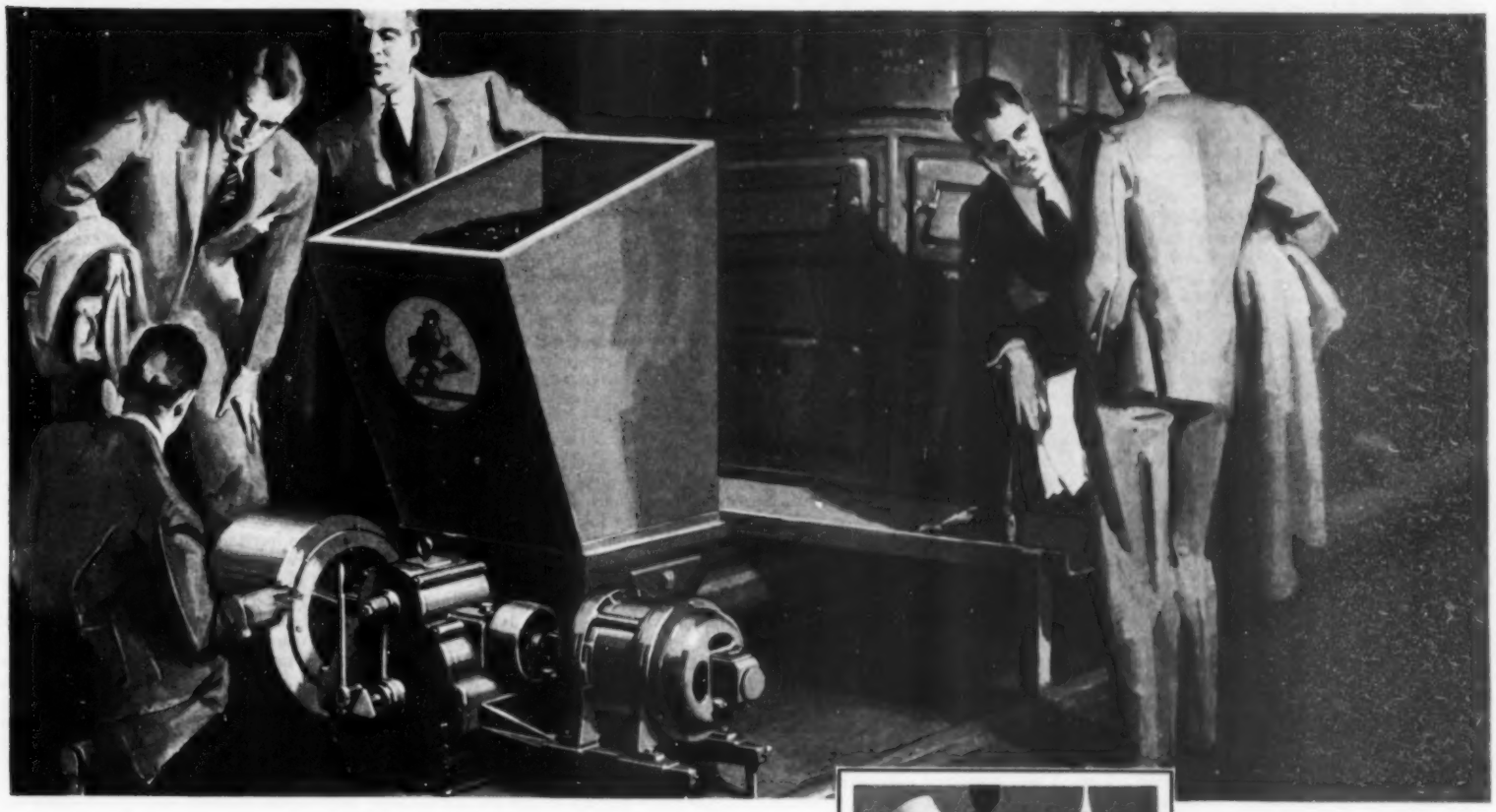
I shall never forget my emotions when, at the first ball of the season, Roger took me up to present me to her. Despite the Lanes' social secureness, it depended upon this arbiter whether we were admitted into the innermost circle. As a bachelor, Roger had been much at her house, but she disliked having young men marry girls from outside, and on occasions had been ruthless about accepting them more than perfunctorily.

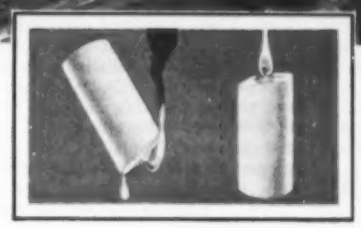
She was seated in an impressive high-backed chair at one end of the ballroom. It was the Bachelors' Ball—the most fashionable subscription dance—and in theory she was in the receiving line, but one of her rules was never to appear with any other woman and thus divide her power. As we approached, she deliberately scattered the group around her, and at first glance I thought that she was beautiful. Her gown and jewels were superb, and she sat and held her head splendidly. When she took

(Continued on Page 148)

Have you seen the IRON FIREMAN

the machine that made coal an automatic fuel?





Wasteful—As illustrated by the inverted candle, fuel fed from above makes a smoky flame and poor combustion. This is what occurs when fuel is thrown on top of the fire, as in wasteful hand firing.

Scientific—The upright candle feeds fuel from below and gives a bright, clear flame without smoke. Iron Fireman *Forced Underfiring* feeds fuel to the fire from below and makes a fire 500 to 1000 degrees hotter.

LET US TAKE you off the beaten path of your daily rounds for a minute . . . into a boiler room to see a machine that is famous for its achievements. For if you haven't seen an Iron Fireman you will find it of more than passing interest.

* * * * * * * * * *

All of us enjoy the benefits of artificial heating. Any of us would be vitally concerned if for any reason the heat were turned off. Be concerned then for a moment with the fact that artificial heating methods have advanced from the period of hand firing into the period of scientifically controlled mechanical operation. See an Iron Fireman, the machine that has brought this about!

Open the fire door while an Iron Fireman is operating and see a fire so clear and intense that you can hardly believe it is made with coal. But it *is* made with coal, and with coal that costs less than the coal which hand firing requires.

Thus Iron Fireman owners actually get better heating, and at the same time make substantial fuel savings.* Careful business men everywhere are giving consideration to Iron Fireman economies as an extra source of revenue.

For whether it be a school, hotel, office or other building, greenhouse, garage, manufacturing plant or residence, Iron Fireman delivers an improved heating service at a lower heating cost.

***Non-agitated forced underfiring,* the principle employed by Iron Fireman, creates far more perfect combustion, makes no smoke, holds temperature or boiler pressure exactly where it is wanted, and saves labor costs. *The thousands of Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners in use throughout America are saving their owners millions of dollars every year in fuel costs alone.* The improved heating service which they render is an extra profit which costs owners nothing. Ask for an Iron Fireman engineer to survey your boiler or furnace room and render his report, showing what an Iron Fireman can earn for you. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Branches in Cleveland - St. Louis - Chicago - New York. Dealers throughout United States and Canada.**

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IRON FIREMAN

AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

. . . the machine that made coal an automatic fuel

(Continued from Page 146)

my hand, I perceived that essentially she was not better looking than I, but her dark eyes were intensely alive and her voice was lovely. Never have I seen a person who was at once so magnetic yet inaccessible. She was the epitome of grande dame.

"I am delighted to meet you, my dear," she said. I felt as if her eyes saw into my innermost soul. "I heard of your triumphs at Newport, even when I was in Europe taking the cure." As other arrivals approached, she added, "You must come and see me on Wednesday afternoon."

It was like a dismissal from royalty, but as we moved on, Roger whispered, "She likes you."

"But I thought her day at home was Thursday?"

"Yes. Then she invites all the two or three hundred people she considers worth while. But you are to go alone."

A Beautiful Blond Rival

The Blank mansion was some distance from our house; twenty minutes with the horses going at a lively clip. Never had I seen such splendid tapestries or so many servants in livery. The butler himself ushered me up the marble staircase and into a small boudoir furnished in the French fashion.

Mrs. Blank asked me to sit beside her on the sofa, in front of which was the tea table.

"Next month I shall give a dinner for you and Roger," she said almost immediately. "You shall choose—shall it be large or small?"

She was watching me intently, but I had no clew as to what she hoped I would say. I answered truthfully, "The smaller it is, the better I shall like it."

She nodded in complete approval. Perhaps she realized that my decision was due to a desire to learn just whom she considered the most important three or four individuals in Metropolis.

There were twelve of us in all, which meant four women to whom I gave careful scrutiny. Three of them were lifelong friends of Mrs. Blank's, charming, well-bred women in the late forties—she was just over fifty—but the other, Mrs. Jones, was also a recent bride. Ever since the founding of the city her family had been prominent. She had a self-assurance impossible to describe. For in addition to inheritance and wealth, she was a beauty. Professional beauties no longer exist. But as a plain woman, I knew their power. Mary Jones was a dazzling blonde, small and exquisitely proportioned. She was known as "the pocket Venus," and her charm was deadly. At heart she was cold, which enabled her all the better to appear to men as the most tender and melting of goddesses. No man could see her without falling in love with her.

Before the fourth of the ten or eleven courses had been served, I knew that Roger had been one of her victims. How I knew, I cannot state. Perhaps a flicker of her long eyelashes, perhaps the tone of voice in which Adam Blank, at whose right I sat, asked me what I thought of her. At any rate, I saw that she was prepared to be my enemy.

When the ladies were alone in the drawing-room she did not come up to me; so, disregarding convention, I went over to her. In my acquaintance with other girls of her type I had learned that the primary need of their existence is flattery. From the cradle they are accustomed to it. The appetite increases; no morphine fiend could have a sharper or more insatiable craving. I gave her, therefore, the praise she merited. This surprised her and put her at a momentary disadvantage. She had assumed that, both as Roger's wife and as an unbeautiful woman, I would be jealous. She had expected a struggle; now she thought that, without a battle, she had gained supremacy. Which was exactly what I wanted her to think!

Within a few months we had become almost inseparable. She considered me an admirable foil. I was as dark as she was blond; my clothes were as different as the range of fashions permitted. Nor did I even fail to appreciate her caustic wit or flashes of almost insolent humor. What she never perceived was that from her I was learning what not to do. When I saw people wince under her irony, I curbed my own tendency to sharpness of tongue. Women did not fear me as a rival. Men found me a good listener. Nor did I demand continuous homage. At balls I was equally in demand, due to a totally different cause. She was the potent intoxicant—I, the antidote.

My reason for cultivating this friendship with Mary Jones was not due to fear about Roger. I deliberately chose her as my intimate because she was the most powerful younger woman and the most obviously certain to succeed Mrs. Blank.

I intended to inherit this position myself, but to get it required years of apprenticeship and the habit of command over my own generation. It never occurred to Mary that to anyone but herself would the scepter pass. Which was another mistake. As with Ruth at the academy, I bided my time before testing out my power.

About five years after my marriage, not long after our second child was born, we were all at Newport when we learned that the Crown Prince of —— was coming over on a visit and would be in Metropolis for a few days. The ambassador of his country naturally informed Mrs. Blank, for any other hostess for the one large dinner and ball in His Highness' honor would have been unthinkable.

But there was another free evening on the schedule, and word went out that the young royalty would prefer a smaller and more informal dinner on that date. Which meant that one of our younger married set must entertain him. Ostensibly, there were forty eligible hostesses; I knew that actually it narrowed down to Mary Jones or me. I made up my mind it would not be Mary. I am not a lion hunter. No social leader is. Another distinction between us and social climbers. My theory has always been that the lion should feel honored at being entertained by me. Even in the case of royalty, my determination to give a dinner for him was not because he was royalty but because I foresaw that whatever younger matron was selected, out of all the numerous aspirants, would become automatically the undisputed leader of her set, and second only in importance to Mrs. Blank.

My methods may have been unscrupulous. I was interested only in whether or not they would be successful. I carefully avoided any overcordiality toward the ambassador and his wife. At a period when everyone else was fawning upon them, I remained aloof—pleasant, always, but pleasant on terms of equality. Nor did I even suggest that I would be honored to entertain the Crown Prince. This negative course, I knew, would set me apart from my competitors.

Using the Green-Eyed Monster

Then I asked them, as if casually—having ascertained from one of my admirers at the embassy that they had a free evening and were weary of large parties—to dine quietly with us. I also invited three women my informant had told me were most seriously under consideration. Of course, this included Mary Jones. I told Mary to look her best. And her best was an effect of almost unearthly blond beauty destined to make mortal man gasp. The ambassador was mortal. Unfortunately for Mary, his wife saw the gasp. During dinner—I had put my rival on his other side—she saw the way Mary talked to him and the way he looked at her.

When we left the men and went into the drawing-room the ambassadress was white with rage. Her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold her coffee cup. When Mary, confident of her success, went upstairs to rearrange her hair, the diplomat's wife chose to regard it as a personal affront. Then the remaining women gathered around her to talk of nothing but the approaching visit of the Crown Prince. I was the only one who remained silent.

When the men rejoined us, Mary was, of course, down again, and the ambassador went straight across to her. But their tête-à-tête was broken almost at once; his wife said they must go home.

Roger and I went out into the hall with them. I spoke of their delightful children, who were playmates of our elder son. I admired the color of the ambassadress' gown. Then, as if I'd forgotten entirely the date of the royal visit, I mentioned a concert in Metropolis to be given that week, to which I hoped she'd go.

She burst out, "I wish the prince were not coming over."

I answered sympathetically that I realized how difficult it must be for them, but wasn't the last of their problems solved? That, naturally, the hostess for the one free evening would be Mary Jones?

Being a Great Hostess

"That woman!" exclaimed the ambassadress before her husband could check her. "Certainly not! His Highness wouldn't admire her at all!" Then, as if a new idea struck her, she gazed approvingly at me, back to her husband, who had scarcely spoken to me during dinner, and said, "I know he would find Mrs. Lane most charming."

The diplomat, partly to make amends to me for his neglect, and more to appease his wife, agreed heartily.

And no one, not even Roger, has ever heard before now the true story of this most important event of my career. It marked a turning point, not only because of my brilliant dinner for the Crown Prince but because Mary waxed malicious about my victory. Her attack, as a beauty, on a woman of my appearance was regarded as shockingly treacherous. It caused a perceptible increase in my loyal followers.

My immediate problem was not to appear as a rival of Mrs. Blank. Because I was more than thirty years younger and comparatively a newcomer, I achieved greater prominence than I had expected. This I solved by consulting her frequently and giving her the impression that I was really her social protégée. She delegated more and more of her own power to me, and her advice was invaluable.

Having attained the position I desired, my work in keeping it fell into two parts. I was indefatigable in maintaining a public appearance worthy of my reputation. I dressed as handsomely as Roger's generosity permitted, spending more time and thought on my toilette than if I had been a famous beauty. Our horses and carriages were famous. So with my house; never was there casual or haphazard entertaining in it. Each party I gave was perfect of its kind. If we had music, I secured the most renowned performers; if we gave a cotillion, the favors were unique—not the most expensive, but the most delightful. My dinners were triumphs of culinary art, my guests chosen with great care. My name became synonymous with "great hostess."

But no matter how much time and thought I gave to the labor behind these effects, they presented no problems so difficult as the other half of my work. Metropolis, as an active industrial city, drew to it constantly new families of great wealth. In theory they were aliens and could not break into society. But actually, due to the financial interests of almost all the best people, a certain number of these outsiders had to be admitted. The decision as to who among them should be taken up, and who left out, was gradually left in my hands. Mrs. Blank had grown weary of exercising this power and refused to change her list of guests for the New Year's Eve Ball, which, when I arrived in Metropolis, was the yardstick of being "in." For five years she had invited the same three hundred and seventy people.

It had become necessary that I remedy this stagnant condition. My first step was to take her list, eliminate many of the names on it, and invite only two hundred and fifty guests to my pre-Lent ball. But among them were several newcomers. This absolved me from the charge of snobbery and gave the newcomers greater prestige than if they had been asked to the larger party.

I suppose I shall have to disclose the method by which I chose among all the strugglers, or, as they are now called, "social climbers." I was careful not to do it on the basis of wealth or Roger's direct financial interests. By ignoring these groups I made my selection appear to be based on a purely personal standard, and my veto of the others was, therefore, more crushing than if I never took up any of the new rich.

As a matter of honest fact, my chief reason for taking up anyone was to be able to keep out others. It was a negative process. I would see in some woman a menace not only to me but to our established order. The cleverer she was, the more I would determine to keep her out. A simple, honest wife, on the other hand, who would be grateful for help, but not try to usurp my prerogatives, would often be astonished to find herself treated most cordially by me. But I never explained anything. If certain friends would urge me to invite Mrs. Smith, who was much more attractive and cultivated than Mrs. Brown, to whom I had been so nice, I would merely answer, "I wish I could. But my lists are so full I simply can't include any strangers except those I happen to take a personal fancy to."

After Mrs. Blank's death, some fourteen years after my marriage, the only real power which remained to be handed over to me was to be asked to be the adviser to the committee on invitations of the Bachelors' Ball. The committee itself consisted of five men of excellent background, whose names were purposely kept secret so that no outside pressure could prevent their free choice. But as each one always had his personal obligations or prejudices, the final decision had been left to Mrs. Blank, and now became my privilege.

Seven hundred individual cards of invitation were sent out; not even a woman could be taken unless she was personally asked. Every debutante trembled lest she should not be included, and only a third of them usually were. By having, each winter, these new names, others had to be dropped, and it was almost worse to have been asked once, and not again, than never to have been on the list. To remain on year after year was the equivalent not only of a diploma of social impeccability but a guaranty of one's moral status. That is to say, if a scandal occurred, society's attitude was foreshadowed by the arrival or nonarrival at the culprit's door of the messenger bearing the invitation to the Bachelors'. Many a hasty trip to Europe has resulted from the nonarrival.

How the Debutantes Were Chosen

The hours this committee spent in its actual meetings were many, but all during the year I was conscious of my responsibility. Choosing the debutantes was not difficult; those of good family who in themselves were sweet, well-mannered girls formed a natural third of the entire lot. The objects of scandal were more difficult. Usually I favored those who had conducted themselves with sufficient discretion so that to the outside world I could pretend "not to believe a word of it."

My days were planned as carefully and my engagements dovetailed as precisely as those of any business executive. No matter how late we had been up the night before, I appeared fully dressed at the breakfast table at quarter past eight every morning. Before nine the children had left for school and Roger for the banking house his grandfather had founded. Between it and his clubs he occupied himself until 6:30, only returning early on Tuesday, my day at home.

Until it was time to dress for luncheon I was busy with my housekeeping, correspondence, shopping, fittings, accounts and

(Continued on Page 153)

"I'd rather be whipped than go out tonight"

That's what I used to say—but now I always have plenty of energy left, no matter how hard I've worked all day . . .

FAGGED out—nerves upset—too tired to do anything but sit and fall asleep over the evening paper!

"Sometimes I used to get so tired I could hardly drag myself home from the office. I ate and slept poorly—and rarely felt like going anywhere at night.

"Finally a friend got me to try Cocomalt. Results were surprising. My energy picked up noticeably. At night I slept like a top—and in the morning I felt really fresh and rested. Today, I feel years younger—and no matter how much I've been on the go all day, I'm seldom tired at night and really enjoy going out."

This man's experience is by no means unusual. He is only one among *thousands* who have told us of the definite benefits they have received from Cocomalt.

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Cocomalt is not a medicine but a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink. It contains, among other energy and health building properties, the precious Vitamin D. This is the same valuable element that is produced by summer sunshine.

Note the Quick Results

If you are run-down, tire easily or suffer from "nerves", try Cocomalt. Taken regularly before bedtime, it induces sound, restful slumber.

In the morning you awaken, keen-eyed and refreshed—eager to plunge into the activities of the day. You are beginning to experience the benefits you would derive from spending hours in the friendly, healing rays of summer sunshine—alive, buoyant—full of a new zest for living.

Cocomalt not only brings you the benefits of the new sunshine vitamin, but aids digestion, too. For it has the power to digest *other foods* in the stomach. This means a saving in energy—help for frayed nerves—and aid to sound sleep at night.

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Cocomalt comes in powdered form all ready to mix with milk. Can be prepared in a jiffy. Serve it hot or cold. . . It may be had in three sizes—½ pound, 30c.—1 pound, 50c.—and the economical 5 pound family size. Send coupon below for a generous trial can—*free*. See for yourself how delightful it is—how refreshing its immediate action. Mail coupon today!

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ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

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Please send me, free, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

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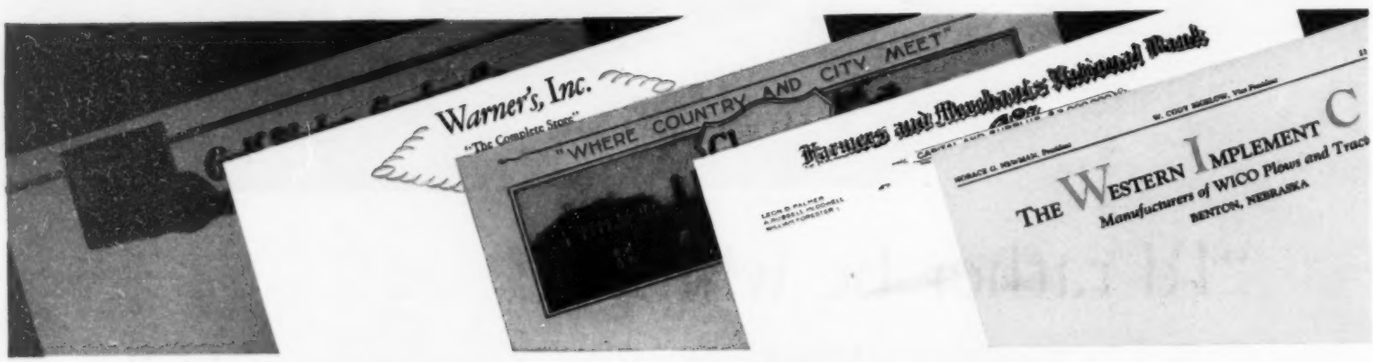

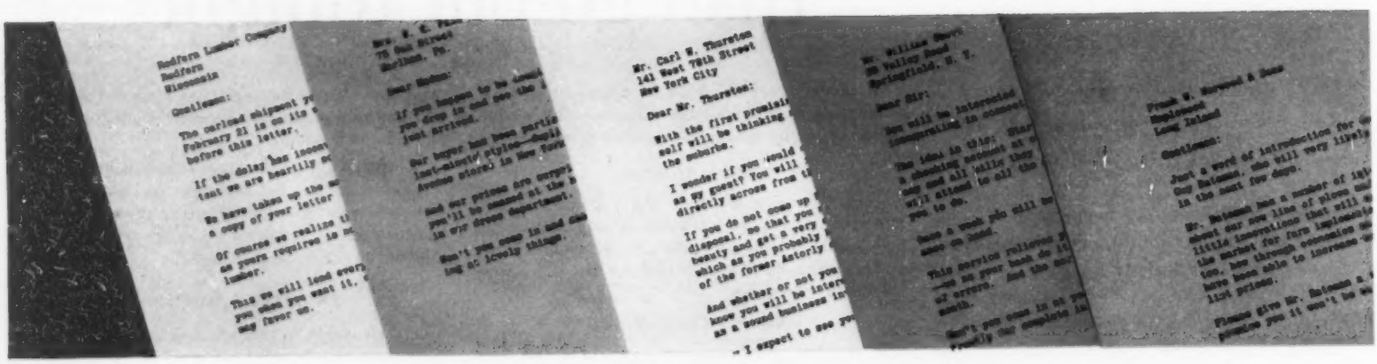

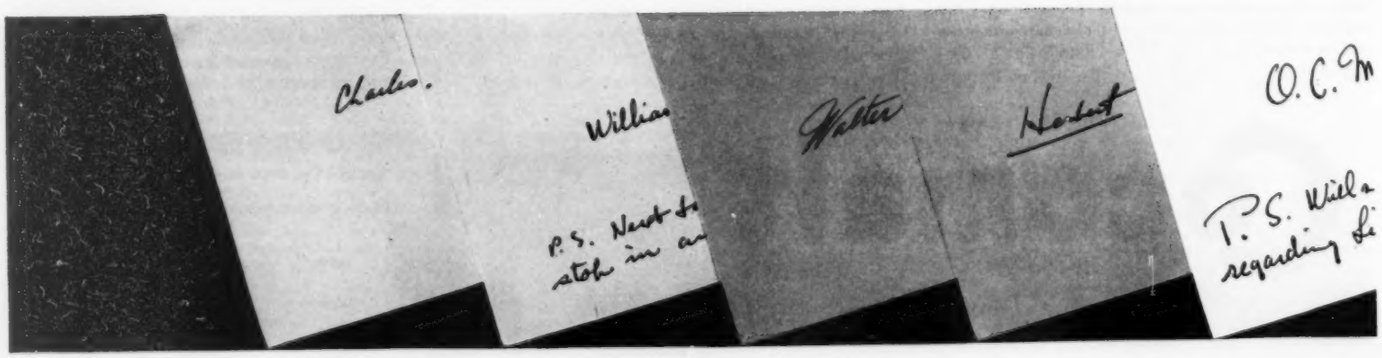

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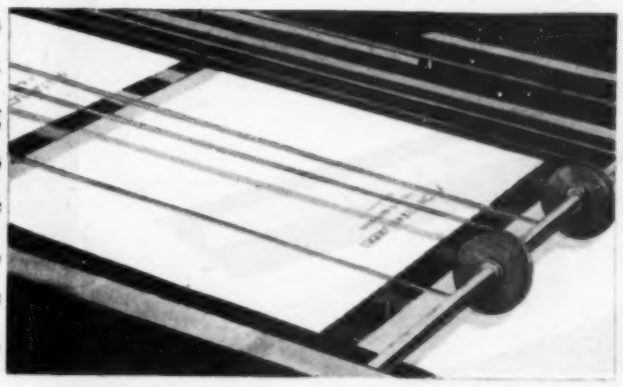

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It is our word of honor to the public

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PRESENTING MISS AMERICA BY BULOVA

MISS AMERICA: 15 jewel movement, artistically engraved, 4 simulated sapphires or emeralds, flexible bracelet set with matching gems in presentation box.

Cased and Timed at the Bulova Observatory
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TODAY—the Bulova Miss America makes its debut. Today—leading jewelers from coast to coast present this beautiful timepiece. The handsomely engraved case, set with simulated sapphires or emeralds . . . the beautiful, flexible bracelet . . . will quickly appeal to those who appreciate beauty, accuracy and true value in a timepiece.

But Miss America is only one of the many new Bulova models for men and women. Priced from $25 to $2500, each is a dependable timepiece. Be sure to see them—and above all, the Miss America!

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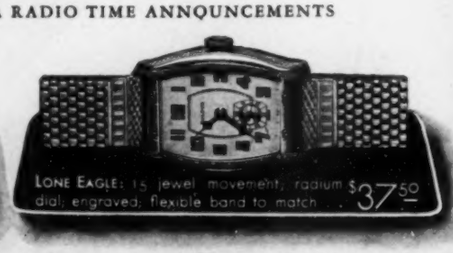
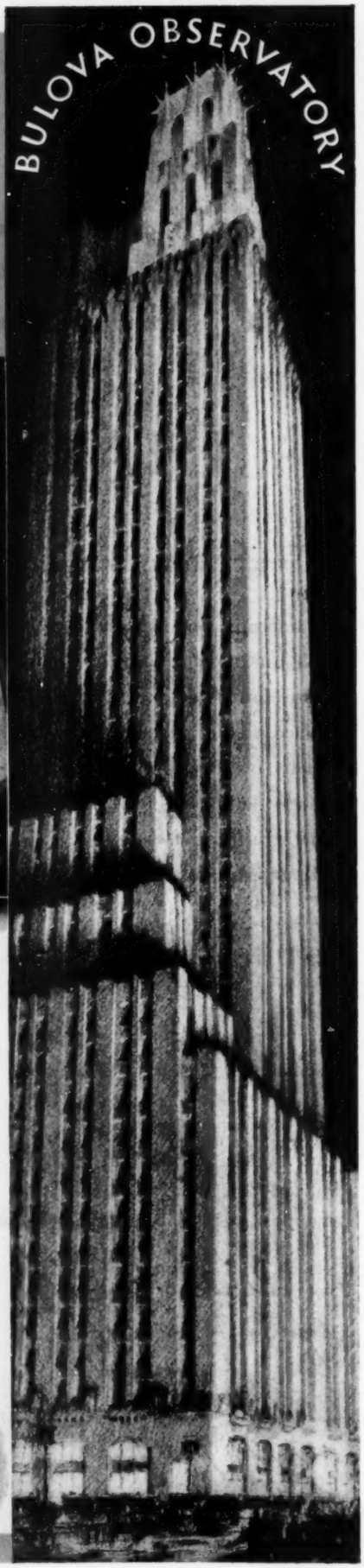
"LISTEN IN" NIGHTLY FOR BULOVA RADIO TIME ANNOUNCEMENTS

AMBASSADOR: 15 jewel movement, radium dial, engraved, flexible band to match . . . $37.50



LONE EAGLE: 15 jewel movement, radium dial, engraved, flexible band to match . . . $37.50

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS . . . EVERYWHERE



(Continued from Page 148)

committees. I had a young woman who assisted me with my mail, but she was without authority and merely followed orders. I gave instructions daily to the cook and butler. They had both started with me when I was married, as had my personal maid. The rest of the staff of eleven house servants were changed occasionally, but these three were so perfectly trained that a new recruit was soon disciplined. My maid accompanied me to the shops, did unimportant errands, and stood guard when the hairdresser arrived on the three visits a week, lest he burn my hair or change the individual coiffure I affected.

To four organizations for public welfare I gave my aid. Dozens of charities asked me merely to let them use my name as honorary chairman, in order to raise funds, but this I refused. When my name appeared on a letterhead, it signified that I myself was interested in the cause. For the most part, my task consisted of procuring money, for I believe only in paid, trained workers. I would select, for the other members of the committee, friends of mine whose names carried social significance, then ask one—only one—man among the new rich to join us and contribute. Most people make the mistake of asking several parvenus, and of asking the wives. Self-made men are almost invariably socially ambitious, however they attempt to disguise it or pretend they want position only for their children; so I failed only once in my campaigns.

This was with a Western multimillionaire, Sam Jackson, who told me he'd donate half a million dollars and "not care whether it's for indigent dogs or one-armed sailors," if I'd have his eldest daughter asked to the next Bachelors'.

I refused. But three years later his second daughter was elected over my veto! The first time such a thing ever occurred. Sam Jackson himself told me about it some time later. He had bribed someone to tell him the names of the committee, then investigated their financial standing, learned that four of them derived most of their incomes from a certain gigantic industrial concern. He finally became a large stockholder in it, chairman of the board, and they did not dare keep his daughter out.

Roger was amused by my indignation. "You, of all people, should admire him. I do."

"Do you know him well?"

"Oh, yes. He's a charter member of the K—— Country Club."

My husband rarely spoke of this club, which, with several friends, he had founded about twenty miles out of Metropolis. He knew that I disapproved of it, partly because it had necessitated buying motor cars, which I disliked, and because he insisted upon building a house near the several thousand acres the club owned and inaugurating the English week-end custom. From time to time we had made trips to Europe, and whereas I brought home pictures or clothes or bric-a-brac, Roger seemed to be the one who really absorbed the desire to change his mode of living. Golf had become a hobby, and he was teaching our oldest son and the two younger daughters to play it and to ride horseback. I always sent a governess out with them for their Saturday and Sunday expeditions, but now I began to be uneasy about their associates.

However, our son Roderick was shortly sent away to boarding school, and from there to Harvard; and Damaris was placed, at sixteen, in charge of a titled French lady residing near Paris. Marie, thirteen, was not athletic, so my apprehensions were lulled.

Since my husband insisted upon a country place, I gave it my attention, made it comfortable, engaged excellent servants and planned gardens. But as it was physically impossible for me to be in two places at once, I was forced to engage a housekeeper for the country. The next thing I knew, Roger had become so interested in an outdoor life that he talked of going to Florida in the winters. At first a houseboat cruise, then the suggestion of building a villa.

My program was turned upside down. How could I continue giving my two large and four smaller dinners a month, three ladies' luncheons, and a musical? What of my day at home? What of the Bachelors'? My committees? Our evening at the opera? Our two houses?

"At least wait until after Damaris has come out," I urged. For I felt that with her debut an even more complicated social order would make my departure impossible.

I gave for her an afternoon reception and a ball. So far as I know, these two occasions, in 1913, marked the last appearance in Metropolis of three hundred people practically all of whose grandparents knew one another.

At the ball Damaris introduced Barbara Jackson.

"But I didn't ask her," I said, after she had passed on.

"I did. Saw her this afternoon at a party. She's a grand girl. Terribly amusing!"

In a way, this is the end of my story. For when "amusing" came to be the criterion by which all social events or persons were judged, my occupation was gone. Of course, there are today many people who consider me the most important woman in Metropolis—but they are all either as old as I am or outsiders. My own children behave as if they didn't know what social distinctions were.

When Roderick told me he was going to marry Barbara Jackson, I asked him if he didn't care that her father had been a miner and she herself had been born in a frontier town.

"No, I think it's given her part of her charm."

Then I said ironically, "Roddy, is there anything, of any kind, that in itself would cause your generation to ostracize anyone?"

He reflected some time, then said, "Yes, mother. Cheating at cards."

Naturally, in an age like this there are no leaders. My contemporaries turn to me—my mail is as large as ever—my name still has great prestige among shopkeepers and dressmakers, but I know I stand apart from the vital social life of today.

I think it lacks elegance and form and standards. Damaris says I'm wrong, for they now incorporate these qualities in sports. She has married a nice enough young man, who is M. F. H. at S—— and she insists that there are still distinctions made in classifying people. "People who don't hunt are totally different from our crowd," she said seriously.

Marie, our youngest child, declined to come out, insisted upon going to Paris to study painting, returned at twenty-two, calmly to rent a studio apartment, and is now the most distinguished woman portrait painter in Metropolis. She is famous for refusing to paint more rich women than anyone else. Only one out of five aspirants will she pass. "I only take those who really interest me," she will say; then charge an enormous sum to the sitters she so honors.

"You're not an artist—you're a showman," I said to Marie the other day, rather proud of my modern slang.

She smiled. "I wonder where I learned it."

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH ROOSEVELT

(Continued from Page 31)

George F. Baer was an unusually powerful and able person. When he took hold of the Reading Railroad it had come through one reorganization after another, paid no dividends, was a byword of failure, as the New York and New Haven became later; and its single previous chance of coming back to life through the imaginative energy of a far-sighted brain had been snuffed out by Wall Street hostility to that brain. Baer set the Reading Railroad on its feet. And Baer, when it came to the Pure Food and Drugs Act, had only good words for the measure, while he had nothing but disapproval for the Railroad Rates Bill, because that touched him and his business; he was not selling prepared foods to the public, but he was selling them coal and transportation; and what he charged them for this was nobody's business but his own, any more than the wages he paid his miners and the hours that they worked.

George Baer's attitude was neither surprising nor exceptional; it was more than natural; at that time it was inevitable; and many a great captain of industry was of precisely the same way of thinking. Hands off! was what Big Business felt about itself in relation to the entire outside world; whatever it saw fit to do was, in its own eyes, right. It had come to resemble a good deal what a church was in the Middle Ages—a sanctuary in which you were safe from all hostile assault. Roosevelt, in bringing the Northern Securities suit, had violated the sanctuary, and his Coal Strike Commission was another violation; not even the Government of the United States must dare to call Big Business to order.

The months of the coal controversy had run to years before Roosevelt stepped in. Each time that the miners, through their representatives, requested a conference with the operators, these declined to deal with any union or to discuss any question except with their own men. The situation was at a deadlock, the prolonged coal strike was producing a coal famine which grew more serious every day, and the days were growing cold, and winter was at hand. Yet George Baer sat immovable in a position which nothing could better describe than his own words.

In July of that year—1902—he had answered a correspondent who had appealed to him in the name of humanity and religion: ". . . I beg you not to be discouraged. The rights and interest of the laboring man will be protected and cared for—not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country. . . . ."

Knowing Mr. Baer, I suspect his words were ironic; they certainly proved untimely.

The day came when coal in New York went to thirty dollars a ton. Little flames of violence began to flicker out here and there, where cars carrying coal were seized and looted as they trundled past the dwellings of people who had no fires. Mayors of many towns began warning Roosevelt of the dangerous temper that was rising in the minds of their communities; he was flooded with appeals from every sort of person, conveying tidings of alarm. So far from not thinking, the time came when he hardly thought of anything else, and sought the wisest counsel he could find as to what, as President, it was in his power to do. And at length, after many consultations and the most careful pondering, he reached his decision. The doubtful legality of any step never hindered Roosevelt from taking it, once he felt it was imperative. He acted with that swift finality which always threw those who were hit into the same exasperation as George Baer was in when he shouted: "Does your friend ever think?"

Soon after the commission had performed its work of solving the differences between the operators and the miners, and the Anthracite Board of Conciliation had granted its awards, and order instead of confusion reigned, Roosevelt took me on a walk and we talked the whole matter over. What had been hanging over the country was still present to us.

"I doubt," Roosevelt concluded, "if we could have gone on as we were in that deadlock ten days more, without riots and destruction of every kind breaking out in our cities as well as at the mines. We were on the brink of a chaos that might have spread nobody knows how far." And he told me of the plans he had made to send troops to the coal fields.

And when the tumult and the shouting had long died and George Baer looked back at it, he could tell me with emphasis and a straight face that it was about the best thing my friend had ever done. It was he, not Roosevelt, who hadn't thought.

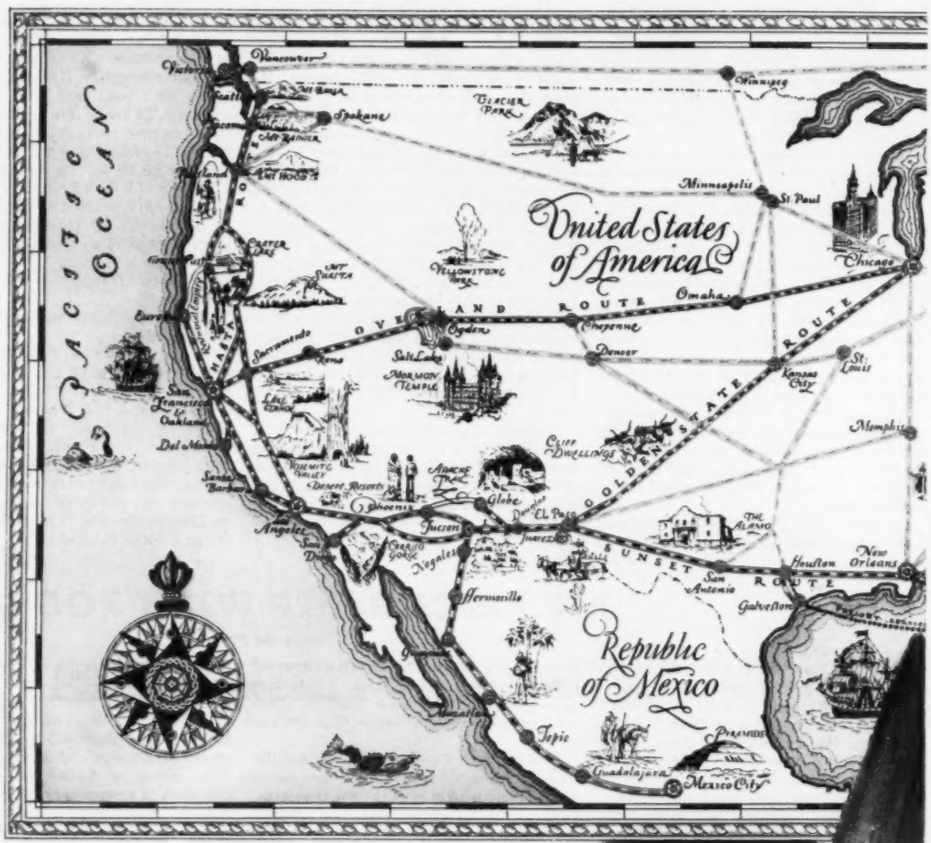
George F. Baer, able and intelligent man, through long successful practice of the law, followed by the very great responsibility of restoring a dead property to life and saving hundreds of innocent shareholders from a total loss of their property, had suffered in his brain what the French so admirably describe as *déformation professionnel*. I cannot find for this any English phrase as brief and graphic. All of us have met these over-specialized brains in one walk of life or another. The West Point officer judges any war policy from nothing beyond his technical standpoint; the lawyer looks at, let us say, the constitutional right of the Southern Confederacy to secede, from a purely legal standpoint; the oculist is apt to suspect that your headaches prove that you are in need of glasses, while the dentist attributes the stiffness in your knees to presence of abscesses in the roots of your teeth, and the throat specialist is sure your tonsils should come out. Every one of these people who have trained their intelligence like a gun upon one particular target may hit the right mark, and likewise they may miss the vital spot altogether. Thomas Jefferson, with that brilliant agility of mind which he not infrequently exercised, told somebody that any state had "the right to secede." And, upon being asked, "What then?" continued that the other states then "had the right to stop it by force."

Probably no state of things can ever be traced back to its exact origin, but for the Wall-Street-versus-Roosevelt state of things, the year 1865 may be set as a sufficiently good starting point. We recovered from the Civil War and began to expand more and more vigorously, with the Government's cordial approval, even with its assistance. Four years after Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox, the first railroad linked the Pacific with the Atlantic Coast. By the time that six vast systems, from the Great Northern to the Southern Pacific, were in operation, the Sugar Trust had appeared, and Standard Oil, followed quickly by other combinations of powers which had discovered competition to be bad economy for all concerned, even for the person known as the consumer. But the consumer did not believe this, because he had seen, for example, railroad wars, when competing companies had sold him tickets much cheaper than when, say, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania had by agreement fixed the sum they would charge between points which they both touched. The mind of the average consumer could not grasp the fact that if a railroad carried him at a loss to itself long enough, ruin for it, its employes and its shareholders would in the end bring ruin upon him also; he could merely grasp the fact that there had been a day when he could have gone from New York to Chicago for five dollars if he had wanted to go. This was a very attractive idea to him; and so, to hundreds of thousands of American minds, the word "monopoly" came to mean something wicked, dangerous and oppressive, and the word "competition" something good and wholesome. More and more each year the trust was breeding distrust; between Capital and Labor a great gulf had opened and American sanity was diseased. By the time that Bryan, with good intentions but

(Continued on Page 156)

Here's how we're *and now, for once, vacation*

A fascinating, illustrated railroad map and one long family conference decided every issue . . .



We have never agreed on our family rating. Mary insists that we are not just average folk. Perhaps that's so. Still, I've a suspicion that we are duplicated more than once in these United States . . . that our vacation problems are not in the least unique.

"We" are two grown-ups; one youngster, and our daughter, growing up. White Plains, N. Y., is home. Usually vacations have to be combined with business; on that account we've been to Europe several times and South America once.

This trip to California is not the first for me, but very much first for the rest of the family. I didn't dare tell them that it might continue on to Hawaii—and the Orient. As it was, there were ideas enough for ten long trips. "Really we can't go all the way to California and miss . . . ." If you've ever planned a trip you know how intense and numerous those "we-can't-miss" places can be. It looked as if a dozen little disappointments were going with us to the West . . .

Then Tom (champion coupon-clipper of the neighborhood) struts out an illustrated railroad map he had received in answer to an ad. Four routes across the country seemed to take in almost everything and this railroad's lines traversed the whole West Coast. The smartest strategy, the caption told us, is to *go one way, return another; and on a single roundtrip ticket see all of the Pacific Coast.*

We proved it.

Over the map we laid a piece of plain, thin paper and marked down the places that we wanted most to see. Then we traced in two of this railroad's four transcontinental routes that meet and run along the "Coast" . . . By going one way, returning another, we *could* see everything we'd marked—and half of the United States as well!

To Tom the trip we've planned beats any story's pages, and he's the swaggering hero, the dashing cavalier, the "two-gun kid". Betty's dreaming of a hundred million miles of beaches, real Hollywood stars . . . and San Francisco's Chinatown. Mary, probably, is wondering just how many times she'll need a whole new change of costume along the way from Vancouver down to Agua Caliente.

That last is not quite fair. More likely, Mary's mind is seeing Betty . . . before the background of Del Monte and Santa Barbara;—watching Tom and wondering who'll know the answers to a thousand questions . . . what about Kit Carson, Davy Crockett and the Alamo, Lewis and Clark, Conquistador and *padre* . . .

Me? I'm thanking that Western railroad for its all-including, money-saving strategy. And that's not all, for I can see the thrilling song of western rails has taken hold. Our living room's become an observation car with all the pageant of the West passing in review.

Of course, *you* needn't follow this exact plan, and perhaps you won't find *all* the treasures—all the varied pleasures — that abound in this Pacific West. But surely there is no better way to seek them than via Southern Pacific's four great routes. No more economical, time-saving way. Your ticket there and back takes you along the whole Pacific Coast. You choose from America's finest and fastest trains—"Sunset Limited," "Golden State Limited," "Over-

going to California
plans suit everyone!

land Limited," "The Daylight" and the "Cascade." No railroad is closer to the West.

For example, you can go west by any northern United States or Canadian line. Then by SHASTA ROUTE down through the Pacific Northwest to California. You will see Puget Sound, with its beautiful snowy mountains; Mt. Baker and Rainier National Park. Vigorous Seattle and Tacoma. Portland, and its Columbia River Highway through mighty gorges and around Mt. Hood. Crater Lake National Park. The alpine lakes of the "Cascade Line" of the SHASTA ROUTE, or the river valleys of the alternative "Siskiyou Line," to California. Mt. Shasta, Lassen Volcanic National Park. Or you can vary the trip by a motor coach tour through the Redwood Empire with its vast, age-old trees. The Golden Gate; Oakland and Berkeley; cosmopolitan San Francisco's Chinatown and the long Embarcadero, with its ships from all the seven seas.

Then southward—old Spanish Missions . . . Monterey, Del Monte. Lovely Santa Barbara. 113 miles along the Pacific's shore; or, by alternative route, the inland valleys with their access to Yosemite, General Grant and Sequoia National Parks; and the High Sierra. Next, Los Angeles; Hollywood with its movies. Oil fields and orange groves. Pasadena, Long Beach, San Diego and Agua Caliente, Mexico. Finally, homeward by either SUNSET ROUTE via San Antonio, Houston and New Orleans; GOLDEN STATE ROUTE via El Paso, Kansas City and Chicago; or OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe line), San Francisco to Chicago, across Great Salt Lake by rail. Or you can reverse this order, going west by the southern or central routes and returning via northern lines. You can take Southern Pacific steamship from New York to New Orleans; or go to New Orleans by rail, then by SUNSET ROUTE across the Spanish-American Southwest with its El Paso, (Juarez, Old Mexico), Tucson, Phoenix, then San Diego and Los Angeles and up along the Pacific Coast.

Southern Pacific
Four Great Routes

Even at low summer fares, in effect May 15, you can enjoy the privilege of going West one way, returning another. No matter what your Pacific Coast destination, you can use to advantage the choice of Southern Pacific's four great routes. Write to O. P. Bartlett, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City, for copy of profusely illustrated book:
"HOW BEST TO SEE THE PACIFIC COAST"

(Continued from Page 153)

an ignorant mind, had offered quack remedies for this real and dangerous disease, and John Jay Chapman, in his book, Causes and Consequences, had put a keen, accurate finger upon the core of the trouble, not only the words "competition" and "monopoly" but a group of words had become sacred to one set of people, execrable to another, and vibrating with exaggerated and indiscriminating significance to both. I remember William Dean Howells, then our leading man of letters, speaking of monopoly as if it were the root of all our ills and of competition as if it were the only cure.

To the George Baers property was sacred; to the Samuel Gomperses labor was sacred; to a good many thousands a strike was the road to salvation; to a good many others it was the road to perdition. When anybody held and expressed an opinion on either side—Capital or Labor—there was rarely any measure in the opinion, rarely any balance or sense of proportion; merely vituperation. The thunder of a distant war between classes growled in the Homestead riots of 1892. The storm remained local and passed. Upon the cheerful and inattentive American mind it left no impression, suggested nothing to think about, was forgotten overnight in the onward sweep of our expansion. In the year 1893, Coxey's army of the unemployed marched across the continent to the White House to appeal to the President. I saw them out of a Pullman window one evening in New Mexico or Arizona. So did a lady near me, who was conversing with a clergyman. She gave an exclamation and pointed to the army of the unemployed, seated at its camp fires, cooking supper.

"Oh, look!" she said, with a touch of alarm.

"I never can bear the sight of suffering," said the clergyman, and he averted his eyes and changed the subject.

At the White House, Coxey's army was arrested for walking on the grass, and so ended as a joke; and the cheerful American people went on expanding, for there is nothing that they love so much as a joke.

During this period of expansion, unregulated by any restraint and smiled upon by the Government, blackmail grew into an accepted custom, an established matter of course, merely a part of the machinery of progress. It wore the disguise of harmless names, such as "contribution to the campaign fund." When an election, state or national, promised to be very close, a great insurance company or bank or railroad, or any corporation having the care and responsibility of millions, and which was either in need of friendly or in fear of hostile legislation, would be likely to contribute to both parties. Whichever won, Republican or Democratic, the corporation would be taken care of.

John Jay Chapman was the pioneer intellect who perceived, analyzed and pointed out the vicious circle: Inferior characters elected to be lawmakers; railroad contributes to elect them; railroad asks inferior characters to pass a bill; inferior characters reply, "Hands up first"; railroad has to put up its hands; and so, round and round.

In Pennsylvania, not seldom during the good old days, a single lawmaker would demand two thousand free passes. His pretext was, of course, that these would be distributed "where they would do good." His wife, his children, his friends and his relatives were thus spared the expense of buying tickets. It grew into a heavy burden for the railroad—for all the railroads. That is one of the reasons why Roosevelt was able to carry successfully through Congress the measure which put an end to it. The Dolliver-Hepburn Rate Law had plenty of adroit enemies, but they failed, and the abuse of free passes must be counted as helping in their failure. Although the lawmakers fought to save the restriction of their perquisite, the railroads did not heartily side with them; certain provisions in the law were far from being to their taste, but the limitation of free passes was very much to their taste. And so the enemy was somewhat divided.

Just after the law was passed I wished to watch the working of a recent style of express locomotive with the link motion outside; a novelty which the Pennsylvania Railroad had copied from a Belgian model and was trying out. I wanted to travel from Philadelphia to New York with the engineer, and permission was granted.

"But you must buy a ticket," said De Witt Cuyler, the director who had got me the favor. "We have to be good now."

"Being good will be good for you," I said; and Cuyler laughed as if he partly agreed with me.

The sight of Coxey's army from a Pullman sleeping car on a Southern Pacific train in Arizona had given me a glimpse of social discontent, but amusement was the chief impression which the incident left with me. I did not live in coal mines or railroad yards; the talk I commonly heard was the talk of powerful people, well-to-do, sheltered by their own ability and the success which it had brought them—the Alexander Cassatts, the George Baers, the Weir Mitchells, whose early struggles were well behind them. It was once again on the Southern Pacific that my next glimpse of discontent began, and it was again in Arizona, less than a year after I had seen Coxey's army.

I had been staying with Army and ranch friends in the Southwest, scouting with a troop of the First Cavalry, wandering about silver mines with a past and no future, and far from the newspapers. Vaguely I had heard something about a strike at the town of Pullman, Illinois, where the company of that name had its works, vaguely I had noticed here and there the name of Eugene Debs. One day I got on the Sunset Express at a junction called Benson, and I expected to get out of that train at Oakland in two days, and cross in the ferry to San Francisco. I heard passengers asking one another and the conductor if the train would be allowed to continue its journey, or if it would be stopped. And then Eugene Debs became a very definite reality. All the way to Los Angeles we discussed him and the sympathetic strike; at Tucson, at all the stations, we eagerly asked what the latest news was, and never got any news—nothing but rumors. I was absolutely confident that nothing and nobody would interfere with our journey. Why was I so confident? Because my life was chiefly passed among the Cassatts, the Baers and the Mitchells; and that I should be disturbed in my projects by people I had never seen, never injured, and had no relation with, was an inconceivable notion. At any rate, I assured everybody, that although trains which had not yet started might not be allowed to start, certainly a train like ours would be allowed to complete its course. The possibility of trouble gave me a pleasurable excitement, but I disbelieved in trouble.

We reached Los Angeles on the following afternoon. We sat a long while in our seats. A curious silence and inaction pervaded the Arcade Depot, as it was called. We were informed that our Pullman would go no farther, because it was a strike against the Pullman Company; and we were advised to get into the day coaches. We crowded into the day coaches and sat in them till it grew dark. Nobody told us anything. That was because nobody knew anything. Then I got out, left the station, found a hotel close by—a very rough and dubious hotel—passed the night there, saw that long train empty and stationary next morning, exactly where I had left it, noticed a cue of people up the street, joined them, bought a first-class passage on the steamer San Pedro for San Francisco—I was in time to get the last one sold—sailed that noon, found my first-class ticket gave me the privilege of sleeping on any portion of the vessel that I could find unoccupied, paid a steward for the use of his bed, found the bed dirtier and smellier than I could endure, went up to the cabin and on its floor arranged myself among my fellow victims like a domino in sniff, my feet in the hair of one passenger and another passenger's feet in mine, and so we spent two nights and finally reached San Francisco.

This experience sank rather deeper than seeing Coxey's army out of the car window in the preceding November, and it was not over by any means. I had reached San Francisco, where I wished to be; I could sleep, clean and comfortable, in a bed at the Palace Hotel, instead of on the floor of a ship's cabin, wedged in among the breathing bodies of a wretched crowd; but if I had wished to leave San Francisco, I could not have done so, except again in some boat; by land, the town was in a state of blockade. As the strikers and their sympathizers put it, "not a wheel was turning" on thousands of miles of railroad. For the first day or two, it seemed—at least, it was so declared by hopeful spirits upon I know not what authority—that only the trains which carried Pullmans would be stopped, Mr. Debs and his friends having no grievance except against the Pullman Company. But the sympathetic strike is a phenomenon which can spread like the influenza. Not alone in the midst of Nevada, Utah, but in all the wide space across which long trains full of passengers and longer trains full of freight had started toward the Pacific Coast from the center of the United States were those trains standing stock-still; but next the short local trains went out of existence. The last one out of Oakland had a dramatic end. As it was passing some point at no high speed, a Debs-minded citizen threw his baby, wrapped in the American flag, in the path of the locomotive. The engineer jerked the train to a stop, the strikers sprang on the locomotive and "killed it," as they say—put it out of business, as they also say. Until it could be repaired in the shops, it could not move.

As we sat, day after day, in San Francisco, we read in the papers each morning of violence on the increase, destruction of property, destruction of life; and of the hand of the Federal Government restraining the strikers from interference with the transmission of the mails; and of more violence in consequence of this restraint, and more sympathy with the strikers from the sort of person who will wrap a baby in the American flag and throw it in front of a locomotive. Soldiers of the regular army next appeared at various points—at Sacramento, for example, where they protected the station and had a cannon or two ready for the mob, and finally escorted the first local which the Southern Pacific attempted to run from Sacramento to Oakland. This train crashed through the trestlework on which the railroad crosses the marshy tules of that region. Debs-minded sympathizers had sawed through the supporting piles. Almost nobody was killed except those on the engine, because the train was virtually empty. At length, between injunctions of the courts and the use of the regular army to enforce these injunctions, wheels began to turn again; letters posted in Philadelphia on June 24, 1894, reached me on July fourteenth; trains arrived from where they had been halted in Nevada or Utah, or elsewhere, and excited passengers, full of anecdotes about their experiences, told us tales of these for several days. Eugene Debs was beaten in this war—for civil war is the only name for it—and went to prison, worshiped as a saint and a martyr.

So, once, long ago, was John Brown worshiped. Between those two—Debs and Brown—there is unquestionably a spiritual kinship. Those who saw Brown in his prison at Harper's Ferry, even those who were about to hang him, discerned something in him far aloof from the common, something like a prophet in the Old Testament. Debs in his prison made a similar impression. Both men excited violent feelings among adherents and enemies alike. Debs had stood out in his own way—possibly the only way open to him—against a genuine grievance. What set me against him, what lodged this very grave event in my thoughts, was my own inconvenience in the strike, shared by a legion of other absolutely innocent citizens who were in no manner whatever to blame for the grievance of Debs.

In their battle for self-preservation, Debs and Pullman had both implicitly said "The public be damned." This is just what miners and operators implicitly said in the coal strike a few years later; it is just what was invariably said in any of these altercations. What I said to myself, when the collapse of the Debs strike liberated me from my captivity in San Francisco and I journeyed eastward in a train, was, "Where do we come in? These people, in their fights, are looking out for themselves. Who is there to take care of us? We outnumber the fighting parties by millions, but they are organized and we are not, and, therefore, every time this sort of thing happens we shall be helpless."

I journeyed East, full of all this, and expecting to find people on the Atlantic side of our continent eager to hear what I had to tell them. It was a very innocent expectation. They were not in the least eager. None of them had been obliged to get out of their Pullman and lie packed on the floor of a steamer's cabin for two nights. They had been placidly passing those June and July days at Bar Harbor or Newport, or pursuing their holidays or their business as usual. They had lived in perfectly tame security. Who has ever cared for consequences until he has felt them? They remembered vaguely seeing something or other in the papers. My story about the baby wrapped in the American flag elicited very much the same sort of interest that some dramatic event in a play provokes in the audience. At the end of the play the audience goes home and next morning goes to its office or its housekeeping.

But the Debs strike sank into my mind rather deep. It had been driven home to me not by hearsay, not by reading of it in the morning paper while I went on living in my tame security; if that were all I had known of it, I should have forgotten it, too, like my Eastern friends. But I had felt the consequences, and I did not forget. When my Eastern friends said "But the trains are obliged to carry the United States mails" or "But a court can always enjoin these strikers" or "But a few soldiers can always discourage these strikers very quickly," it seemed to me a rather feeble answer.

It was not merely the strike organizers and leaders—some of them, like Debs then, or like the more reasonable and intelligent Mitchell in the coal strike later, perfectly sincere protesters and rebels against corporate arrogance such as George Baer typified; it was not merely certain determined individuals such as these; nor yet was it their followers, the workmen, with their valid grievances; nor yet the horde of human rats, purely predatory and criminal natures, lurking and waiting in the shadows for their chance to leap out and destroy; something more than all this had to be reckoned with. Wrapped up in the American flag with that baby was a vast popular and undiscriminating sympathy with the strikers, the sympathy of people whose means were modest, who were no more superior to the vice of envy than most of us are, and who were steadily coming to believe that if you are rich, you are wrong. In short, deep in our vitals we were carrying a huge growth, a perplexing compound of substances good and bad, so intricately mingled that surgery was sure to cut away the good with the bad; and yet, if some remedy for the bad were not found, the consequences would be of the gravest kind—and these consequences were slowly and undeviatingly approaching straight through the 80's and 90's.

Who was to blame for it? Nobody. It was the logic of events. As a people, we had early declared for the doctrine of *laissez faire*—the Government was to keep its hands off the energetic man of ability, the creative constructor. He was to be let alone, not to be hampered by legal restrictions, but to be encouraged to go on and build his railroads and set up his mills. He developed the country; from him came prosperity and power. Results showed no doubt of this. Prosperity and power did

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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come, and along with them came, naturally, the attitude of the creative constructor, the unhampered man of ability, such people as Pierpont Morgan, Alexander Cassatt, C. P. Huntington, James J. Hill, Andrew Carnegie, E. H. Harriman, George F. Baer. Merely the great success of every one of these men made bitter enemies for them; all of them did more good than harm, but all, born in the happy days of *laissez faire*, and so taking it for granted that they could carry on their vast plans as they saw fit, were used to having their own way. When they were stopped they were, very naturally, not pleased. The sensation of having their acts questioned was too novel for their equanimity.

"Mr. Baer was doing what I thought wrong in the coal strike. Mr. Hill was doing what I thought wrong in the Northern Securities Company. . . . I upset them. . . . I do not wonder that they are bitter toward me."

How came Roosevelt to upset them?

I cannot set the date when his mind fixed itself on the dangerous state of things, the threatening growth inside us of which the Debs strike was merely a conspicuous symptom. Was this one of the menaces he had in mind when he wrote me on February 27, 1895, half a year after that strike: "I recognize that all the time there are numerous evil forces at work. . . . I am not so sure that I can look at the coming years with levity."

Did it lie behind Roosevelt's thoughts at luncheon, in 1896, when I asked him and Cabot Lodge how long they gave the Government to live, and one of them answered "About fifty years," and the other assented to this limit?

If anyone knows when Roosevelt's chief purpose became to make such things as the Debs strike and the coal strike impossible, or at any rate less likely, it is not I. Through those decades he must have watched, like many another man, the increasing symptoms of intemperate thought and intemperate emotion on the part of both the creative constructors and the men to whom they paid wages. And he must have seen—it did not need his extraordinary intelligence to see—that to stop a strike by means of an injunction and soldiers to enforce the injunction was no cure for the deep-seated social disease to which the strike bore exactly the same relation that the rash of scarlet fever bears to that highly infectious malady. But beyond those sentences of his which I have quoted, I find nothing in his letters and remember nothing in his conversation to indicate that the day was coming when he was to direct all his power and all his resourcefulness to establish some sort of methodical equilibrium between the George Baers and the Eugene Debses, some sort of calm which their quarrels should no longer be able to turn into a devastating storm that put everybody's ship in peril.

Of Bryan's cross of gold and his crude remedies for the economic evil, Roosevelt held the same opinion that was held by any enlightened mind, aware that such experiments had been tried again and again in history, and had never ended in anything but failure. Yet Bryan's protest was a just one, unquestionably, and his campaign of 1896 may have set Roosevelt to thinking. He couldn't think long or thoroughly just then, for he was at the head of the Board of Police Commissioners in New York, and this was enough to think about at one time. Not much leisure for extra reflection could have been his while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, or next, as lieutenant colonel of the Rough Riders, but by the time he sat at Albany as governor of New York State, what Bryan was so constantly saying may very well have afforded him substantial matter for meditation. At any rate, not so many years later, Bryan jocosely said that every plank but one in the Republican platform had been a plank of his own. It's not very important to decide how much one man who carries a principle into effect is indebted for suggestions to a man who didn't; and if Roosevelt owed something to Bryan, Shakspere owed something to Marlowe; Raphael to Perugino; Beethoven to Haydn; Washington to Hamilton. There is no definite moment when any progress begins.

While Roosevelt was governor of New York, John Jay Chapman's book, Causes and Consequences, was published. Few people read it. Those who did, and spoke to me of it, were all bankers and brokers; their approach to any economic question, or any public question at all, suffered from the *déformation professionnel;* they could see nothing in the book but idealistic extravagance. But I had seen the Debs strike, and I thought that Chapman had touched us where we lived—and where we might sicken and die—with a much more skillful finger than ever Bryan did, or ever could.

Did his analysis of Big Business and its evil control of legislation make an impression upon Roosevelt? I never asked him, and I do not know. One can only feel sure that many things—speeches, books and occurrences—led Roosevelt to think closely, perhaps for a while almost exclusively, upon the unstable economic and political equilibrium which jeopardized the welfare of the United States. Perhaps he had seen, as I had seen all over our country, the mere mention of such names as Morgan and Rockefeller raise a black scowl of hate. Not six months after he became President he brought the Northern Securities suit; to be exact, he became President on September 14, 1901, and under his instructions his Attorney-General—Knox—brought the suit on February 18, 1902. Though they had been conferring about this step for weeks, going carefully over every aspect of it, not a word, not a rumor, not a suspicion leaked out; it fell upon the country like a flash of lightning.

I place this act at the top of all Roosevelt's great and courageous strokes in the domain of domestic statesmanship. I think that to make up his mind to take this first step to declare this war on the captains of industry was a stroke of genius; and I more than think—I know—that it marked the turn of a rising tide. Years before the Debs strike, and for years after it, I had been rambling in every corner of the country—in big cities, remote valleys, frontier stores, ranches and saloons, East, West, North, South. Excepting Oklahoma, I had traveled in every state in the Union, in trains, stagecoaches, on horses; sleeping in important hotels, log cabins, and blankets out in the open. I had heard every kind of citizen talk about everything. Many of them said that the Government of the United States was situated in Wall Street. More of them were saying this each succeeding year. Their hatred of Wall Street was excessive, but it was perfectly natural. They detested the arrogance of wealth, and they believed all wealth was arrogant, and that to be rich was to be dishonest; any captain of industry was a public enemy. In fact, that baby wrapped in the American flag and thrown in front of the locomotive was a vivid symbol of the rising tide. More and more thousands of the plain people, inspired by Bryan, inspired by all sorts of influences and experiences, were coming honestly to believe that the Government at Washington had taken a back seat and given the front seats to the Baers, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Hills, the Huntingtons, the Harrimans, and their like. Moreover, these powerful men were more than ready to occupy the front seats: "We are the law and the prophets," could have stood for their motto.

And so, by bringing the Northern Securities suit, Roosevelt served notice on everybody that it was going to be the Government, and not the Harrimans, who governed these United States. It was a tremendous and imperative object lesson to the nation; and, as I have said, it marked the turn of the tide. The heart of the plain people went out to Theodore Roosevelt. Relief and reassurance moderated their angry mood. Babies were less likely to be thrown in front of locomotives. That is one side of the huge historic picture. There is another.

The hearts of E. H. Harriman and his brother magnates did not go out to Roosevelt. The Northern Securities burst among them like a bomb. Stocks fell. People speculating on margins lost their money, their tempers and their senses. We had a vile demagogue in the White House. In a short time the country would be at the mercy of the proletariat. Even Pierpont Morgan, a far better, broader man than Harriman, could see the Northern Securities suit only from his special angle. "Are you going to attack my other interests?" he asked Roosevelt. A clear case of *déformation professionnel.*

Nearly all my friends in Boston, New York and Philadelphia were on Mr. Morgan's side. But I had been in the Debs strike, and they had not. I had traveled in forty-seven states of the Union, and they had not. Most of them had never left the Atlantic seaboard, except for Europe. Their first question when a war, or an earthquake, or a great fire, or a pestilence, or an election occurred, was apt to be: "How will this affect the stock market?"

There was little good in telling them about the baby in the flag, about the enemies that Standard Oil and such things were making every day; that if it went on like this, something would smash, and that if they should live to see the day, they would wish with a heartbreaking earnestness that the Government was in the front seats.

"And I upset them all," wrote Roosevelt to me that day in 1904, after his election had been a sweeping triumph in the face of all the Harrimans that were banded to beat him.

The upsetting of the Harrimans by no means stopped him; he might have remarked, like Paul Jones of the Bonhomme Richard, that he had only just begun to fight.

"They had much better accept me," he said in his characteristic mutter, with his brows knitted and his head bent down, as he always used to do when we were walking and had got on the subject of his public measures and the turmoil raging round them. "I am on their side. I believe in wealth. I belong to their class. They had much better accept me, instead of some Bryan who'll come along and ride over them roughshod."

"I think the Government should allow them to protect themselves from themselves," I said.

"Themselves from themselves!" he exclaimed. "Yes. Precisely!" He understood me perfectly. Competition had often worked nothing but evil, combination had often worked nothing but good; a trust could be the very best arrangement for everybody; let it live, but let it never say: "The public be damned!"

In fact, as will presently appear, Roosevelt did not intend any one set of people to disregard the whole people if he could prevent it.

Our conversation during that walk—his part in it, at least—was either an echo or a precursor of his words in a speech he made about that time before the Gridiron Club, which had invited him and Pierpont Morgan to the same dinner. Roosevelt, at the dinner—as he had been when I walked with him—was in a towering and concentrated preoccupation over his policies of reform. The Gridiron Club meant him to talk about them, of course. Most probably it likewise expected Pierpont Morgan to answer Roosevelt and defend his own position. What it hardly could have anticipated was the dramatic climax which Roosevelt brought on, carried utterly out of himself by his own intensity.

After referring to the unstable temper which he believed the country at large to be in, he came to the steps which he and his advisers were trying to take in order that confidence might be restored and general security established. As he went on, advocating and justifying those remedies

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which he proposed to administer, he suddenly turned, walked along the table to where Pierpont Morgan sat, and shook his fist in Morgan's face as he concluded:

"And if you don't let us do this, those who will come after us will rise and bring you to ruin."

I cannot vouch for the exactness of every syllable, but that is exactly the import of Roosevelt's words.

"What a shocking thing to do at a dinner party!" was the comment made to me by a friend who disliked him.

Upon a later occasion, equally dramatic, and in the presence of many more witnesses, he shook his fist in the face of another important man, but that time it was in the face of Samuel Gompers. I shall come to it; I make this juxtaposition of fist shakings here because I doubt if any two single gestures of Roosevelt could draw more instantly and adequately the outline of Roosevelt's sensible and admirably balanced brain—his hostility to all extremes, whether of Capital or of Labor, his instinctive repudiation of any sort of extreme whatever.

XII

THAT growth of financial arrogance on the one hand and popular discontent on the other through the 80's and 90's, which Roosevelt set out to remedy by some legislative surgery, had already, in 1890, caused Congress to take action.

It was an attempt to curb the Morgans and Harrimans in their trust making, and was known as the Sherman Law. It forbade combinations in restraint of trade. It was aimed at all persons who united under one management their sugar refining, or their steel plants, or their railroad systems, or their coal mines, or anything which competed with any similar thing in selling its product to the public.

Its far too sweeping scope has made trouble since and brought it into disrepute today, but in those days the superstitions of the multitude—including many superior people like William Dean Howells—surrounded it with the same magic halo of unmixed beneficence that surrounded "competition," just as "monopoly" magically meant unmixed evil.

Under the Sherman Law, in Cleveland's time, the Government had brought a suit against the Sugar Trust, and lost it. The decision of the Supreme Court in this case was very good news to the captains of industry, and they naturally, in perfectly good faith, went ahead with their vast combinations. One of them was the Northern Securities. By a device, now familiar, known as a holding company, Pierpont Morgan and James Hill brought some large railroads, hitherto competitors, under a single harmonious administration. So far as both the railroads and those who used them were concerned, this was really a wise and excellent arrangement, an advantage for everybody. But it was a defiance of the policy of the Federal Government as expressed in the Sherman Law; to the popular and discontented mind it was one more proof that Big Business was above the law and outside government control. The courage of Roosevelt was not only in calling to order a combination that was on the whole a good thing for the public but in attacking the great figures who supported his own party.

He won his Northern Securities suit. The Supreme Court distinguished between it and the suit against the Sugar Trust in 1895.

Today the magic has fallen away from the words "monopoly" and "competition." The popular mind no longer thinks that you can force producers by law to undersell each other to their own ruin if they do not choose to do so. The popular mind—or a very large part of it—realizes that combinations enable producers to reduce their overhead charges and to offer their products to the public at a cheaper price in consequence. Mergers are taking place constantly. In a word, the popular mind has been reassured, because it knows that the Government, through its Interstate Commerce Commission and other legal means, has the power to control great combinations in case they undertake to say "the public be damned." And this far more reasonable and stable state of things is directly due to the object lesson which Roosevelt gave to the country when he brought the Northern Securities suit on February 18, 1902.

Many of his historic measures during the succeeding years of his Administration merely followed out this early case, were merely further instances of his determination to keep powerful groups in their place below the Government, and not above it; and to remind them that in their quarrels with one another the rights of a third party must be recognized, and that this third party, the public, was the most important of them all.

Under the Sherman Law, some more combinations were attacked and broken up, possibly to drive the object lesson home, and possibly for the sake of consistency. In 1906, the combination of the Union and Southern Pacific—the Harriman lines—was dissolved, as much to my disgust as the Northern Securities had been to my satisfaction. The geography of the two roads bore no analogy whatever to that of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, which both started at St. Paul and terminated in the Puget Sound cities, both passing through Spokane on their way. In their case, competition could reasonably be inferred—reasonably according to a narrow majority of the Supreme Court. The Union Pacific started at Omaha, the Southern at New Orleans, they were never less and sometimes more than five hundred miles apart, they served widely different territories, and when they met, it was not at a competing terminal point but at Ogden. To contend that they competed was to stretch reason to the breaking point—and by that time there had been object lessons enough. So I thought at the time; so I think still. Many years after it was all over I ventured to tell a very liberal-minded member of the Supreme Court that I had never admired the decision in that case. I found, quite to my astonishment, that he did not admire it either, and did not particularly admire the Sherman Law. But he explained the last thing it was the business of a Supreme Court judge to do was to allow his opinions to be colored with his own personal approval or disapproval of any particular law involved in the case. He sat there for one sole purpose—to pronounce upon the constitutionality of whatever law was before the court.

Roosevelt battled on for his chosen aim year after year. He put the railroads, the Chicago packers, the makers of canned foods and patent medicines—all who had come to assume themselves above the law—in their place; and the hue and cry of "demagogue" followed his steps, as well as the gloomy prediction that we should soon be at the mercy of the proletariat. I doubt if any President since Andrew Jackson, when he declared war on Biddle and the Bank, had raised any turmoil such as that which rose around the Northern Securities and swelled in volume as each new step was taken. Let the chief of these be recalled: The Rate Bill, the Pure Food and Drugs Act, the Anti-Rebate Law, the Employers' Liability Act. Each may be described as providing special means to check the abuse of power by an organized minority, and the whole group was generally characterized by the financiers as Roosevelt's assault on property.

But the financial body was not at all the only organized minority which had the *déformation professionnel*. Labor unions had their own deformity of vision. This excluded everybody's rights but their own just as blindly, and at times far more dangerously. The average workman hadn't the intelligence or the education of the average financier, and this meant that he had less to restrain him from actions which were bound to recoil and hurt him just as fatally as they damaged his adversary. And he, too, when he was fighting the organized minority that paid him his wages, cared nothing how much anybody else was going to suffer.

A railroad president, when asked once what rates should be charged, had replied: "All the traffic can bear."

To many ears this sounded abominable. In its own language, Labor frequently said exactly the same thing, and on occasions demanded from its employer wages that were so much in excess of what his business could bear as to put him out of business.

If that first step of Roosevelt's—the Northern Securities—had created any illusions in the minds of the organized minorities of Labor that the door of the White House was henceforth to be shut against the rich and open exclusively to the poor, this illusion was presently dispelled.

The Miller incident added one more storm to those already raging round Roosevelt. It had immense publicity at the time; it even brought on a symposium in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; there I appeared as demonstrating that John D. Rockefeller and union labor were merely twins when it came to assuming themselves above the law; and Clarence Darrow wrote something or other.

Miller had been employed in the Government Printing Office, and lost his job there because he had been expelled from a labor union. Such a reason for dismissing an employe against whom there was no other ground of complaint was held a violation of the Civil Service Law by the commission which investigated the case, and Roosevelt ordered Miller to be taken back on his job.

Up in the air went the American Federation of Labor, up in the air went Samuel Gompers, up in the air went everybody with the particular *déformation professionnel* of Labor, that saw nothing wrong in putting Morgan and Hill in their place, and nothing but outrage in putting union labor in its place—not above but below the Government of the United States. They passed an angry resolution: "That the order of the President cannot be regarded in anything but an unfriendly light."

And so, now the hurricane blew from two quarters at once, and Roosevelt had no chance of being elected in 1904, because the door of the White House swung open alike to John D. Rockefeller and Samuel Gompers, and each demanded that it be shut against the other, and both would, therefore, vote against him and defeat him.

But somebody did vote for him on November 8, 1904, when he received the greatest popular majority and the greatest electoral ever given to a candidate for President.

What has he to say about this in his letter to me, eleven days later?

"Moreover, it is a peculiar gratification to me to have owed my election . . . above all to Abraham Lincoln's 'plain people.' . . ."

He never lost their love. He was the sort of man after their own hearts. That word about the door swinging open was the kind of word they wanted to hear, and they understood it particularly well; it spoke their moral language, the core of their faith, the creed handed down to them from the Declaration of Independence, generation after generation.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Wister. The fifth will appear next week.

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THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 7)

at his own luxurious villa, in the vicinity of Eheninsi. He was sitting under the elegantly timbered colonnade whose open calyx capitals supported a roof painted on the underside with birds realistically flying amid foliage. In front of him stretched the rectilinear trellis-shaded walks of the garden, green with palm and sycamore and tamarisk, cool with large stone-rimmed tanks where rare fowl swam among the lilies, intersected with little channels of running water. Away in the distance, he could see the nude figures of his serfs on their compulsory labor at the *shaduf*, scooping this abundant irrigation from the canalized branch of the Nile flowing to the distant Fayum. It was before the troubles were more than a far-off rumor. From the house behind him came the song of women weaving at the loom, the chatter of the men cooks in his kitchen. Somewhere an idle music girl strummed plaintively upon the long-necked guitar. Were it not for his anxieties he could have been happy. Even with them, he smiled. Down one of the shade-dappled walks flitted lightly the white form of his youngest daughter, Shepset, by his second wife, and the delight of his widowed old age. She gamboled laughingly with a tame gazelle. The negro slave girl with her ran and laughed also, in an equality of happy play. Soon must he wed Shepset to a worthy husband, as her sisters had been wedded. His heart went heavy with the thought of parting from her, of her henceforth divided affection.

There they were! Two young men approached him. He had been expecting them. One was Tehuti, his sister's son. The other, garmented in a hooded robe that contrasted with the normal seminudity of the Egyptian, was certainly Yusuf. Tehuti had promised to bring to his uncle's house this mysterious foreigner recently become his friend. A mad-brained, unsatisfactory youth was Tehuti, but for once he was of some use. Urgent was it that he, Ipuwer, should take the measure of this unknown who had the ear of the Horus. The two young men stood before him, salaamed courteously with a hand thrown across to the opposite shoulder as they bowed. Servants brought them artistically carved chairs. They seated themselves. He glanced at his enigmatic visitor with a shrewd, swift appraisal. The thrown-back hood revealed a head beak-nosed, high cheek-boned, bearded with a small jutting black beard, handsomely the head of a young desert chief. Then, as the stranger turned his eyes upon him, Ipuwer corrected that first impression, so strangely did those dark eyes glow from the preternaturally gaunt countenance. It was the head of an ascetic, of one of those prophets from all time dwelling in solitude in the wilderness. The man's whole personality was oddly disturbing. Verily, he could be dangerous!

They conversed for a little time in polite commonplaces. Tehuti shattered that superficiality, suddenly.

"Hast heard the news, O my uncle?" he exclaimed. "In Per-Baste of Lower Egypt have the common people gathered together, crying that the Pharaoh wills there shall be no more great ones, and have thrust the governor from his palace and the riches that were therein have they divided as spoil."

He, Ipuwer, lifted his hands in distress. "Alas! Alas! That I should live to hear these things!"

The Asiatic fixed him with those disturbingly ardent eyes.

"And why not?" he asked with a somber vehemence. "Long enough have the great ones of this land lived on the good things thereof, and those who brought forth food and flax from the soil have gone hungry and naked. Are the common people not men also? In our deserts, when some are hungry, all are hungry. When some are fed, all are fed. Nor do any pay taxes to a lord, but all are free and equal, sharing one with another. Only by age and wisdom and prowess in war has one authority over the rest. Men are we, and not slaves!"

Ipuwer mastered himself to answer with a patient urbanity. He was a cultured Egyptian gentleman, and this was his guest.

"My son, thy customs are doubtless good for thy people, roaming with no habitation save a tent that is moved. But for us Egyptians must it be otherwise. Ours is a land of great cities and temples and tombs that must have offerings. Many as the sands of the desert has Knum fashioned us, and accordingly did Osiris decree that we should till the soil fertilized by the inundation, a thing that may not be done without dikes and embankments and the ordered work of multitudes. Therefore from ancient times have we had a god to rule over us, and authority has been conferred on certain among men, that all may be duly performed and the land perish not of hunger."

Tehuti broke in, with the eager zeal of a convert:

"Yet, methinks, O my uncle, there is much wisdom in the words of Yusuf, my friend. True is it that while a few rejoice in good things and do no manner of labor therefor, nevertheless, the most hunger and are naked and only of blows do they get plenty. Wilt thou assert that it is thus the gods decree that men should live? But I believe not in the gods!"

Ipuwer stared at his nephew, aghast.

"Thou, an Egyptian, believest not in the gods of Egypt? Doubtless," he paused, and bitterness came upon his tongue, "the Asiatic has taught thee to worship his swine god that roots among the filth!"

The Asiatic swung round upon him.

"What dost thou know of our gods, old man?" he burst out fiercely. "Though the ignorant among us may superstitiously worship swine they may not eat, yet to prophets of our race have higher things been revealed. Not a god that may be seen with the eyes of men, not a god that may be carved from wood or stone, is that one true God who hurls the thunderbolt from our mountains and moves terribly in the dust storm across our deserts. All-powerful is he and all-powerful will he make this our people he has chosen as his own!" A mystic fanaticism blazed in his gaunt face, the fanaticism of a man crazed by solitary broodings in the wilderness where man was but a petty thing, his continued life a miracle surely due to his protecting god. The accumulated covetousness of unnumbered generations condemned to wander in that sterility, casting ever longing eyes on that adjacent fertile valley sternly debarred to them since the first dynasties of the Pharaohs, leaped up in this nomad, transfigured and sublimated with a divine sanction. "Even this fat land of Egypt will our God give over to us, and we who are few and strangers shall rule therein as lords. And the carven images of the false gods thereof shall we cast down, and their worship shall be forgotten. Even thus has he who has no image commanded us!"

Ipuwer withstood the anger instinctively swift within him. All his long life he had been trained to diplomacy in the service of the Pharaohs.

"And this dost thou say to the Horus?" he asked smoothly. "Does the Pharaoh give this land of Egypt to thy people, consenting that there shall be no more Pharaohs?"

Again fanaticism flashed in those dark eyes.

"Thy Pharaoh is but a tool in the hand of the Omnipotent. He performs that which is decreed. Ever must there be Pharaohs, this or another, to rule over Egypt, for the Egyptians are many and we are but few. Yet shall those Pharaohs do our bidding and be as the servants of us who have been despised and oppressed and a mock among ye!"

Ipuwer smiled sarcastically.

"It is good to know these things!" he said.

The Asiatic rose to his feet, gathered his girdled robe about him.

"I tell thee them because thou canst not alter them, old man," he said in harsh arrogance. "They are decreed. Thou smilest because we are few. Yet are we banded everywhere secretly together in one purpose, while ye who are many run hither and thither, not knowing where to find authority. Assuredly will we prevail, for the God we worship is greater than the false gods of Egypt he has commanded us to destroy. Thou who art now proud shalt see it with thy eyes, old as thou art. We shall cast down the great ones of the land, and the people of Egypt shall be our servants, and woe to those who hitherto have rejoiced!"

At that moment, with a shout of girlish laughter Shepset came running down the path toward them, pursuing her gazelle. She stopped abruptly, perceiving this stranger, tidied her disarranged garment, smiled in shy maiden loveliness. The Asiatic stared at her. There was a brief glitter in his somber eyes, instantly quelled. He uttered a brusque farewell to Ipuwer, strode off. Tehuti followed him, running deferentially to catch up, an evident disciple at whom Ipuwer cursed. By proper usage should he preferably have wedded Shepset to his sister's son, and lately indeed had he contemplated making the match.

Reviving that old memory in his cave, Ipuwer recalled again, shudderingly, the words of that fanatic hater of the Egyptian religion. There was indeed an ancient prophecy, and terribly according to it had been performed the threat uttered that day by Yusuf. He wrote on the papyrus that was to meet the eye of the Pharaoh, now virtually a prisoner in his palace:

"So it is. That which was foretold by the ancestors has come upon us in the time of the Horus. The temples are desecrated. That which was hidden has become known. The blasphemer says: 'If I knew where a god is, then would I make offerings to him.' In shameful ignorance people offer to one god the incense of another. The sacrifices to the gods are mockery, and men offer geese instead of oxen." Even the sacred tombs of the kings had been impiously violated, and where should have eternally reposed the royal *ka* mystically perpetuating the well-being of the land was now but the desolation left by plunderers. "The uræus goddess is taken from her hole. The secrets of the kings of Upper and Lower Egypt are divulged. He who was buried a Horus is made a jest. What the pyramid concealed is become empty."

The old man raised his head from the papyrus he inscribed. How set down all the multitudinous horrors that had occurred, the numberless wrongs he must bring to the notice of that young Pharaoh, certainly ignorant of them, who asserting his divine might would certainly redress them if he but knew? He wrote again, irresistibly impelled to just reproach:

"Confusion hast thou brought throughout the land together with the noise of tumult. Thou seest not these things. Would that thou mightst taste of these miseries, then wouldst thou say, 'I the Horus will arise in my anger and end them!'"

There was indeed so much to record. The infinitude of appalling events embarrassed him. He wrote: "So it is. The wealthy mourn. The rabble rejoices. In every city they have cried: 'Come; let us put down the great ones.' The children of princes are dashed against the walls. Gates, columns and walls are consumed by fire. The Nile is blood and men must drink of it. Terrible things have happened to noble ladies."

Flooding back on him came that day of horror in Eheninsi. He had gone to the palace, though no longer a servant of the Pharaoh. The royal bodyguard had not been included in the general disbandment of the mercenaries, and at the portal he had been stayed by the captain of the spearmen.

(Continued on Page 165)

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But fitting the main arch isn't all. Behind the ball of your foot there's a small depression—your "little" arch. Mother Nature supported it when you were a barefoot boy with soft earth.

Fitting even the "little" arch

Footsavers support it with layers of chamois-soft leather that cushion your "little" arch with comfort at every step. Wait 'till you feel how much it means. You, too, will be a Footsaver enthusiast.

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(Continued from Page 162)

That officer was a noble Egyptian. His brow was dark with anger that morning. The rabble was abroad in the city, he said, wreaking the evil that they would. It was a shame upon all loyal soldiers. If only the divine one would give the order, speedily would he make an end of that ill-doing. Could not Ipuwer persuade the Pharaoh to utter the word? Ipuwer told him that he had hastened hither with precisely that intent. The officer fervently thanked various divinities, adjured him earnestly to spare not his pleading though it periled his life. The very palace would be in danger, if this riot were not soon quelled. If only the divine one would bring back the honest Egyptian counselors of the Osiris, his father!

"These accursed Asiatics!" he growled, dropping his voice discreetly. "There is one at least that I would willingly slay!"

Ipuwer hurried through the painted pavilions, the fresco-decorated apartments, long familiar to him. All was completely normal within the palace. At every step he met the court officials, the chamberlains, the innumerable servants functioning in the rigid ceremonial etiquette necessary to divine royalty. They knew him well, accepted without question his statement that he went urgently to the divine presence. There was even relief in their faces as they directed him onward, lifted hanging after hanging for him to pass.

He emerged at last into a colonnaded central courtyard open to the sky, checked dutifully in awe. There, reclining on a richly carved couch, adjacent to a plashing fountain, was the young Pharaoh. At his feet sat surely the most beautiful of all young women, gazing up into his face as she played a stringed instrument and sang an uncouth barbaric melody. Near the couch, squatting on his haunches in an unheard-of presumption—who might dare to sit in the presence of the divine one?—was Yusuf.

Ipuwer shielded his eyes with his hand, ran forward, threw himself prone before the Horus. The music ceased abruptly.

Ipuwer spoke from that prostration.

"Command that the mouth of thy servant be opened, O divine one!" he besought.

There was a silence, and then he heard the voice of the youthful Pharaoh. It spoke without benevolence:

"Thy mouth is opened, Ipuwer. What brings thee here where thou art not summoned?"

He half raised himself from the pavement.

"Divine one, Horus, the Eye of Ra who brings peace to the two lands, the need of thy people brings thy servant to thy feet. Lo, here in Eheninsi, the evil-disposed are gathered together and plunder and slay, breaking down doors that are shut and robbing as they will in the bazaars. Constantly does the throng thereof increase, and with it the danger to the peaceable among thy people. Command, therefore, in thy majesty that some of the guard of thy palace issue forth and disperse these rioters from the streets. Yet well were it done speedily, lest calamity befall the city!"

The young Pharaoh turned to Yusuf. "Is this true, O thou the friend in whom I trust?"

Yusuf rose. He omitted to perform the religiously respectful gesture of an Egyptian answering the god his sovereign.

"Mighty king, redeemer of thy people on whom thou hast conferred happiness, this old man raves in the feebleness of his wits." He shot a contemptuous glance at Ipuwer. "Some little disturbance indeed there is in the city, but it calls not for thy guards to issue forth and surely shed the blood of the innocent. Thus did it happen: A certain rich man, being discontented with the verdict of thy judges in his suit against a poor man, did send his servants to waylay the poor man, and drag him into his great house and there beat him with rods, contrary to thy ordinance. Therefore have a number of poor people gathered outside the rich man's house to release their fellow. Haply indeed they used some violence, being angered, and have by force broken into the great house. Shall therefore thy guards now go out with weapons to slay and wound these poor people, who do but cry that the decree of the Pharaoh shall be respected, and that rich and poor henceforth are equal?"

Ipuwer could scarcely contain his indignation at this perfidious travesty of the fact.

"Listen to him not, O divine one!" he besought again, forgetting prudence. "It is I, Ipuwer, an Egyptian, servant of the Osiris, thy father, who cries to thee from the need of thy Egyptians. Listen not to these Asiatics who enmesh thee with falsity for thy ruin and the ruin of thy people!"

The Pharaoh frowned. "In truth, O Ipuwer, were it not that I am mild and shed not the blood of any of my people, shouldst thou suffer for this presumption!" He smiled down to the beautiful creature at his feet. "These whom thou callest Asiatics dwell within my heart, and for the good of all my people is their gentle counsel. . . . Is that then falsity with which thou dost enmesh me, O light of my eyes?"

She yearned up to him.

"Bid thy slave die at thy feet, O divine one!" Her voice was thrillingly sincere. "Since thou dost doubt me!"

His slender symbolically jeweled hand caressed the black sheen of her hair, and his eyes sought those long-lashed eyes that were deep pools of loveliness.

"Nay," he said tenderly. "If there be not truth in thee, then is there no truth in all the world. And wert thou to die, then would I pass in sorrow to Osiris and be no more the Horus of the living." He looked again to Ipuwer. "Begone, dotard! Assail not my ears again with thy evil thoughts. Never shall my guards shed the innocent blood of my people. Rather would I bid them, the last of the armed men, put aside also their shields and spears."

Ipuwer risked one last desperate protest: "Beware, O divine one, that thou leavest not thyself defenseless to thy enemies. In thee alone is the salvation of the land."

The Pharaoh smiled toward Yusuf. "In the counsel of this my friend and the love of my people do I, the Horus, find new strength and security to aid the divine strength that is in me."

The Asiatic's gaunt face was impassive under the hood of his barbarian robe. Only there was a suppressed glow in his strange eyes.

"To the accomplishment of that which was decreed do I counsel the mighty king, the redeemer of his people," he said in his somewhat foreign accent. "And with me is he safe from his enemies." He turned insolently to Ipuwer. "Begone, dotard! Didst thou not hear the command of thy divine one? Meddle not in the affairs of the kingdom, but rather watch over thy own house!"

Hardly did Ipuwer know how he retraced his way through the palace, where the court officials drew away from him after the first glance at his face, whispered to one another as he passed.

He emerged dazedly into the courtyard behind the great pylons of the gateway, was suddenly conscious of a wild discordant clamor like nothing he had ever heard in his life.

His negro slave attendant, left to await his return, ran up to him.

"Quick, master!" cried the negro, the whites of his eyes showing in his terror. "Disguise thyself that none may know thee. All the great ones do the people seek that they may slay them. Now do they assail even the Great House. Hear them! Like wild beasts are they!" Ipuwer stood stupidly bewildered. How could he here disguise himself? The negro snatched the crimped wig from his master's head, tore rapidly the pleated white linen waist cloth so that it was but a rag. Then, gathering handfuls of dust, he dirted that clout, besmirched scalp and face, converted him into the semblance of a beggar. "So, master!" he exclaimed, taking away Ipuwer's gold-headed staff and substituting his own rough stick. "Thy staff will these rascals think I have stolen. Now mayest thou pass through the city, and I will follow close. But first must we wait until these evil ones depart."

Beyond the pylons, barely kept back by the spears of the bodyguard ranked in the open gateway, was a surging mob, hideously shrieking, brandishing staves and improvised weapons. Were they in that madness going to attack the sacred dwelling of the Pharaoh? It seemed so indeed, and Ipuwer sickened at the imminent sacrilege.

He hastened to join the soldiers. He also would die in that last desperate defense, still a faithful servant of that divine one bewitched by these accursed Asiatics. He peered between the shields, saw a young Asiatic stand out boldly in front of the mob, shout to them that this was forbidden, that there were other palaces of the great ones—death to the great ones!—full of rich gear and unguarded. Let them follow him! The mob shrieked approval, rushed away after him in blood-curdling vociferation. Death to the great ones! Death to the great ones! In an instant the space was clear.

The captain of the guard perceived Ipuwer as he edged through the soldiery, recognized him despite his disguise.

"Not safe is it for thee in the city, O my father," the captain said courteously. "Remain here where my spears can guard thee."

Ipuwer thanked him with dignity, as one noble to another. "I must go to my house," he said.

That thought was suddenly dominant in him, an atrociously piercing anxiety. The words of Yusuf leaped from his memory, bidding him rather watch over his own house. Were they perhaps significant? And Shepset was there! Shepset! He must hasten thither—hasten!

To reach his villa he had to pass through the entire width of the city. Familiar enough was the way; today it was hardly recognizable. Where formerly the street between the closely packed mud-built houses was thronged with traffic, with the perpetually thrashed, laden donkeys of peasants, with the groomed white donkeys ridden by grandees, with street sellers crying their wares, with women chaffering at displayed baskets of commodities, with men hurrying on all kinds of business, today, as he passed along it, a little distance ahead of the faithfully following negro, it was utterly empty, deserted. Then suddenly he heard a sound that made the heart stop within him—the wild-beast roar of a rapidly approaching mob. Toward him, down one of the side alleys communicating with the rabbit warren of houses behind the main thoroughfare, raced a man and a woman hand in hand, a child hugged to the woman's breast. Despite their torn clothing, he could recognize that they were wealthy people, perhaps nobles. Immediately on their heels rushed a wild rabble of seminaked pursuers, women as well as men, flourishing sticks, their faces contorted as they yelled in murderous frenzy. At the corner the fugitives were overtaken. There was a brief, confused struggle, a man's shriek, a woman's reiterated, awful screeching. He saw the baby swung high by its legs, saw it dashed against the wall amid insane laughter. Then the mob rushed on again.

In that sudden renewed emptiness of the street he vomited where he had reeled against the opposite wall, stricken nerveless with horror. Never before had he seen the primitive monster that lurks in man.

He tottered on again, glancing back every now and then to comfort himself with the reassuring grin of the negro still behind him. The few scared people he met took no notice of him. Away to his left, amid a dreadful clamor, a bazaar was blazing in dark red tongues of flame licking through thick smoke. It was the bazaar of the Nubian merchants. He saw a number of people running off with great elephants'

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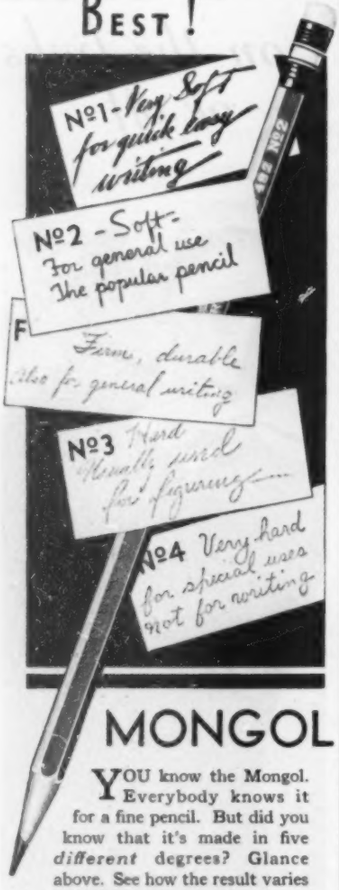
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tusks, with bundles of ostrich feathers, with ornaments of gold.

Suddenly he was amid another mob, a great torrent of people with maddened eyes, with foam-flecked mouths, raving maniacally as they raced down the street, their multitude filled as by magic. Half a dozen young Asiatics were at their head.

"Death to the great ones!" they shrieked. "Death to all great ones! To the house of Sabu! To the house of Sabu! All shall be destroyed! To the house of Sabu!" The ferocious howl of approval made his blood run cold.

Sabu was one of his dearest friends, a noble highly placed in the administration, celebrated for his charities. Often had Ipuwer banqueted splendidly in his town house a little way along the street, a great mansion behind high walls, entered by a magnificent gateway. Whether he would or not, he was swept along in that screaming rush of nearly nude, brown-skinned, strangely hideous men and women. Never had he imagined that the city contained so many squalid, famished-looking creatures as these now pouring out from every fetid court and alleyway, profiting exultantly by the absence of the dreaded spear-armed patrols. They seemed belched from an underworld of demons.

Another mob had preceded them at Sabu's house, was even now breaking down the gates in an appalling uproar, though no defense was visible. Even after an entrance had been forced, after hundreds had rushed madly within, the crowd was so great that it jammed suffocatingly in the narrow street, prevented all progress. Ipuwer, trembling in every limb, had perforce to remain a spectator.

The din continued, suggestive of dreadful happenings behind those walls. Smoke began to rise beyond them, to cloud the street. Presently there was a swirl in the gateway. Men were trying to force their way out. Some carried on their shoulders women who writhed and shrieked despairingly. Others had seized articles of furniture. Those outside fought savagely to take the vacated places at the guessed-at orgy of loot within. Incredulously, he saw even his faithful negro, caught by that mass intoxication, struggling with the rest for entry. The satisfied looters extricated themselves. The crowd in the street thinned. Runlets of blood began to flow from the gateway, trickled under their feet. Ipuwer could at last push through the diminished remnant.

Horror after horror met him as he hastened through the city. Corpses, hideously mutilated, lay in the gutter. Houses were smashed open, their contents despoiled. Every now and then, a throng pursued some shrieking wretch who vainly offered all his possessions when at last he was overtaken. Farther on, another immense crowd was gathered around the large building where were kept the census records essential for taxation, the records of land measurement, necessary since the most ancient times for the annual reëstablishment of boundaries after the inundation. But now delirious evildoers flung huge bundles of these papyri to the mob, who trampled them underfoot, tore them in shreds, carried them off to cast them on blazing fires. Conservative in the unchanging tradition of two thousand years, to him this destruction of the sacrosanct records was the ultimate disaster, the end of all things. He wept, blubberingly, shaken with sobs, as he went onward.

The city gates were unguarded. He emerged onto the dusty road through the flat country of diked and banked stubble fields, hurried toward those distant palms which marked his villa.

The gateway was open. No porter greeted him. There was no barking of dogs. There was emptiness, a strange desolation. His heart was gripped in an awful terror. He stopped, called out. There was no answer. Shepset! Shepset! He ran like a madman through pavilion after pavilion, room after room. All were plundered. What could not be carried off had been smashed. Shepset! Where was Shepset? He was like one crazed in that utter disappearance of all his numerous household. At last, searching frantically, he saw a crumpled body lying in a corner. He ran to it. It still breathed. It was Shepset's negro slave girl. She opened fluttering eyes at him, gasped: "Tehuti!" Tehuti? Had Tehuti done this thing? It was incredible! And Shepset—where was Shepset?

He shrieked it at her, clutching at her bloodied body. He received no answer. The slave girl was dead.

That was two years ago. Never had he seen or heard of Shepset since.

He fought back that bitter personal anguish, still atrociously poignant in him, applied himself once more to his task. The Pharaoh must know of all these horrors, of a surety veiled from his benevolence by those plausible evildoers who surrounded him. Filled with the dreadful memories of that day, he wrote in his stiff pedantic eloquence: "So it is. The public offices are opened and the census lists are taken away. Officials are slain and their writings taken. The writings of the survey scribes are destroyed. There is no more property in the corn of Egypt. The laws of the judgment hall are cast forth. Men walk upon them in the public places. Poor men tear them up in the streets."

In this time of iniquity, a social order immutable for thousands of years had abruptly been subverted, the rôles reversed.

"But see! The poor of the land have become rich and he who had property has nothing. He who had no loaf is owner of a barn. He has filled it with the possessions of another. The possessors of robes are now in rags. He who never wove for himself walks in fine linen. He who had no shade is now the possessor of shade. He who never built a boat for himself now owns ships. Their former owner looks at them, but they are not his."

He went on with instance after instance, the trifling and the important jumbled together in his indignation.

"But see! He who was ignorant of the lyre now owns a harp. The man without a wig who never used pomade now owns jars of myrrh. She who had no box now owns a coffer. She who looked at her face in the water, now has a mirror. The mistresses of houses say: 'Oh, if we had something to eat!' Noble ladies are ashamed to be greeted because of their rags. Noble ladies must sell their children on beds to the stranger. He who in his poverty slept without a woman now finds noble ladies for his mates. Princes are hungry and in distress. Free citizens are made as slaves to be grinders of the corn. Great ones now serve in the storehouse. Great and small say: 'I wish I might die.' Children say: 'Thou shouldst never have caused me to live.'"

Not only in the cities was this despair. The once rich cornfields of Egypt were derelict in the universal anarchy. There was famine in the land.

"So it is. The harvest has perished on every side. People are stripped of clothes, spices and oil. Everybody says: 'There is none.' The barn is ruined. Its keeper lies dead upon the ground. The Nile rises, but no one plows. Every man says: 'We know not what has happened throughout the land.'

"So it is. The ways are unsafe. The roads are ambushed. Men sit in the bushes at night, awaiting the traveler, to plunder him. He is beaten with sticks and slain wrongfully. If three men journey upon a road, they are found to be two men; the greater number slay the less. A man is killed upon his housetop. Those who plow go out with shields. The cattle stray and a man brands as his own those which he seizes. The trees are cut down. Men eat grass and wash it down with water. They steal food from the mouth of their pigs."

How could he express all that multiplicity of misery? He, the once meticulously clean aristocrat, shuddered at the plebeian squalor that had invaded everything.

"So it is. Men have become like carrion birds feeding in the mire. Filth is throughout the land. There is none whose clothes are white in these times." Gone were the old happy days of music and gladness, wherein all joined. "The hearts of slaves are sad, for the new great ones fraternize not with their servants when they rejoice. Mirth is no longer made. Groaning is throughout the land, mingled with lamentations." He bethought himself bitterly of that novel, ceaseless clamor of turbulently parading mobs, an affliction peculiarly distressing to his sensitive refinement. "So it is. Men are maddened on account of noise. Noise is not lacking in these years of noise. There is no end to noise." Despair engulfed him. "So it is. The desert is master of the land. There are no more Egyptians. The things that were seen yesterday have perished. The land is beaten down like flax that lies cut. Would that there were an end of men, no more begettings, no more births! Oh, that the earth would cease from noise, and tumult be no more!"

He wrote on and on, continually finding new examples of the ruin that had come upon the land, the ruin of which the divine one was surely ignorant, the ruin he had but to know of to redress.

Disguised so that none might recognize him, Ipuwer went stealthily through the streets of Eheninsi, toward the Great House of the Pharaoh. At the peril of his life though it was, he had decided that he could intrust his precious papyrus to none but himself. He alone could with sufficient impressiveness read it to the Pharaoh, the divine one, could melt his heart to the necessary pity and indignation. Therefore, despite the price set upon his head by the faction now masters of the city, he had journeyed from his remote refuge in the Libyan hills, had hidden himself in the bushes when the ubiquitous troops of armed men had come in sight, and, pretending that he was one of the proscribed temple priests skilled in magic, had subsisted on the scraps mercifully given him by terrified peasants living wretchedly on their weed-grown fields.

Now in the city he was appalled at the change which had taken place. Squalor and misery were everywhere. The streets were almost deserted. Groups of armed young fellows swaggered insolently up and down. Genuine Egyptians, seeing them approach, scurried timidly into side lanes or cringed as they passed. A loathsome cripple begged from him at a corner. He was startled to see that it was Henu, formerly one of the richest nobles of the city. He had no trifle to give him. Nor did Henu recognize him.

At the great pylon gateway, Asiatic soldiers now stood on guard. He hesitated, fearing that they would not allow one of his humble appearance to pass. But they shouted to him jocularly: "Enter freely, fellow! Now, even as his own, may the poor man disport himself in the Great House, save only in that part where dwells the Pharaoh, and that part where dwells the great Vizier, Yusuf."

He entered the court, where the mural sculptures of the ancient Pharaohs had been hacked and mutilated. Almost he broke down in a mingled emotion, relief that the Pharaoh yet lived, horror that his dwelling should be thus degraded, yet further defiled by the presumptuous residence therein of Yusuf. He went on into the interior courts and none hindered him.

His old knowledge of the palace was now an aid. He could guess approximately which of the inner apartments would be inhabited by a Pharaoh virtually a prisoner. Cautiously he made his way thither, passing now many more of the Asiatic guards. They scarcely heeded his decrepit senility, though some jeered at him, asking whether he had come to seat himself on the throne.

In a court outside the pavilion, most probably that of the divine one, a company

(Continued on Page 168)

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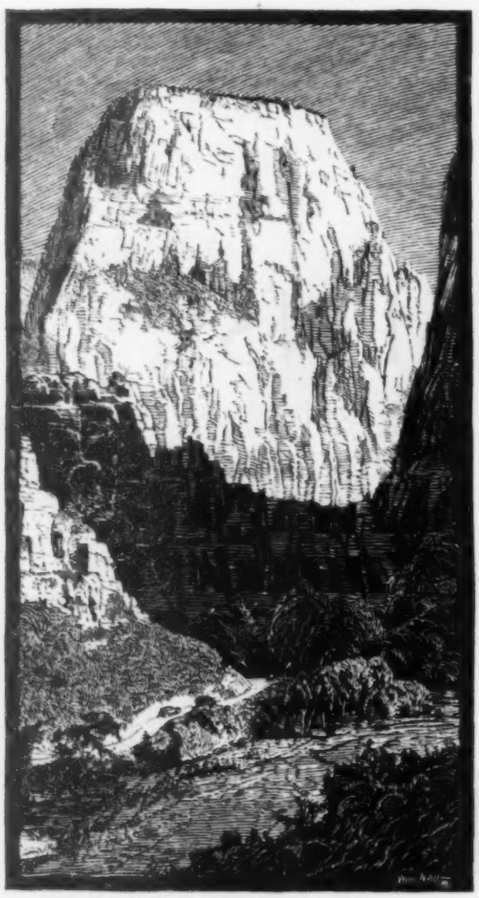

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(Continued from Page 166)

of guards stood ranked in a mass of spears and leathern helmets, two officers in obviously anxious discussion at a discreet distance from them. What was happening? Anxiety leaped in him. He dodged prudently to avoid them, went by a secret way he had learned of old in the good days of the Pharaoh Merykere Akhtoi. Had only his son been like that stern warrior, ruthless to punish ill-doing in his realm!

By that secret way he entered a splendid apartment he at first thought to be empty. Then he perceived a solitary figure seated on a chair magnificently overlaid with gold. It was the Pharaoh, the divine one! Scarcely noticing the abnormality that the Horus should thus be without attendance, he ran forward, prostrated himself, bowed his head to the floor.

He heard a mild voice speak above him: "Who art thou? And why comest thou into my presence? No boons can I grant thee, old man, even though I would."

He half raised himself, made the orthodox gesture of bedazzled impotence to look upon divinity.

"Yet, permit, O divine one, thy servant Ipuwer to stand before thee as in old days he stood before thy majesty and to Horus spoke the truth that was in him!"

Infinitely melancholy was the gentle countenance of the young Pharaoh, as Ipuwer awesomely beheld it. The divine youth started in astonishment.

"It is thou, O Ipuwer? Yea, verily, thou mayest stand before me."

The old man stood up, drew his precious roll of papyrus from his rags.

"Permit, O Horus, that thy servant who is but a man should inform thy divinity of the calamities that beyond thine eye have befallen the land. Assuredly when thou shalt know of them wilt thou say the word of power which shall make an end of iniquity." He opened the roll, commenced to read, in a quavering voice he would fain have rendered solemn:

"To Horus, Beloved of Ra, King of the South and King of the North, Ruler of the Two Lands, Ipuwer, his servant, prostrates himself and thus saith: Woe is me for the misery of these days! Behold, lawless men have transgressed that which the Horus has decreed. The land is in mourning for the evil that has been done——"

He continued to read, pedantically, while his voice quavered and choked, his long catalogue of woe. The divine youth seemed not to hear him. He sat sunken in his golden chair, as though brooding with his own thoughts. Presently, he raised his hand in a wearied gesture.

"Enough, O Ipuwer. I know it all, or if I know it not, then may I surmise it. I had thought to bring happiness upon my people. I have brought them misery. Thus was it doubtless decreed in the time of the ancestors."

Ipuwer stared at him, aghast. Should he not be allowed to read this precious document on which, half starved and fugitive, he had striven through so many weeks of painstaking toil, that document which so powerfully detailed all the sorrows of the land, that document in which he had imagined not only the words that the Pharaoh would say to him but also the words he would say to the Pharaoh in answer, showing that indignant divinity the way to redeem his people! He was utterly disconcerted. The divine one knew!

"Yet, O Horus," he stammered, "if then thou knowest, with thy divine might, with thy *ka* that is all powerful, mayest thou arise and bid these iniquities to end!"

The young Pharaoh smiled in a pathetic disillusionment.

"No longer all powerful is my *ka*, O Ipuwer," he said gently. "No longer indeed, it seems, does my *ka* dwell with me. I gave it into the keeping of that Asiatic woman, the sister to Yusuf, Vizier of this my realm."

Ipuwer was appalled.

"Yet mayest thou surely recover it, O Horus, with proper magics," he said, desperate for a remedy. "Doth not the Asiatic woman still dwell in thy House of Women?"

The divine youth smiled again—a smile that was tragic.

"Where shall faithfulness be found in a woman?" he said. "Long since she fled to dwell with Tehuti, even thy sister's son, on whom also she has laid enchantment."

It was utterly incredible to Ipuwer that such a thing could happen. A woman of the Pharaoh had fled from the House of Women, and still lived! Verily, indeed, had power been stolen, doubtless by sorcery, from the divine one! And she dwelt now with that worthless rascal Tehuti—Tehuti who had stolen Shepset whom he might have had honorably as his bride! The whole thing was incomprehensible to him.

The young Pharaoh spoke again:

"So it is, O Ipuwer. These things have befallen me, and there is no more virtue in me. Gladly shall I depart from this world as one who intending great and good things has failed, and must be reborn to wisdom with Osiris, ruler of men. A god indeed spoke in me, but the ways of gods are not the ways of men. Therefore I say to thee, farewell. Even now come the armed men to depose me from my kingship and to slay me."

Ipuwer heard him in horror. "To slay thee—the Horus! With my last strength will I defend thee!"

The Pharaoh smiled. "Weary am I of life who was the Horus of the living. Weary doubtless art thou also, yet if thou wouldst see thy daughter Shepset before thou diest——" He raised his jeweled hand, listened. "They come! Hearest not the tramp of armed men?" Effectively, Ipuwer heard them, heard the clang of metal, heard a military command. His blood went cold within his heart. They were come to slay the Horus! The divine youth spoke again. "If before thou diest thou wouldst see thy daughter Shepset, go swiftly now through the passage behind this hanging; the passage which leads secretly to the dwelling of Yusuf." Terribly near now was the clank of those armed men. And Shepset was to be reached behind that hanging! He glanced at it, atrociously stricken irresolute. The Pharaoh perceived the glance, smiled cynically. "Even thou, the most faithful of servants, would forsake duty for the desire of thine own heart. Verily, is it time I passed to Osiris. Go thou then, Ipuwer. Horus commands thee. Obey. It is his last command!"

Ipuwer dashed at the hanging, even as the armed men entered the apartment.

With more strength than he knew he possessed, he raced along that narrow secret corridor. Behind him there was no sound.

He pulled aside another hanging, came suddenly into another luxurious chamber. Within it stood Yusuf, his gaunt face set in a strained anxiety, his eyes queerly lit. On a couch reclined—more beautiful than he could have imagined her to be—Shepset! He did not hesitate. Like a wild animal he sprang at the dagger in Yusuf's girdle, whipped it out, drove it into his chest, tumbled headlong with him as that hated Asiatic fell.

Shepset sprang up with a shriek.

"Thou hast killed him! Thou hast killed him whom I loved!" She dragged her father from the prostrate man, flung herself upon his body. "Beloved! Beloved! What may I do that thou shouldst live? . . . Oh, my father, my father, why didst thou slay the noblest man in all the world?" She sobbed hysterically. "Happy have I been ever since that day when Tehuti did deliver me to thee, O my Yusuf! Live yet a little or I must die now also! . . . O father, my father, why didst thou slay him?"

To Ipuwer this was the ultimate horror. He answered grimly, "I slew him because he slew Egypt. I slew him because even now he has slain the Horus. Nevertheless, has he not prevailed."

From the floor, Yusuf opened his eyes.

"Thou hast slain me," he gasped, "yet shall we still prevail, old man. The land of Egypt is ours. The word of our God has

been fulfilled. Though I die, another takes my place, for there is no ruler over us, but we are banded together in a confederacy that lives whoever dies."

He choked and stiffened in a convulsion.

Shepset looked up from the corpse to her father "Why didst thou slay him?" she cried distractedly.

He repeated his fixed idea: "I slew him because he slew Egypt; avenging his impious cruelty."

She laughed like one bereft of her senses.

"What to me is Egypt? To me who am the woman he loved? Yusuf—cruel? Thou shouldst have seen him with me! Thou shouldst have seen him with his child!"

Still may the learned read, in a very much later Eighteenth Dynasty recension, corrupt, mutilated and obscure, preserved uniquely as Papyrus Leiden 344 Recto Ipuwer's indignant description of the revolution which blotted out all other contemporary records. In all its essential features it would be the arch-type of every one of those many subsequent revolutions which have exploded in a necessarily imperfect human society, perhaps recurrently fixed too long in an archaic mold. Not for generations would ancient Egypt emerge from that catastrophic reversion to a primitive barbarism. Puppet Pharaoh after puppet Pharaoh would succeed upon a shadowy throne in that tenebrous Tenth Dynasty which left no memorials in the omnipresent anarchy. Then the Atef Kings of the south would conquer the whole land, establishing a precarious Eleventh Dynasty; in its turn to be usurped by the Twelfth. And then again the Asiatic Semites would once more possess themselves of Egypt, under those Hyksos shepherd kings who also are obscure. Not for hundreds of years would the Egyptians drive the desert men utterly out of Egypt—and then, if Josephus, the Jew, and modern historical students are to be believed, it was as that enforced migration recorded as the Exodus in the Hebrew Scriptures.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

WE ALL KNOW IT

(Continued from Page 13)

"This is one of the wonderful things that sometimes really happen," he said. "You put a red circle around it and remember it all your life."

Which was just how Susan Leland felt about it. But she didn't say so. She was too sad. For she knew that he wanted to come with her. And instead he was saying good-by forever. He didn't understand that she could understand anything. And she couldn't make him. Not standing there with the temperature below zero. So she said, "It's been very nice," in a small formal voice. And walked up the path alone.

III

IT WAS ten minutes' walk from the hotel to the village. A nice comfortable walk, just long enough to justify a pleasant interlude in the *Confiserie de la Paix*. Mrs. Leland and Mrs. Garnett stood together in the lounge drawing on their fur-lined gloves. And Mrs. Leland, seeing Gustav on the other side of the glass door of the dining room, turned her back on him.

"He's thinking of those two éclairs at lunch," she said. "And he suspects me. Suppose I do weigh one hundred and ninety-five pounds—it's not his business."

She was confronted by Jim Dalton in full skiing outfit, and looking hot, angry and unhappy.

"Mrs. Leland, where's Susan? We were to have met at 2:30 for a run up to the Hirschsprung and it's nearly three. I can't keep the others waiting. They're not nutty about her ——"

"How fortunate!" said Mrs. Leland. "Susan's changed her mind."

"Did she tell you?"

"She didn't. But I expect so."

Jim Dalton stood for a moment staring at her with blue indignant eyes.

"Mrs. Leland, Susan's up to something!"

Mrs. Leland sighed a comfortable resignation.

"Most of us are," she said.

Susan Leland wasn't conscious of being up to anything. As far as her upper layers were concerned she had merely gone out skiing alone because she wanted to be alone. And she had gone farther than she had intended because she hadn't been paying proper attention. That a rough and awkward descent should land her at the very gates of the Villa Espagnol seemed in no way peculiar or illuminating. She was very tired; the hotel was three miles away, and she had distinctly hurt her ankle. It was what is called a fortunate coincidence.

Susan Leland's subconscious, however, knew better.

The Villa Espagnol had been built by an exiled Spanish Grandee as a summer residence. The Spanish Grandee had been exiled on account of a dancer who had promptly deserted him. Whereupon, like a gallant gentleman—according to local tradition—he had up and died of a broken heart and alcoholic complications. Anyway, the villa was the sort of place where that sort of thing was bound to happen. Its melancholy if stately isolation among the white-laden pine trees filled Susan, already overtired, with a sense of the sad mutations of human existence. The turbaned, dark-skinned servant who opened the door frightened her.

"I've hurt my ankle," she explained. "And I wondered if I might telephone my hotel?"

"Memsahib—we have no telephone."

"Isn't there anyone—I mean—doesn't Mr. Richmond—Mr. Harry Richmond live here?"

"I do not know the name, memsahib."

Susan Leland sat down on the snowy doorstep and undid her skis.

"Anyway," she said gently but decidedly, "tell him Miss Susan Leland wants to speak to him."

At which moment an inner door opened and her subconscious emitted a sigh of quiet satisfaction. The young man pushed his unusual attendant ruthlessly on one side. He was very strong and evidently impulsive. He lifted Susan off the doorstep as though she had been a small fragile package.

"You're hurt," he said.

"No—only a little—my foot twisted. I'm really only tired. I thought you lived here. I asked for you."

"Asked for whom?"

"Mr. Harry Richmond."

"Oh." He glanced over his shoulder. "You don't know the name, do you, Gunga Din?"

"No, sahib."

"By the way, what do you call me? Here, I mean?"

"Mr. Harry Alders, sahib."

"You see—Alders. If you had said Alders he would have understood."

"But—but you said Richmond ——"

"I know. It was a sudden fancy. It seemed to fit the occasion. And, besides, I had overlooked Alders. Not really a nice name. I got it out of a telephone book."

She murmured something about being able to stand on her own feet. But either he didn't hear or he had forgotten that he was still carrying her. On the way across the hall he continued to explain, "That fellow's name isn't Gunga Din either. But I saved his life once and he lets me call him anything within reason. Goes everywhere with me. Hates the cold, though, poor devil. He'll be glad when we have to move on."

He set her down in the big chair by the fire. He piled on fresh logs. He knelt down

(Continued on Page 172)

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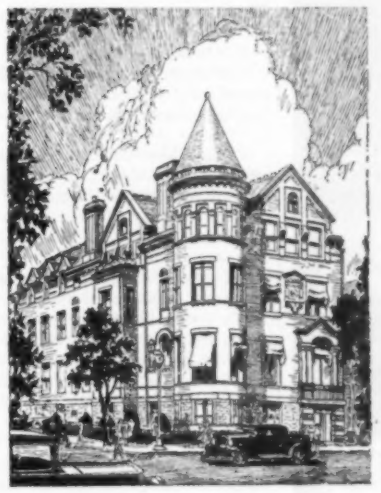

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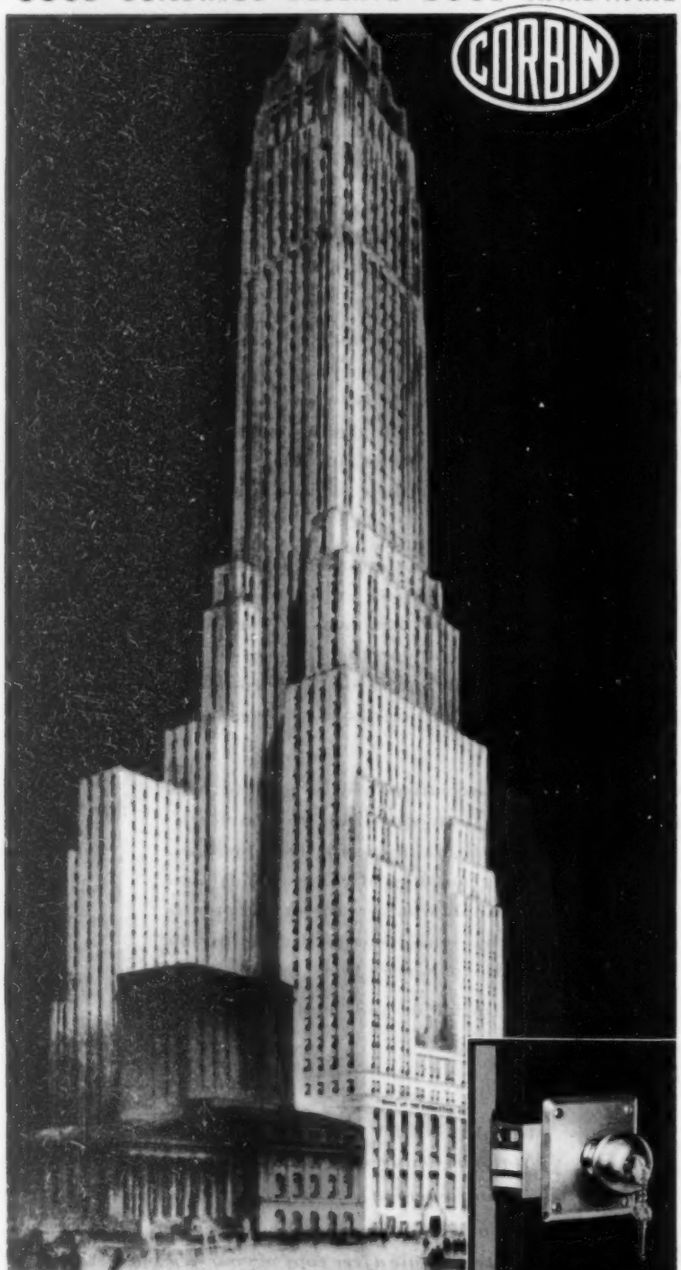

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(Continued from Page 169)

and examined both ankles with a grave solicitude.

"It's the right one, swollen already. Must have hurt frightfully. What luck your being near my place!"

"Yes," said Susan Leland, "what luck!"

Her subconscious continued to lie low. And, after all, if he said her ankle was swollen, then it was swollen. Susan Leland looked about her. She was aware of being happy about something. Probably it was about the room. The room was so much the sort of room that she had always wanted that the books and pictures were like old friends. A Scotch terrier which had been drowsing in a distant corner came up to sniff. And, being as satisfied as a Scotch terrier can be with a stranger, stretched himself out to sleep again. Susan Leland drew a long breath.

"I knew it would be like this," she said.

"What would?"

"Your room."

"And I knew," he said, "that your hair would be just that color."

Which was irrelevant.

"You see, rooms are like people," she went on firmly. "And I guessed you'd love lovely things."

"I do. I wish I didn't."

"Why do you?"

"It would be easier."

"You mean—ugly things wouldn't hurt so much?"

"Perhaps that's what I mean. How did you know?"

"Oh, I know a lot. It's reading so much. Most of the people I know don't read. So they don't understand. Even Aunt Leroy, though she's such a darling. And the Jims never do."

"Who are the Jims?"

"I think," she said gravely, "they are just Nice Young Men."

"Don't you like—Nice Young Men?"

"They say the same things—all the time."

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, about games. And business. Sometimes they're sentimental. And then they're worse."

"What do they say then?"

Her mouth trembled. She mimicked Jim Dalton's most earnest tones.

"'Why not let's get married, Susan? Might as well, you know. My dad's got wads and wads ——'"

The young man at her feet shook his head.

"I could say it better than that."

"I know you could." She caught her breath. "I mean—if you wanted to."

Which was worse. She fell into an aghast silence. And he continued to rub the unoffending ankle.

"And aren't you sentimental—ever?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I told you I was romantical. That's quite different."

"Is it?"

She nodded wisely.

"Sentimental is being serious and silly about silly things. Romantical is loving lovely things—even if they aren't real."

"I see ——"

"Like—like this room—our being here—and the other night."

"Aren't they real?"

She sighed.

"I don't know. I imagine such a lot. I'm never sure."

"Things," he said very earnestly, "ought to be just what you think they are."

They were in deep water again. In sheer panic she picked up the slender calf-bound volumes lying on the table beside her. She heard her own voice, very prim and careful, as though it wondered what it might say next, reading aloud:

"Poems of a Fugitive, by H. Villiers."

He sat back, tailor fashion, his arms clasped about his knees, smiling at her.

"That's me. I wrote that stuff."

"But 'Villiers'?"

"It's not good. In fact it's rotten. But that other's an account of the Himalayan stunt. You might like that better."

"Climbing Peak Jones, by H. Tudor. But I thought you said Jones."

"That's it. Jones climbed the peak. And H. Tudor wrote about him. Rather a nice name, don't you think? Historical and all that. I liked it at the time."

She looked down at him very seriously. "Then it's true—what people say."

The smile faded from his eyes.

"What do they say?"

"That you're never—never the same. And that when you think anyone's going to find out who you really are, you—you ——"

"——run away." Hestood up. Hestrode over to the window and stood with his back toward her, staring out into the winter twilight. There was contained violence in his attitude. She could imagine how in a moment of passion he might do something terrible. . . . Then he'd be sorry. Just as he was now. He came back, towering over her.

"I oughtn't to have broken out like that. But you don't know what it means—to be hunted, harried—hounded over the civilized globe. Even you couldn't imagine it."

She shivered with her pity.

"It must be terrible."

"Not to be able to escape anywhere. Once—once after I'd been turned down by someone I'd—I'd cared for frightfully—I cleared out—into the heart of Central Africa. And I ran into a missionary. . . . I tell you, that fellow hadn't seen another white man for two years—and—can you believe it—in twenty-four hours he'd found out—he knew—he ——"

He broke off, his fists clenched in some bitter recollection. Then he went on more quietly: "I thought I'd be safe here. If I kept to myself. There's only Gunga Din. And he's different. I saved his life. He wouldn't tell. Besides—he hasn't got a sense of humor."

Susan Leland sank back. It was hopeless. Even with her limited experience of Nice Young Men she knew that when a man talked about a sense of humor he'd become incomprehensible. Anyway, he didn't trust her. Some wretched girl had broken his faith in women.

"Does it matter?" he was asking almost pleadingly. "I mean—does a name matter so much?"

"It might," she said. She added hastily, "It does sometimes—doesn't it—like—like Elsa and Lohengrin?"

That, too, was ambiguous. She was glad of the dusk that had begun to fill the room and of the deep shelter of her chair. But his face was in the firelight. And she had seen how the reference to Wagner's ill-advised heroine had hurt him. She blundered on, "I mean—just that it's awkward—your not being the same person five minutes together—isn't it?"

"But I am, really, underneath."

"But I don't know who you are."

"What would you like me to be, Susan Leland?"

"I didn't say I wanted you to be anyone."

A sort of amusement began to break up the hard set of the fine mouth. He cocked his head thoughtfully on one side.

"You see, I might just as well be anything. I might be a thief who had stolen millions—with the police after me. Had you thought of that?"

She nodded. She had thought of it. She had thought of practically everything.

"Or I might have killed someone—my best friend—about some girl."

"I—I guessed that too."

"Did you? And you came ——"

"It wouldn't matter."

"Wouldn't matter?" he echoed bewilderedly.

"I mean," she said, looking at him with a clear steadfastness, "I'd know it was a mistake. You wouldn't have meant to do it. It wouldn't be like you. And you'd be frightfully, frightfully sorry ——"

There was a long silence. He threw an unnecessary log on the fire. She knew that he was fighting with himself. He wanted to tell her the truth. But it was too hard for

him. And he didn't know that she could understand ——

"That's awfully—awfully fine of you. But, after all—just for this little while—I might as well be something you'd really like. And you'd rather I was—let's say a prince, incognito, than an embezzler or an ex-convict, wouldn't you?"

A real woman of the world never shows when she is hurt. She jests. Susan said lightly: "If it wasn't too great a prince."

"Oh, no—just a little one. The second son of a second son ——"

"Then we could be friends."

"Couldn't we anyway?"

"Friends have to have names."

"Oh, Elsa, Elsa!" he said reproachfully. "My name is Henry."

She had no time to make the obvious retort. Sleigh bells sounded faintly and mysteriously on the clear outside stillness. The door opened. The turbaned individual who was sometimes Gunga Din without knowing it, made an announcement in a strange tongue. Susan Leland stood up. Suddenly she remembered that this sinister dark-eyed man alone knew the truth. And if he knew the truth, then he had power too. An evil power. She had read of such things.

"But, Susan—your foot! You've got to let me carry you ——"

She dragged her subconscious, protesting, to the surface. In this welter of mystery she at least had to be honest.

"I haven't got a foot. I mean—I don't believe there's anything the matter with it. I just had to have an excuse. You would have thought it horrid of me ——"

"I wouldn't. But then, not being a Nice Young Man ——"

"If you had been, I shouldn't have come."

"Then why did you?"

"It was your being lonely and unhappy."

"I was."

"And in trouble."

"I am."

"And I wanted you to know I was a friend—a real friend, not silly and sentimental ——"

"Romantical?"

She shook her head.

"Practical. I can be. I know I can." The water was so deep now that there was no turning back. She struck out fearlessly. "You see, I've never known anyone in trouble before. Not real people. Not real trouble. And I want to help. It's not being curious. I don't care what you've done. I don't want to know. I'm not a bit like Elsa. I'll never ask you. You can trust me. And I don't care what people say about you. I know, underneath, you're what I think you are!"

She broke off, breathless. He was looking down at her. She knew that when a man looked at you like that he was a battlefield of warring emotions. He took her hand and held it fast before he kissed it.

"I don't know what it is you think I am, Susan Leland," he said, "but I promise you I always will be."

IV

IT WASN'T a propitious day for a skiing party—gray and moist with snow fluttering down intermittently from the low gray skies. Jim Dalton toiled at Susan's heels and whenever they came level he scolded her. But then, everybody scolded her, even Aunt Leroy. You couldn't and didn't, Aunt Leroy said, do that sort of thing. Young men with kaleidoscopic names, no antecedents and probably ill-begotten wealth might be interesting and all that; but no well-brought-up girl, even in these peculiar days, would go skating at midnight with them, drive with them, ski with them, and meet them accidentally in the most solitary reaches of the forest. Any decent man, Aunt Leroy added, whether he had honorable intentions or no intentions at all, would at least introduce himself. And no man, unless he had something desperate to conceal, would behave like this so-called Mr. Richmond.

"Probably a wife or two," Jim Dalton panted from the rear. "I bet he's got a couple buried in the cellar."

"Don't," Susan said over her shoulder, "be silly!"

"I'm not silly. You don't seem to realize, Susan Leland, that I'm nuts about you. And when I think of you alone with that fellow I go hot all over. My blood freezes ——"

She made no effort to point out the impossibility of such a reaction. She pushed on a little faster. She wanted to be alone. She wanted to think. But Jim Dalton had the insensitive tenacity of a bull terrier.

"Listen, Susan—you've got to! I tell you, when I met him in Cairo he was going under another name ——"

"I dare say—he's got several."

"No decent man has several names—only crooks ——"

"—— and royalty."

Jim Dalton snorted.

"So you think he's royalty!"

"I don't care what he is. I like him. I like him better than any other man I've ever met."

"Susan Leland, do you love him?"

Susan Leland intimated by a frigid silence that it was not his business. But her companion had been rejected too often. He had become impervious. "Does he love you?" he demanded.

"He hasn't said so."

"He will. He's a fortune hunter. He's after your money, Susan. And when he's got it he'll go off and leave you high and dry as he's done dozens of silly women."

Susan Leland stopped in her tracks.

"Listen, Jim. You don't understand. It's just the other way. I know that. Some woman threw him over ——"

"Found him out, you mean."

"—— and ever since then ——"

"—— he's taken good care not to be found out twice."

"You're hopeless."

"Yes, I am. About you. And you're crazy. If you believe in him why don't you tackle him straight out? Ask him who he is, and where he gets his money from ——"

"I wouldn't, ever. I promised. And he trusts me."

"You bet he does. Well, he doesn't have to trust me, I'm on to him. Even if you do treat me like the measles, Susan, I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself."

"Jim, what are you going to do?"

"I've done it. Private detective agency. Secret report on its way. Should be here tonight. I'm going to spring a mine under that fellow that'll blow him out of the country." Mr. Dalton's truculency faltered under the fire in Susan Leland's eyes. He stammered, "You ought to be grateful," without much confidence.

"Well, I'm not," she said.

"That means you're frightened."

"I'm furious. He's been hunted all over the world and now just when he thought he was safe you butt in. And it's all my fault."

"You flatter yourself."

"I don't. If it wasn't for me you wouldn't do a thing. You've got no real moral purpose ——"

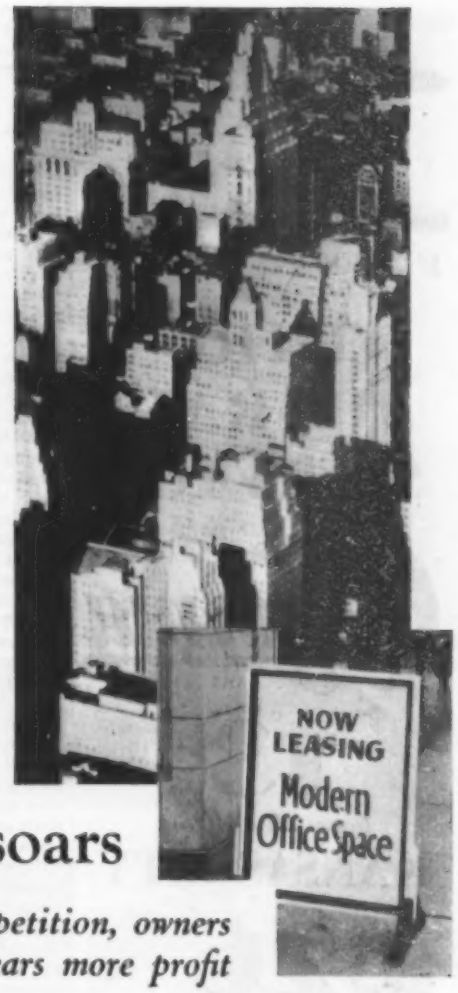
"And you've got no sense. You're a romantic idiot. If only I'd got a couple of aliases and the police after me you'd marry me tomorrow."

"I wouldn't marry you," said Susan Leland with passionate incoherence, "not if you'd murdered your grandmother!" Then, seeing how hurt he was, she softened, "Jim, I didn't mean that."

"I haven't got a grandmother anyway," he said bitterly, "so it doesn't matter."

He pushed on in offended silence, and his angry back became a shadow through the curtain of falling snow. For a time Susan followed docilely. But she was still thinking. And at a bend in the track she came to a decision. Without a sound she turned and slid swiftly between the trees, valleyward.

Two hours later Susan Leland sat down in the snow at the edge of nowhere and prepared to die. Something had happened to the familiar valley. Usually all one had to do to find a valley was to go downhill. Susan had relied on that fact. But she had not been able to go downhill. Sometimes



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she would come to a dip and sail off with fresh hope. But the dip ended invariably in a steady, remorseless ascent. It was like a nightmare. Now, for all she knew, she might be at the top of Mont Blanc. The flutter of snow had developed into a thick, steady fall. And in an hour it would be dark. No one would ever find her—not until it was too late. Probably it was all for the best. For she was the kind that never changes. She loved for the first and last time in her life. Hopelessly. And she was twenty-one. That meant perhaps sixty years of loneliness, the Lelands being notoriously long-lived. An intolerable prospect.

Not that he didn't love her. She knew he did. But there was some sinister chasm between them that he could not cross. She had seen him fighting himself—not always successfully. There had been times—as on that lovely sunrise meeting at the Hirschsprung—when he had quite obviously faltered and she had been ridiculously happy. Then his mouth had hardened in an adamantine silence.

Susan, who disapproved of tears, permitted herself a last luxury. She cried until she could cry no more. At which time she was still uncomfortably alive. The fact is that dying when one is young and healthy is a slow business. She was not even drowsy, as, according to the best traditions, she should have been. She was merely wet and cold. But when distant shouts broke the intense and mournful forest silence she experienced no relief. She was distinctly resentful. For, of course, it was Jim shouting. And if Jim found her it would all begin all over again. He was capable of announcing there and then for the hundredth time that she was an idiot and had got to marry him.

It wasn't Jim. The tall shadow that loomed up silently among the spectral trees brought her stumbling to her feet. Skis are awkward adjuncts to strong emotion, but somehow he had her in his arms. Somehow she managed to cling to him. Only for a moment. Then quite firmly he disengaged himself. He brushed the snow from her as though she had been a child. He rubbed her nose with his woolen glove. He was trying vainly to disguise the fact that he had nearly kissed her.

"Frost-bite," he said. "I'd hate you to lose that pretty nose."

"Thank God I've found you!" she said.

He looked surprised—not unreasonably.

"I thought," he said, "that I'd found you. I ran into your party coming down from the Hirschsprung. There was a young man. He said you'd gone off—they'd lost you—seemed very angry and upset. Said it was my fault."

"He knew I'd gone to warn you."

"Warn me?" For the first time he seemed to have forgotten the shadow hanging over his life. "About what?"

"About Jim."

"The Nice Young Man?"

"He knows ——" Her teeth were chattering. But the shouts were growing nearer. And she spoke with a desperate clearness: "At least he will know. Tonight. He met you in Cairo under another name. He's set detectives on you. He says he's going to expose you—drive you out of the country ——"

She broke off, shivering, and he said "Good Lord!" rather inadequately. And looked back over his shoulder. She noticed how the snow had settled on his thick fair brows, drawn together in grim concentrated thought. She saw the white, strained lines about his mouth. She was weak with misery for them both.

"What on earth shall I do?" he said.

It was quite clear to her what he should do. He should tell her the truth. Then she would go with him to the ends of the world, if need be into disgrace and lifelong exile. But his question had obviously not been addressed to her. And, besides, there was her promise. She was not like Elsa. She would not fail him.

"Save yourself," she said. "That's all I'm thinking of."

"Susan, you risked your life ——"

"I told you," she said, "that I could be a friend."

"You are. Too good for me. But why should Jim ——"

"He knows," she said with reckless simplicity, "that I love you."

"Susan, my dear!"

"Now you're shocked. I shock everybody. Sometimes I shock myself. But you're going away forever. And nothing matters."

He said in a low-spoken voice: "You're brave. And I'm a coward. I love you too. Right from the first moment I set eyes on you. And I've got us both into this mess. I didn't think how it would end. If only I'd told you the truth then—before it was too late!"

"Can't you now? Don't you think I've got the courage?"

"Courage?" He looked at her with a strange perplexity. "If it were only courage, Susan. If you weren't you, if you weren't just twenty-one, if I'd committed some decent crime—I'd tell you—I'd trust you. But this —— No, I can't—I simply can't. I couldn't spoil it for you! I couldn't bear to hear you ——" He broke off. The voices were quite close now. Just beyond the falling darkness. He took her in his arms and kissed her wildly. "Susan, my dear, romantic darling!"

She made one last effort.

"There isn't anything in the world ——"

"Yes, there is. And they're coming. You'll be safe now. Try to think of me as you thought I was." He kissed her a last time. "And let Jim tell you—if he dare," he said.

Then like a flying shadow he was gone.

v

THE room looked as though a cyclone had blown through it. The pictures were down, the books scattered. Gunga Din stood in the midst of the wreckage and looked mournfully at the young man writing at the table under the lamplight.

"The car is waiting, sahib."

"Thanks. I'll be ready in a moment. I'll telegraph you in a day or two and you can follow on. See that this letter goes to the hotel."

"Sahib, is it necessary—again?"

"More than ever. You don't understand, Gunga Din. You're not an Anglo-Saxon. You're not romantical. And you haven't got a sense of humor. To you a spade is just a spade. A useful instrument. And nothing so funny about it." He slipped into his fur coat. "But this is the last time," he said. "From now on we're going to face the music like a man."

Gunga Din came shivering after him down the slippery pathway. He placed the suitcases on the rear seat of the softly purring limousine. "Be careful of the snowdrifts, sahib."

The young man sighed. "If I can care enough," he said.

As a matter of fact he drove slowly, reluctantly. The road ran along the border of the lake, and he could see the lighted windows of the hotel across its darkly shimmering wastes. He knew her window. It was dark.

Probably she was at dinner—with that egregious ass. Perhaps he'd told her—guardedly. And all her fantastic dreams, her splendid imaginings had foundered.

He turned away. Just in the nick of time. Another moment and he would have been over that small fur-clad figure planted in the white roadway. He pulled the car slithering to one side. The door opened. He recognized her by the light from his dashboard. And he noticed with a wild, incredulous leap of the heart that she carried something. She dumped it into the seat beside him. It was a dressing case.

"I saw your lights," she panted, "and I ran and ran. And I'm never going back."

"Susan ——"

"Not till you've married me."

"But you don't know."

"I do."

"Then you can't understand ——"

"You poor, poor boy!" she said.

He dared not look at her. He sat bowed over his wheel.

"Ever since I was a kid at school," he muttered, "I've been hounded by that thing. It got to be sort of a complex. And when you thought it was something—something romantical—I couldn't bear to spoil it all. I couldn't bear to hear you"—his voice dropped, became almost inaudible—"laugh," he said.

She got in beside him. She closed the door with a firm hand.

"I did laugh. I laughed till I cried. And from now onward, Henry, we're going to laugh together."

Mrs. Leroy Leland explained it all to Mrs. Garnett over fruit tartlets with whipped cream and a nice warming cup of chocolate. She was very happy, and nothing that Gustav thought about her made the slightest difference.

"Yes, eloped. Foolish, but charming. And quite proper. Some kind consul fixed it for them. Such a delightful young man. Henry, I mean. Like Susan. Romantical, eighteenth century. Not easy to be rich and romantical these days. So many odd ways of making money. You can understand—painful for a sensitive temper. Like Henry's. Especially as his father advertises. In all civilized countries. Quite right, of course. Proud of the business. Excellent product. We all know it. Necessary, but not"—Mrs. Leland picked up a magazine, fluttered over the pages and handed it to Mrs. Garnett—"not eighteenth century," she chuckled.

Mrs. Garnett adjusted her glasses. The advertisement was colored—most artistically colored. And highly illustrative. The two ladies glanced at each other. Their eyebrows went up. They began to laugh. They laughed with the round, unshadowed joyousness of the fat, the middle-aged and happy.

The lowering, disapproving Gustav, about to remove the tartlets, glanced over Mrs. Garnett's shoulder. And for the first time the saturnine countenance broke into the pallid shadow of a smile.

A Glimpse of Mt. Adams From One of the White Mountain Trails, New Hampshire

. . . . . the great liner leaves the ground laden with thousands of pounds in passengers and freight.

Photographs courtesy Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., one of America's greatest air lines. All TAT planes are serviced by expert mechanicians uniformed in Lee Union-Alls.

(1) Aircraft welding, a delicate and highly skilled operation. Note the Lee Shield-Back Overall.

(2) Lieutenant Wilton M. Briney, who in company with Lieut. Isaiah Davies, both members of the 2nd Bombardment Group, Air Corps U. S. Army, ordered custom made to their own design the first Lee Flying Suits ever built. Lieut. Briney is shown wearing his new "world's standard" Lee Flying Suit.

BEHIND each of the giant motors —under each of the lifting wings stand dozens of phantom men in Lee's, men whose inspired courage and pride in their jobs have transformed flying from a glorious war adventure to an everyday business fact for America's flying millions.

In flying as in other great modes of transport we again find that Lee is standard. Lee Flying Suits and Lee Union-Alls are standard equipment in the United States Army Air Corps, on most of the great air lines, and in airplane and dirigible factories and in flying schools throughout America. Men fly, build and learn-to-fly in Lee's.

More Lee Flying Suits and Lee work clothing are used in the aviation industry than any other make. "Lee . . . the World's Standard" as a slogan reigns supreme in the air as on the ground.

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY
KANSAS CITY MINNEAPOLIS TRENTON SOUTH BEND SALINA SAN FRANCISCO
A great American Organization enjoying an International Business

THE WORLD'S STANDARD
Lee
UNION-MADE
OVERALLS
UNION-ALLS
PLAY SUITS

BEGINNING A NEW CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT

JUST as 1929 marked the completion of a Century —so does 1930 represent the turning point into a new era for the House of MACGREGOR.

With a hundred years of experience as a firm foundation, the future is faced with conviction and confidence for constant, continued improvement.

MACGREGOR Golf Clubs are recognized as the embodiment of the very utmost in quality. They are created by craftsmen who *know* and *play* and *love* the game itself. Their merit springs from endless experiment and experience on the championship MACGREGOR Golf Course — where clubs are *proved* before ever they go to the public.

Back of it all stands a firm a century old — a Hundred Years *strong* — determined that nothing but the finest in Golf Clubs must ever bear the name of MACGREGOR.

Out of all this, through the years that have passed, have been born many important features, exclusive to MACGREGOR Clubs, and well protected by patents. Some of these are shown and described on the opposite page.

In a complete *Harmonized* set of MACGREGORS the clubs are built bearing a definite mathematical relationship—both Woods and Irons—so that more uniform golf, and better scores, will surely follow. Only MACGREGOR has carried the complete-set idea so *scientifically* far.

MACGREGOR Special Face Wood Clubs with *Yardsmore Inlay* are so constructed by exclusive processes that they are *enduringly strong*—while giving all the advantages of materials and construction which lend *distance* and *control.*

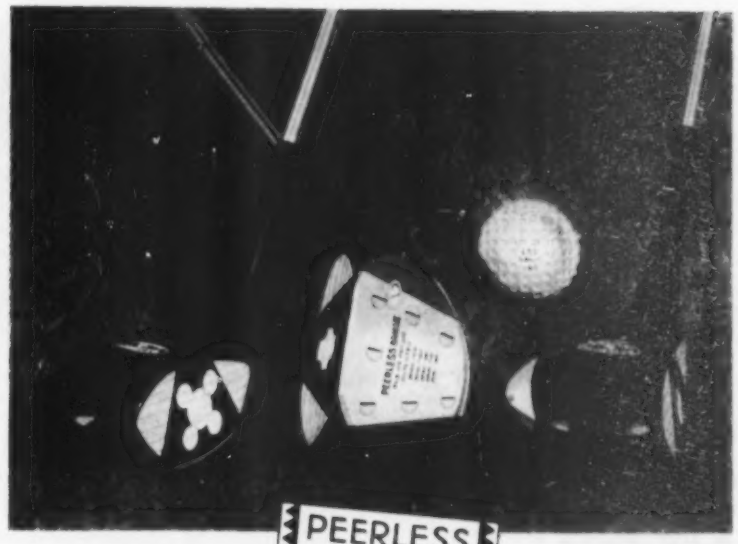
And so now—at the dawn of a New Century—the MACGREGOR pledge to American golf is that the accumulated experience of the past Hundred Years shall be the *foundation* and the *assurance* for the future.

Ask your Professional or Dealer to show you the actual MACGREGOR Clubs, in any model. *Feel them out for yourself.* But if further details are desired first, write us for catalog—it's yours for the asking.

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY CO.
Established 1829 . . . DAYTON, OHIO

MACGREGOR

COURSE-TESTED MACGREGOR DAYTON, O. GOLF CLUBS



Why MACGREGORS Excel

Scruloc Inserts

The method of threading and applying these face inserts, which are used in all MACGREGOR Special Face Clubs, is responsible for the fact that, to our knowledge, not one has ever come loose. SCRULOC is covered by U. S. patent.

Streamline Design and Center-Wedge Back Weight

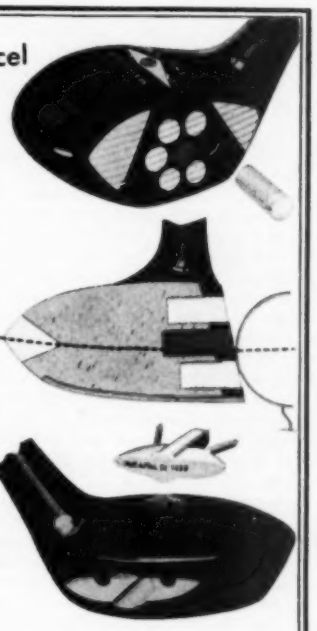
The Club Head and Neck of certain MACGREGOR Models is patented. Also, the Center-Wedge Back Weight, made of brass, ivory or alloy, which is found in all these Special Face Clubs.

Lock-Lead Back Weight

Used on popular priced models, this weight is made and inserted by a scientifically developed method which insures perfect balance throughout. It becomes an *integral part* of the club head.

Yardsmore Inlay

YARDSMORE is unequaled as an adjunct to the Scruloc Pin. It is indifferent to cold, heat, rain or drought. It is superlatively resilient. It makes possible the MACGREGOR Color Code: white for driver, green for brassie and red for spoon. A fine help in selecting the desired club quickly.

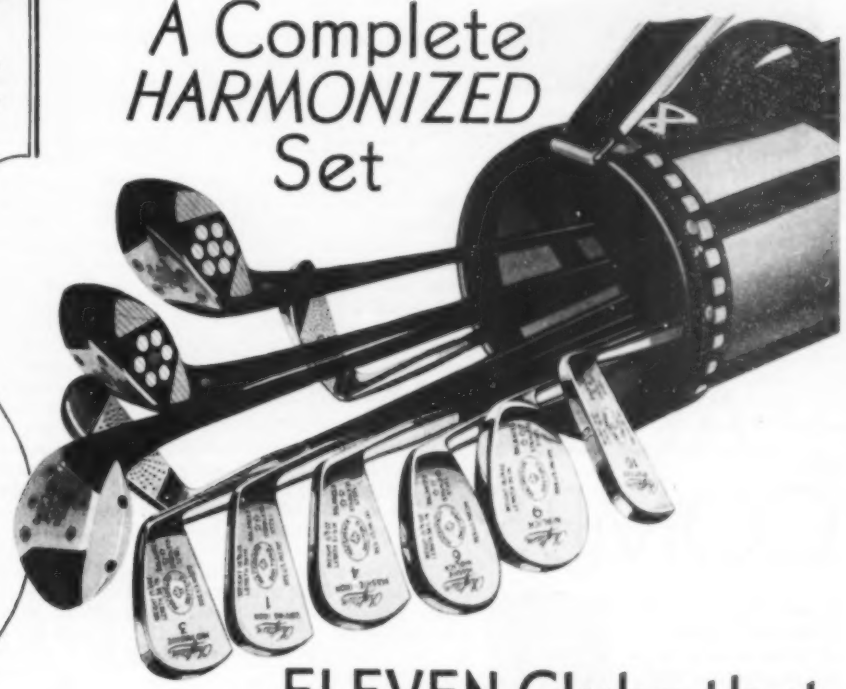


YARDSMORE INLAY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MAC-OID FINISH

The newest *exclusive* feature of MACGREGOR Clubs is MAC-OID finish for steel shafts—the result of two years' laboratory research. It is indestructible and permanent, preventing rust and tarnish. Becomes an integral part of shaft itself, in perfect harmony with its "whip" and torsion.

A Complete *HARMONIZED* Set



ELEVEN Clubs that swing as ONE

There is a SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCE *in Combs*

MEN AND WOMEN wise in the details of good grooming know that perfect hair arrangement is not achieved with any old comb. That is why they use Ace Combs.

Moulded from perfectly vulcanized hard rubber, and given the gleaming polish that only this superior material can take, the smooth, rounded teeth of Ace Combs divide the hair with exactness and precision, bring out its lustre and arrange it in lovely sculptured lines. All styles and sizes at drug stores and department stores; shown in a revolving cabinet as illustrated.

MANY WOMEN prefer the four inch Pocket Comb as illustrated above, to persuade their hair to look its loveliest during the day. While men seem to select the 7" Dressing Comb, illustrated below.

ACE COMBS

A useful booklet on hair care, including illustrations of "combs of former ages," may be yours free. Write name and address plainly in margin and mail to

P4-12

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

ALIBI

(Continued from Page 25)

not quite enter his part. An honest clerk would have stalked boldly down the street. He would not have felt conspicuous. Bruner was not actor enough to forget his diamonds. Or perhaps he was not actor enough to forget the absence beneath him of wheels.

Thus, when a watchman stepped out from a shadow in the next block, Bruner saw him instantly. A clerk would have disregarded his presence. Bruner dodged into the shelter of a door like a petty thief, emerging when the watchman passed on, like the moon from behind a cloud. Or perhaps it was his pistol he missed.

The district consisted of dark streets crossed here and there by east-and-west through-traffic lanes. One of these thoroughfares he now approached. Bruner on wheels, armed with a pistol, would have raced it from end to end. Bruner, the unarmed clerk, had to force himself to set foot upon its sidewalks.

Intelligence is the only master, of course. The knowledge of the wealth in his pocket may have caused his heart to pound. His sense of handicap may have disturbed him. The sound of a police siren may have added to his nervousness. But his intelligence kept him from scurrying for a hole like a rat.

Thrusting out his chin, he set his thin soles firmly upon the hard pavement and started eastward down the block. He knew what he had to do. Dodging into doorways would not help him. He kept on boldly, past windows filled with secondhand motors, drills, sewing machines. After a while he reached the filling station at the corner.

And then, upon the farther corner, stepping out into the light where no mistake was possible, he saw Policeman Pat Gonzales, an acquaintance of other days, twiddling with his free right hand at the butt of his holster pistol.

A glimpse of a harmless night watchman had sent him into a doorway. The presence ahead of a real danger made him forget that he was on foot and helpless.

As he had feared might happen, the policeman stopped him.

"He.lo, Bruner. What's the magnet?"

Bruner could feel the diamonds dragging at his pocket. A strange inclination seized him to support the load surreptitiously, using his left hand. But he fought it down. Instead, he grasped his paper parcel more tightly.

Then suddenly all nervousness left him and he faced the officer with a grin.

"Magnet?" he asked. "Oh, that! You mean pull. I got a magnet with the mayor. He's waiting for me in his office."

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit," said Gonzales.

"He wants me to fetch you along sometime," Bruner ventured, with humorous impudence. "He said he couldn't ask you himself, because nobody never knew where they could find you. So he asked me. So I told him you was here."

"I might surprise you by going," the policeman replied to that.

"Not me, you wouldn't surprise."

"I guess that's right too. We've been there before. Where you going with that package?"

"Home," said Bruner.

"And that's where? I forgot to take your home address last time I saw you. All I had was your business. Joliet, wasn't it?"

"Two years," said Bruner, "but I checked out. I live now at the Gaylord Hotel."

"Yes?"

"You can phone and see, with a nickel."

"What you doing over here on the West Side if you live at the Gaylord?" persisted the policeman.

"Me? Exercise. I been reducing."

"Reducing who?"

"I just stuck up a bank," said Bruner.

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit."

Again the policeman eyed the package clamped under Bruner's right elbow.

"Kale," said Bruner, replying to the question before it was asked.

"Kale your aunt! What's in there, Bruner? What is this package you're dragging home this late at night?"

"Just supplies," replied the other, with intelligent unwillingness.

"What supplies?"

"Stuff to eat for breakfast."

"Stuff to eat? Breakfast? All right. Suppose we have a look at this breakfast stuff."

Bruner out of sheer hardihood affected an increasing unwillingness to open his package; whereupon the policeman became increasingly insistent. In the end Gonzales had his way. The package, upon being opened, proved to contain a pasteboard box of breakfast cereal, a half pint of cream and a quarter-pound column of creamery butter inclosed in a colored carton.

"Not that I doubted your word, Bruner, but I was curious to see. Wrap up your breakfast. You're blocking the sidewalk."

The danger of a further search seemed past, but as Bruner rewrapped his merchandise, again the sound was heard—this time from the south—of a police siren. He inferred that the news of the robbery had been broadcast and that police cars throughout the city were seeking the bandits.

"You got my address, Pat," he said with a grin, tucking his package under his arm.

"Sure! I know now where to find you up to breakfast time, but you better go straight home before you spill your cream."

"Watch me!" Bruner replied.

The questioning of the policeman, and perhaps the renewed sound of the siren, resulted in tightening Bruner's courage to a point where it sang. He had been a little impudent in his replies. He now, in his actions, became both impudent and audacious. The street here, like its east-and-west companion thoroughfares, crossed a railroad yard at an elevation, and then was carried by a bascule bridge over the river. Instead of going straight home, Bruner walked out upon the viaduct and stopped.

Possibly his sharp eyes had caught a glimpse of Policeman Brown ahead, approaching over the bridge.

Whatever his reasons, he now performed an act of studied insolence. Spreading his oil-smeared red bandanna handkerchief upon the sidewalk, with Policeman Gonzales watching him on one side and Policeman Brown on the other, he began drawing from his left coat pocket the loot of the evening. He laid out upon the handkerchief a diamond tiara, a diamond necklace, three platinum bracelets set with diamonds, a diamond brooch, and a handful of smaller pieces such as rings and pendants. He did this openly, with no attempt at concealment, taking his time and searching his pocket carefully to make sure that nothing was overlooked. Then, tying the corners of the handkerchief together in a tight knot, he prepared to move on.

Possibly he had not until this moment seen the approach of Policeman Brown from the bridge.

Policeman Gonzales had already burned his fingers upon one of Bruner's parcels. He stood watching his actions, but did not walk toward him. His presence merely blocked any flight to the west. But Policeman Brown was actively interested. He plainly meant to understand what Bruner had been doing.

Bruner glanced behind him at Gonzales, then ahead at the officer bearing down on him from the east. Beyond the policeman lay the bridge over the river. Beyond the bridge lay the dark cross street into which he had forced the taxicab. Since then he had become a pedestrian, but his route to his room would take him past the nearest corner.

He glanced at Policeman Brown, then at the incriminating parcel in his hand; then, making a dash for the stone railing at the edge of the sidewalk—here the height of his eyes—he began climbing it as fast as he could.

"Halt, you!" commanded Brown, dashing forward.

He arrived in time to clutch at Bruner and prevent his escape over the railing. Bruner's intelligence entered; for even if he had cleared the railing, he could not have dropped to the tracks below, which were roofed over. Upon feeling the officer's hand upon him, he slipped back to the sidewalk.

"Now, that was a fool thing to do," sputtered the policeman. "What was it you were tying up in that rag?"

"Just some pieces of glass," replied Bruner, whose pockets were now empty, shrugging his shoulders. "Just a package."

"Let me see," said the other, as Policeman Gonzales approached.

"Can't. I haven't got it."

"What?"

"You made me drop it," said Bruner.

"Watch this man, will you, Pat, while I look. He says he dropped something over the rail."

Gonzales replied that probably he spoke the truth. "He told me that other package was his breakfast, and it was."

But Policeman Brown, who had heard of the Hyers robbery, had seen too much of Bruner with his own eyes to be swayed from his suspicions.

"I want to look," he said. Climbing to the rail, he leaned over. "He dropped it, all right. It's lying on the ledge down there, and I'm going after it."

"Well?" asked Policeman Gonzales, when the handkerchief again lay spread out upon the sidewalk.

"Well?" demanded Policeman Brown.

"Glass," repeated Bruner calmly.

"Maybe, maybe not," said Brown. "We'll have a wagon and look it over with the owners."

"That will be better," Gonzales agreed; "unless somebody here has a diamond to test this glass with."

"I got one in my ring," Bruner told him. "Want it? Here's my diamond, and here's my sales slip from Benson's." His lip curled into a sneer. "Scratch one. Scratch it anywhere. They only cost a quarter for the lot."

"It scratches," said Gonzales. "It's glass."

"What do you know about that?" Policeman Brown demanded of the universe.

But Policeman Gonzales was not satisfied. "Why did you throw them away?" he asked.

And Policeman Brown wished to know: "Why did you wrap them first in a handkerchief?"

"Why didn't you throw them into the river?"

"Why did you keep that sales slip?"

"Why did you buy that junk, in the first place?"

But instead of answering these questions, and the others that preceded and followed them, Bruner, who had brains and was feeling the flush of their use, fell into a mocking mood and invited both to breakfast.

III

WHEN O'Day's telegram overtook him, Donovan had been pulling at his pipe off and on for an hour and a quarter, and the car had not yet quieted down. The message read as follows:

HYERS DIAMONDS STOLEN AUTO BANDITS AFTER OPERA. RUNNING-BOARD JOB. NO LINE. EX-CONVICT BRUNER OLD BARKER GANG TWENTY MINUTES LATER DROPPED HANDFUL PASTE TRINKETS WRAPPED BANDANNA HANDKERCHIEF OVER RAIL VAN BUREN VIADUCT FOR NO REASON. ON FOOT. SALES SLIP FOR PASTE. FIREPROOF ALIBI. NO CONNECTION HYERS. RETURN FIRST TRAIN. REPLY.

O'Day was Donovan's immediate chief in Redelos Indemnity. To send the message so soon, he must have been notified at once of the loss. The Bruner items could only have come from the police. A fireproof alibi! Barker gang!

"What's the next train back to Chicago?" he inquired of the porter who had brought him the message.

(Continued on Page 180)

HERE *and* THERE *and* EVERYWHERE

all through the house **you'll find twice as many uses for Bon Ami *Powder* and Bon Ami *Cake* as there are hours in the day. This popular cleanser and polisher is truly a "good friend" of the busy housewife. For Bon Ami's gentle, magic action quickly "blots up" dirt, dust, stain and tarnish . . . doesn't scour . . . doesn't scratch the surface it cleans.**

Bathtubs & Tiling

In almost no time at all, Bon Ami *Powder* soaks up that stubborn "ring" around the bathtub — blots up every soapy mark and every speck of dirt from white or colored tiling—makes the bathroom fairly glisten with cleanliness.

Mirrors

For mirrors, as for windows, there's nothing quite like Bon Ami. Rub a damp cloth over the *Cake* and cover the glass with the magic film. It dries in a moment. Then whisk—and gone are all the dirt and finger-marks.

Windows

The Bon Ami way is the easiest way to clean windows. Just rub a damp cloth over the *Cake* and apply the film to the glass. A moment's wait — then polish with a *clean*, dry cloth—and your windows are as clear as air!

Brass, Copper, Etc.

Dust and tarnish soon dull the loveliness of brass, nickel, pewter and copper. But a few quick rubs with Bon Ami takes off every spot, stain and bit of tarnish—polishes all these metals till they shine like new.

Fine Kitchenware

Bon Ami is best for utensils of aluminum, enamel and agate. For it "blots up" dirt and stains—instead of scouring them off. Stubborn burned patches—even those obstinate stains in coffee pots—vanish before Bon Ami's magic touch.

White Woodwork

Until you use Bon Ami you'll never know how easy it is to keep smooth painted woodwork and walls spotless. For Bon Ami quickly blots up the dust, dirt and smudges—and best of all it doesn't scour off the paint!

White Shoes

Yes, indeed, Bon Ami cleans white shoes—all kinds except kid! Apply the Bon Ami with a damp cloth or brush. Let it dry—then dust it off. Your shoes are snow-white, without a single blemish—really clean, not merely coated over.

Automobiles

Wind-shields, lamps, mirrors, bumpers—all the glass and metal trimmings of your automobile will gleam when cleaned with magic Bon Ami. You'll find it handy to keep both *Cake* and *Powder*, right in your garage.

BON AMI RADIO MATINEE—*"On the air, everywhere!"* Every Thursday morning from over forty leading stations. A delightful program of music and entertainment featuring "Bonnie and Amy"! Eastern Standard Time, 11:00 A.M.; Central Standard Time, 10:00 A.M.; Mountain Time, 11:20 A.M.; Pacific Coast Time, 10:20 A.M.

Bon Ami

funds *with* Influence *in* Every Port

WHEREVER travelers gather—whatever the port—whatever the language, American Express Travelers Cheques have an established influence. Carry them to the small village of Oberammergau, to far-off Shanghai, or Buenos Aires—and American Express Service begins. An American Express representative—whose blue uniform marks him from any crowd of travelers at piers, stations, and frontier points—is at your elbow, almost as if he knew you were coming.

And the dozens of ways he has of serving you! Places of interest to see? He knows. Steamship, hotel, rail reservations? He will arrange them for you. Baggage, visa and other problems? They are part of his daily life and duty. He is there to iron out all the rough places; to make your trip smooth and pleasure-full. This service is known as the Helping Hand of the American Express and is *yours* the very moment you purchase the blue color American Express Travelers Cheques, now available in the new, dollar size.

For almost forty years they have insured safe and spendable funds to travelers in almost every part of the world. Should they be lost or stolen uncountersigned by you, their value is refunded in full. Issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50, and $100. Cost 75c for each $100. *Now on sale* at 22,000 Banks and offices of the American Express and Railway Express Agency.

the new, dollar size

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers cheques

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

(Continued from Page 178)

"Number 15, leaving Fort Wayne at 3:40."

"And when do we reach Fort Wayne?"

"About 3:10," replied the porter.

"Any earlier stops?"

"No more stops. Valparaiso was the last."

"Where is the train conductor?" Donovan asked then. "Forward?"

"First car behind, suh."

"I'll look him up," said Donovan.

But instead of seeking Garrick at once, he sat back for a while like a dead man, too preoccupied with his thoughts even to refill his pipe. After that he went to his berth for his bag, from which he slipped a pistol into his pocket.

Later he ran down Garrick and showed him his telegram.

"Barker?" the conductor grunted. "They can't drag Barker into it. That hombre gave me his ticket at 9:30 and stayed in sight until the train left."

"I wish to see for myself," said Donovan.

"Go ahead," said Garrick.

"I may need a little help from this railroad."

"Where does the railroad come in?"

"You're the railroad," said Donovan.

"Go on! Show me!"

"First I shall ask you to stop this train, and after that I shall ask you to start it again."

"Can't," said Garrick.

"I hold a good hand," said Donovan. "This badge I'm wearing isn't much, but it's something. The badge is one of my trumps. If you don't stop the train your railroad will be sued for damages. That's another. I have others still. Take my word for it. When you get to Fort Wayne, ask your boss."

"What do you want me to do? Just stop the train?"

"Just that; unless by chance you can help me further. You don't happen to own such a thing as a colored handkerchief?"

"I have a red bandanna," said Garrick. "Why?"

"Barker's bean bag is made from one."

"I don't see the connection," said Garrick.

"You will. There's a bean bag lying on the roof of my car, almost over my berth. I heard it land in my sleep. I'm going up over the tender to fetch it down."

"Barker's bean bag?"

"Ask him."

"He must have made a misthrow," said Garrick, "to land it on the roof. But I still don't see what you want of my handkerchief."

"He may ask the porter to get it down for him. The porter will find yours bunched there in its place."

"Oh, what do you want of his? No matter; you say you want it. When? Now?"

"Now," said Donovan.

"Then come forward with me to the first car, and make it snappy. I'll fix it up for you ahead."

When Donovan climbed back into the train somewhat later, Garrick's red bandanna handkerchief was missing from his pocket. Instead a gaudier cloth lay there, of a different pattern, its figures stained with grease. But, on the other hand, the gaudier cloth no longer lay bunched on the roof of the car, but Garrick's bandanna instead, knotted about a handful of selected black lump coal from the tender.

"This is what I brought back with me," said Donovan, loosening the cloth.

The vestibule door had been closed and the trap snapped down. The train was again in motion, gathering speed. The car ahead—a blind baggage—had neither platform nor entrance. Behind them down the train almost every passenger had retired for the night, with the exception of those in the opera party.

Garrick raised his lantern and looked.

"Put it away!" he said quickly. "Are you crazy? That man with the pistol is wandering around somewhere. He might stumble into us."

But Donovan shook his head.

"He's still working at his alibi. I think he will now begin getting hold of a porter. He'll have to; we'll soon be in Fort Wayne."

"And you?"

"I'm not changing my plans," said Donovan. "I have no evidence against him."

The Maumee is not a jewel, but a river in Ohio, and Napoleon not a dead man, but a town straddling that river. Donovan knew that the town was a county seat, for the sheriff of Henry County lived there. A thief had been captured on the Maumee bridge. The sheriff, knowing Donovan of old, had wired asking him to look over a pint or two of diamonds found in the suspect's possession. Donovan was on his way to do so.

He had left his hat and coat in his berth. These he now obtained; and since he did not mean to return, he thrust what he had brought from the roof into his hand bag and took it with him also. Then he went to the smoking room, now empty, to wash up for morning.

Garrick, passing through the train, paused inquiringly. Donovan nodded toward the bag.

"Where's your porter?" the conductor asked.

"Visiting, I think. We're still alone."

"If that crook knew what you had, Donovan, you'd get a knife between the ribs."

"A dumdum slug, more likely. But he doesn't."

"Be a little careful."

"Oh, I'm all right!"

"Yes? Look at yourself in the glass," said Garrick.

Donovan glanced at his reflection in the mirror.

"You caught me that time," he said. "Governor, what a sight! I have some cleaning up to do."

He knew that his hands needed washing, but not that his adventure had left him so completely begrimed. His collar had melted down into a soiled gray rag. His stained shirt sleeves no longer held fellowship with linen. His head and neck were smoke black. His hair, damp still from steam, held soot and cinders until its texture had become indistinguishable. And his lean Irish face! Steam and perspiration, soot and cinders, oil and grease, along with grime from his sticky hands, had combined here and there with the richer smudge of boiler coal to give him the hue of a race from the tropics.

"I look like a coal heaver!"

The conductor passed on and Donovan began upon his task. Filling a wash bowl with hot water, he proceeded to plaster liquid soap upon his hair and neck and smudged face, and into his ears and his eyes.

He was engaged in bringing the whole into a lather when the curtains parted. Again someone had stopped to look into the room. He heard the movement, but he could not see the visitor because of the soap.

"That you, Garrick?"

The next he heard was the familiar voice of Barker.

"Say, mister!" he heard. "Who lives in this car? You?"

"This is my car, yes."

"They tell me she don't go through. Is that right?"

"Right. The car is set out at Fort Wayne. They place it on a siding, so as not to break the sleep of the passengers."

The man's bright eyes seemed perplexed.

"What made the train stop while ago?" he asked.

"We may have struck a block. The Cincinnati train runs just ahead. Or we may have stopped to let somebody off."

"You get gummed up like a boiler room on these fast trains," he said then.

"Soft coal," replied Donovan watchfully.

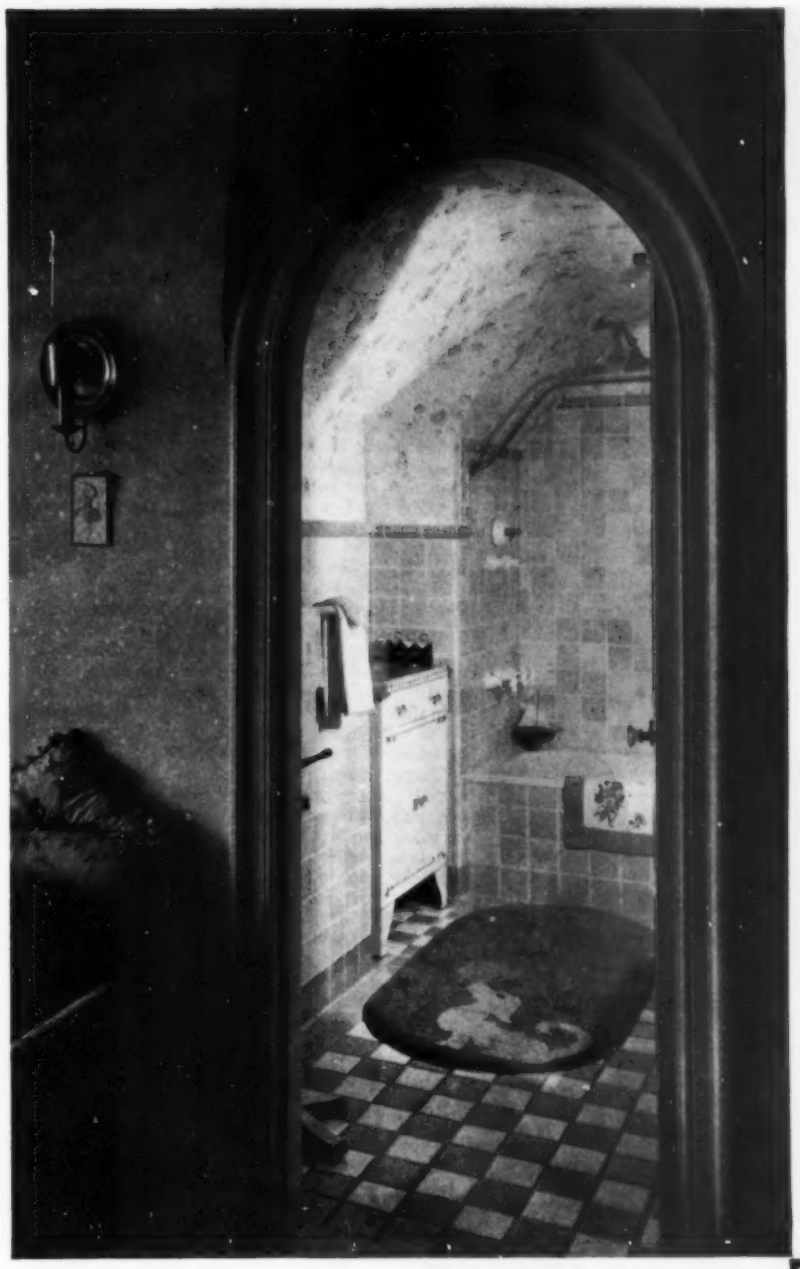
"How did you get it so bad up your arms?"

"That's because I had my coat off."

"What you washing up so soon for?"

"We'll soon be in Fort Wayne," said Donovan.

(Continued on Page 183)



Creamy pink tiles mixed with blue . . . a ceiling of soap bubbles makes a bath to dream about! This one is real and it belongs to a real young man, aged four, who sails a boat in his tub. If you could look, you'd find Zalo here, because it's so safe for a baby's skin.

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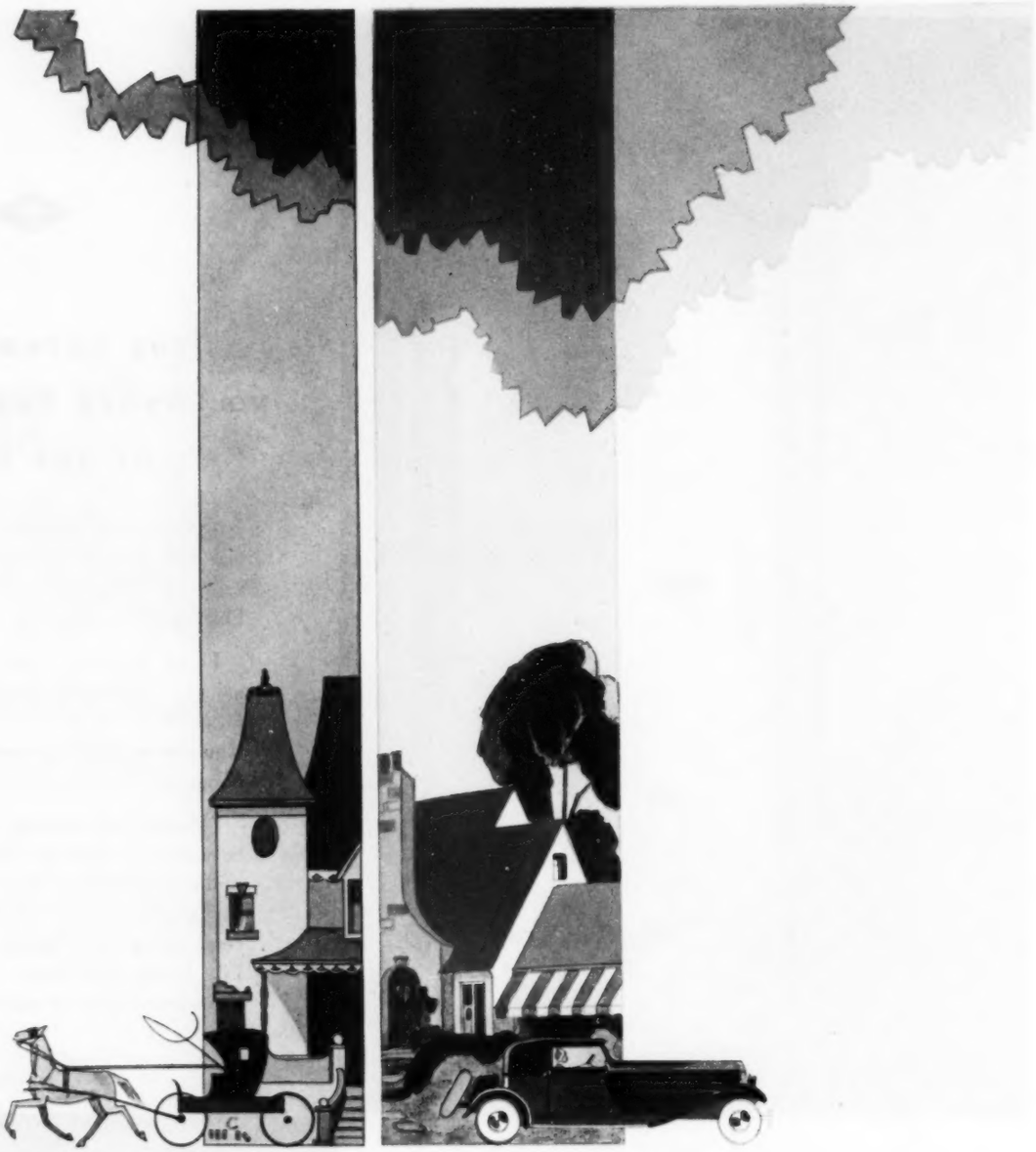

FOUR BILLIONS FOR NEW HOMES

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

JOURNAL readers a generation ago built their houses close to the street—so they could sit out on the front porch in the cool of evening and chat with friends who passed on foot, or wave to those who leisurely drove behind old Dobbin. » Came the motor car—and the JOURNAL planned new houses set back from the pavement. "A house with a lawn in front of it is prettier," we said, but actually we were trying to get away from lights, from dust and noise. In what was left of the back yard we built a garage, and down beside the house a driveway. There was no room for a garden. » » » » » » » » But people want flower plots—color outside as well as inside their homes. And to meet their need the JOURNAL has again planned—Garden Homes. Once more, in 1930, homes are being built close to the street, but the friendly porch where we can sit on summer evenings is out back, in the seclusion of the garden. Inside, the living room, too, faces beauty of our own selection—and on the street front are the garage, the kitchen and the entrance for store deliveries. » » » » Hundreds of thousands of new homes are being built this year at a cost of $4,000,000,000. Many of these will benefit from the architectural service of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, whose complete plans and specifications for Garden Homes, to be built at a cost of $5000 to $8500, are sold at the astonishingly low price of One Dollar.

(Continued from Page 180)

But Barker had asked the questions with a purpose. The reference to Fort Wayne reminded him of that purpose, and he passed on. A little later the porter told Donovan that Barker had accidentally let his bean bag fall on top of the car.

"Now I have to get it down for him with a ladder."

But Donovan changed the subject: "I leaned against something sooty, porter. See if you can brush me down a little. And, porter, I want a blank for a wire."

"Yassuh. Here you are."

"Where do I get the train for Napoleon, leaving at 4:15? Do I have far to go?"

"Just over the tracks. The two roads come in alongside each other. But they won't let you cross."

"This is the message. File it collect at Fort Wayne."

The telegram was addressed to O'Day, and merely stated that Donovan would go on to Napoleon. It ended with the request to arrest the man called Bruner for the theft of the Hyers diamonds.

IV

SOME have them and some have them not. The difference amounts to a vastness. Lazarus, who had them, but remained poor, was invited to make his abode in Abraham's bosom. Dives, who had them not, but grew rich, was invited to live beyond the fixed great gulf, among the gnashers of teeth.

Donovan had them. Instead of looking for a redcap who did not exist at 3:10 in the morning, he had Conductor Garrick pass him across the tracks to his connecting road. Instead of seating himself in the other station beside his bag, he found a thin dime and checked the thing in a patent locker. The act gave him freedom; he could now seek the inner light or he could seek the outer darkness.

He chose the darkness—an inklike cranny among a tangle of trucks beyond the building, where he could breathe.

And the man Barker had them. Barker, untying a red bandanna handkerchief recovered by a porter, had found his diamonds turned into a pound and a half of soft coal; whereupon, possessing brains and a good memory for smudges, he placed his finger upon cause and upon effect, and set out to look for Donovan. The porter innocently helped him by speaking of Donovan's plans. The Pittsburgh train consequently had to leave short one passenger, and lower 7, Car 21, went unoccupied after all.

Brains!

Donovan was not expecting to see Barker again. He had, speaking figuratively, kissed him good-by. If he did see him again, however, he wished to see him first. This is what he did, in fact, do. And because he had acquired a little skill in such matters, he managed to continue watching the man without being seen himself.

"You and I may have to drive the rest of the way," he told his pipe. "The man knows too much. He knows where to look for his diamonds."

Or almost. He knew within fifty feet. Donovan watched his dogged search with alert amusement. When the head of the Barker gang thrust his right hand into his pocket, he thrust his own long fingers down into his own right-hand pocket to cool them against the steel of his own pistol.

And then suddenly Donovan stiffened, so tensely his tendons might have rung like steel wires; so sharply, he stopped midway of a draft at his pipe, leaving the stem full of smoke. Nothing had happened. Barker still wove about, in and out, between the waiting room and the platform. And yet a good deal had happened. A new idea had happened.

"Of course!" he all but cried aloud.

After a little he began framing the new idea into words. Later still, the words overflowed their sentences and he looked about him for an exit. Waiting until Barker again swam from view, he slipped into the deeper shadow which every shadow everywhere contains within itself, and found a stairway to the street. After that he had but to whip round the nearest corner, still keeping at the bottom of his shadow, pass under the tracks and turn to the left, and he had arrived at the other station.

"Can I get a wire through to Napoleon, Ohio, at this hour?" he asked the telegraph man.

But there was no way. The agent at Napoleon was in bed. He could arrive at the window at a quarter of six and still meet the morning train.

"That's out," said Donovan. "Isn't there another railroad?"

"There is, but it won't help you any."

"All right! That's out too. Where can I get hold of a public telephone?"

"Whom do you wish to reach in Napoleon?" asked the telegraph operator then.

Donovan gave the name of a man residing in Washington Street one door east of the courthouse.

"Oh, him! I know that fellow. I don't mean I know him personally, but I certainly do by his title. Everybody knows that man. He will have a telephone."

"I'm catching the 4:15, and I might not get hold of him by then. How does this sound? Suppose I wire him from here. Couldn't you drive through the message by long distance, since you can't get hold of your operator?"

"Sure I could—an emergency message."

"Emergency, then, and this is what it will be."

And he wrote down the sentences he had framed and the words of the overflow beyond.

Donovan's return to his cranny among the trucks, like his departure from it, was made along the bottom of a shadow. But upon reaching his post he became bolder. He lighted another pipe—lighted it openly, without shielding the match with his hand. Barker was not in sight.

Time passed. The Toledo train was announced. The engine backed up to be coupled to its cars. Through the windows of the lighted day coach could be seen the passengers. Traffic that morning was not heavy; he would have no trouble finding a seat, nor would Barker. For he did not doubt that Barker, too, would become a passenger upon the train.

It pleased him to show himself to Barker by going direct to the ticket window. Barker proved to be seated, as Donovan had guessed he would be, upon a bench commanding the central entrance. Donovan received his change; then walking boldly across the room, he inserted his toll key in his locker and removed his bag. After that he went to his train. He seated himself toward the rear of the first coach, right-hand side. His bag he placed upon the floor between his feet.

Time passed—an hour, the better part of another. The conductor took up his ticket. Barker he knew had followed him into the car. But nothing had happened. Then suddenly the man sank into the seat beside him and thrust the muzzle of an automatic against his ribs. The action was covered, but firm.

"Listen, youse!" Barker ripped out venomously from behind his open hand. "I got you dead! Now cough up the ice you grabbed off of the clothesline on me!"

"I thought you were never coming," replied Donovan in his softest voice.

Barker failed to notice either the knots in the remark or the restraint of the smile that accompanied it.

"Put your digits on the seat ahead," he snapped. "Spread 'em wide! Now listen close. Where did you hide them out?"

"Hide what out?"

"The blinders you got on the roof. Say! Do I have to teach the infant class?"

"If you mean the diamonds, you'll find them in my bag, done up in a red handkerchief."

"Keep your other hand where you got it. Now reach down and give me that bag." Donovan obeyed directions. "Now put back your hand. How do you open her up?"

"Lift the latch at each end and press the slide. You can do it with one hand. It isn't necessary to shove your pistol into my ribs with that violence. What if it should go off?"

"You'd be out of luck," snarled Barker.

"In the red handkerchief. That's it. But I must correct you in one respect. You spoke of the diamonds as yours. They are not yours."

"Quit the fanning," said Barker. "Don't chew sounds at all."

The man with the welted scar across his chin tried to peer into the parcel, but the knots were too hard and, after feeling of it, he stowed it away in a pocket.

"You have the jewels," Donovan went on. "You have the bag. What else do you want of me? I'm leaving the train at Napoleon. We're due there now."

"You ain't leaving nothing nowhere, hijacker. You're going on a long ride."

Donovan again smiled a pained smile, and again he spoke in softer tones:

"It looks to me, Barker, or Boker, or Baker, as if you had been losing your sleep. You're talking foolishness."

"Say, who are you, anyhow?"

"You're talking foolishness and acting foolishness. A diamond thief, and no alibi ready? Besides, don't you see, you can't shoot me here. This is out in the country. Where would you go? The Maumee bridge?"

"Cut out the funnimonkey bunk!" Barker commanded. But Donovan noted a look in his bright eyes that had not been there when he sat down.

"Stolen goods, and no alibi ready! Do you call that intelligent? Bruner is already under arrest in Chicago. Yet you blunder ahead. Practically under arrest yourself! Yet you talk about giving me a ride."

"Not by you I ain't!"

"Not by me—true. But by officers of the law. The sheriff of this county is seated behind you at this minute. He had to drive fifteen miles before 5:30 this morning, in order to catch this train; and I suspect his pistol has been covering you as long as yours has me. I should have had him arrest you at the county line, but I couldn't get past your alibi. I couldn't prove you had stolen anything. Now I have you with the goods."

"It's the bunk!" cried Barker.

"You're a fox—in Chicago. Give you an alibi and put wheels under you, you'll do. But not in the country. I have you with the goods. A nod of my head and into the hoosgow you go."

"You got to show me!"

"You're looking at my hands. Look at my head. I am about to nod it—like this!"

The next moment Barker saw his mistake. Even as Donovan spoke came a response from the seat behind.

"Drop that gun on the floor, and drop it quick!" said the sheriff of Henry County.

Barker was out of practice, but he dropped the pistol. The handcuffs followed, and the incident was closed. Or almost closed. As the man was removed from the train the station agent handed the sheriff a telegram addressed in his care to Donovan. The message read as follows:

BRUNER WILL BE ARRESTED BY POLICEMAN PAT GONZALES AT BREAKFAST O'DAY

Donovan passed it to his host. "I had him already arrested."

"What I don't see," said the sheriff over his own breakfast coffee somewhat later—"what I don't see is, how the diamonds could ride into Fort Wayne on the roof of a Pullman when the parcel that Bruner dropped stayed in Chicago."

"The parcel that Bruner dropped didn't," said Donovan. "The parcel the police thought he dropped had been planted in advance. Bruner's diamond parcel fell through to the car roof out of sight. I heard it fall."

"But the tracks are roofed over at Van Buren Street."

"True; but the roof over each track is supplied with an open smoke vent along the center. Bruner dropped the diamonds through this vent."

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each fully automatic and independent of the other

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But Kelvinator engineers have gone further than this in anticipating refrigerating requirements of the future. They have made each of the *four functions* of an electric refrigerator completely automatic and independent of the other.

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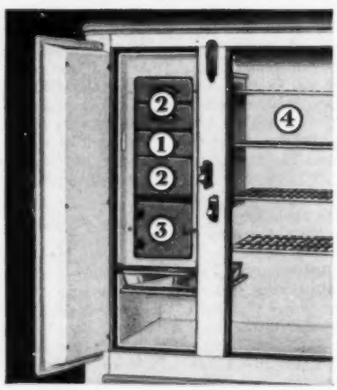

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JUNGLE TO ZOO

(Continued from Page 19)

and I'm afraid it will carry away," he said. "That would be tough luck, but I wouldn't send a man of mine on that deck for a whole zoo."

A year of single-minded effort and a good many thousand dollars had gone into that pachyderm. I had it now on the next to the last stage home and I couldn't stand by and see it sacrificed to Neptune for want of trying. A man was a match stick on that deck when a sea broke over it, but there was a space between waves. In these lulls I crept from ventilator to ventilator and finally to the mast, dodging in the lee of them when a comber smashed on deck. And continuing to use the mast as a buckler and shield, I managed to secure the crate and dodge my way back to the upper decks, wet but undamaged.

"You must like rhinoceroses better than I do," was all that the skipper said.

This Monkey Business

Three weeks later the President Wilson steamed through the Golden Gate. I had radioed ahead for an express car to be attached to that day's Overland Limited, and in three more days one of the rhinos dropped off at Philadelphia, the other was delivered in New York. Doctor Hornaday, Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars and I stood in front of the rhinoceros paddock at the Bronx zoo, an attendant opened the teakwood crate, and out walked a perfect young specimen, one year and one month after they had given me the order.

We walked to Doctor Hornaday's office to settle. "Just how did you come out on the deal?" he asked.

I told him the long story, adding, "You can surmise whether I made any money on it or not." Without further words he called Philadelphia and asked for Doctor Penrose.

When they had congratulated each other on their acquisitions, Doctor Hornaday said, "You and I know pretty well how Frank came out. I want to give him a present. Are you with me?"

"Whatever you give we will duplicate," Philadelphia replied. "Make your check for double and we will remit our half."

Doctor Hornaday signed his name to an order for $2000 bonus and handed it to me with his compliments. These two animals are commonly agreed to be the most valuable wild specimens in America. In his recent book, Animals in the Zoo, Dr. W. Reid Blair, Hornaday's successor at the Bronx zoo, rated the Indian rhinoceros as its most-prized possession, and C. Emerson Brown, director of the Philadelphia zoo, told me the other day that he had refused an offer of $10,000 for their specimen, from a German animal importer. Mr. Brown set its value at between $12,000 and $15,000.

An adult orang-utan thoroughly acclimated to a new diet and climate might bring a comparable sum, but such a case is more hypothetical than actual, so quickly do they die in the few instances in which they ever reach these shores. Most of the orangs that survive ocean transit are babies, and the mortality rate among these in captivity is discouragingly high.

The Philadelphia zoo has just about broken a record by keeping Maggie, an adult female orang, for six years. During that time she has lost two husbands, and a child born in captivity, the first instance of the latter in America. The baby lived a year and died of spinal meningitis. Two years ago the same zoo acquired Orphant Annie, then only four months old. Her mother and twin sister died on the steamer coming from Asia, but auburn-haired Annie appears to be flourishing.

Even more so with gorillas, which I never have handled—most of my collecting having been confined to Asia. No adult gorilla has been captured alive in so far as I know; certainly no zoo ever has possessed an adult. There is a young one at Bronx Park, another at Philadelphia. The latter, Bamboo, was eleven months old and weighed ten pounds when received in the summer of 1927. Raised on the bottle and cherished like a royal princeling, Bamboo now weighs fifty pounds and may yet live to be the only gorilla brought to maturity in a cage. A chimpanzee that traveled from Africa with it, and has been its companion ever since, may account, in part, for the Philadelphia zoo's success with Bamboo, for all the great apes pine for company. Insured for $6000 when received, this gorilla is worth greatly more today.

Yet the orang is easily caught by the natives of Borneo. This manlike ape has a weakness for that high-smelling fruit of the East Indies, the durian, as has his cousin, the Borneo native, and, often, the white man who has lived long out there. The natives mark the durian trees and, given an inducement, will lie in wait at a choice one until a party of orangs raid it. Then they spear a female and capture a suckling babe. A woman nursing a young orang at her breast is a not uncommon sight in Borneo. I once saw a child at one breast of a Dyak woman and a baby orang at the other. The orang was as gentle as the child, and as peevish if it was not carried when tired.

I can go through a Borneo jungle with a party of Dyaks and see a good-sized orang swinging through the tree tops faster than a man can run, and some distance off. Yet if I say that I want that particular ape, in one to three days the Dyaks will bring him in.

The orang builds itself a shelter in the tree tops. He moves frequently, but the natives will know the location of every one of those in their vicinity. Given an order for a specific animal, the whole village will surround the tree, yelling, beating on pans, building fires and making such a terrifying racket that the ape will hide in his shelter. All the surrounding trees into which he might leap are then methodically cut down, and they either wait until he is forced down by hunger or thirst, or chop down his own tree. The orang is clumsy on the ground, and they entangle him in a mass of rattan netting woven in advance. One or two natives may be severely bitten before he is trussed up, but that is all in the game.

Once I had the largest orang ever captured, which had been trapped by shrewder means. The big fellow went to sleep in the North Borneo jungle and woke in a cage on the docks at Jesselton with a headache and no idea of what had happened to him.

A Prize Orang-Utan

I was spending the night at the Raffles Hotel at Singapore instead of, as usual, at my compound. In the early morning, Ali pounded excitedly on my door. Ali was my No. 1 boy in Singapore. He had traded in zoölogical specimens all his life and knew more about animals, birds and snakes than any other professional I ever dealt with. A Hagenbeck-Wallace menagerie man had brought him to America once years ago, and he had traveled with the circus for two seasons. I tried often to persuade him to cross the Pacific again with me, but he would shake his head. "Too much noise, too much hurry-up," he objected. I leave my boys at the Angel Island immigration station at San Francisco, and later they return as deck passengers.

Ali's news this morning was that a tremendous orang had arrived at the Tanyon Pagar docks. I scrambled into my clothes and found the ship, a little British inter-island steamer just in from British North Borneo. In a cage lashed to a mast was an orang that measured eight feet and a half from finger tip to finger tip, and thirteen inches across the face, in the custody of five Borneo Malays. They had heard that I was in Singapore and had hurried over with their catch.

The ape was furious, but in perfect condition, and while Ali saw to hauling him away to the compound I stayed aboard to talk to the Malays.

"Tell me; how did you manage to catch such a big 'man of the forest'?" I asked them, that being the literal meaning of orang-utan.

"Well, Tuan, we played a mean trick on the old man," they grinned, and went on to tell how they had located him in his tree-top shelter and had sat down to think out a better way of snaring him than the traditional method. It was the dry season and the orang was forced to travel a distance for water. So they put a small tub of water at the base of the tree and hid in the jungle to watch.

He came down at length, sniffed suspiciously at the tub, regarded it a while, then kicked it over and ran up the tree. They patiently refilled the tub, and at the fourth trial he drank his fill.

The Trick Played on Tuan

The next day they added a little *arric*, the fiery Bornean gin—every land has its fiery native gin—to the water. The orang drank it. Each day they increased his dose of *arric* and he continued to drink. When they felt that he was ready for it, they filled the tub with straight *arric*. He slid down the tree, sat down beside the tub, took a swallow, rinsed his mouth and spit it out. He regarded the tub thoughtfully for a time, then began to drink slowly and drained the last drop.

But when he was halfway up the tree again, the gin began to get in its work, for he paused, slid back to the ground and looked bewildered. It was the tree that was acting giddily, he seemed to decide, for he picked up a log and swung it angrily against the tree trunk until the log broke. At this, he turned away and started walking across a clearing.

Coming to a fallen tree, he put his hands on it to support himself, raised one leg to step over and fell down dead drunk. The Malays made sure that he was out of action, then fell on him like the Lilliputians on Gulliver and trussed him up. They gave him sugar cane as a pick-me-up, and cassava root, bananas and sweet potatoes to eat, and he was himself again by the time I made his acquaintance.

All savage and semi-savage peoples are cruel to animals, but they know how to care for them well enough when it pays them to do so.

My Chinese carpenter built the "old man" a new box, larger than a tiger cage, and stronger, with a seat and a chinning bar for his convenience. I was not ready to sail for two or three months more, by which time he was eating boiled rice, bread, carrots, sweet potatoes and raw eggs, and thriving on the new diet. Usually, when an orang is nursed past this drastic change, he will survive for some time.

We left Singapore with a large collection, changed at Hong-Kong to the President Cleveland, and from Kobe I cabled my San Francisco agent that I had a record-breaking adult orang to sell for $5000. At Yokohama I got a reply stating that the Ringling circus would pay $4000 and accept delivery on the dock, relieving me of further risk; so I accepted. But between Honolulu and San Francisco one morning I found the orang dying of dysentery, for all my care, and we buried him at sea.

Another time I brought a smaller, younger adult orang successfully in. I had been in Dallas, Texas, selling the city a complete zoo. I was eight months in collecting the order and delivering it in person. It included a pair of tigers, a pair of leopards, a pair of young orangs, an elephant, a twenty-four-foot python, cobras, many monkeys and other small animals, and a large lot of birds.

Al G. Barnes was playing Dallas with his circus when I took the order. I had sold him the bulk of his menagerie and he told

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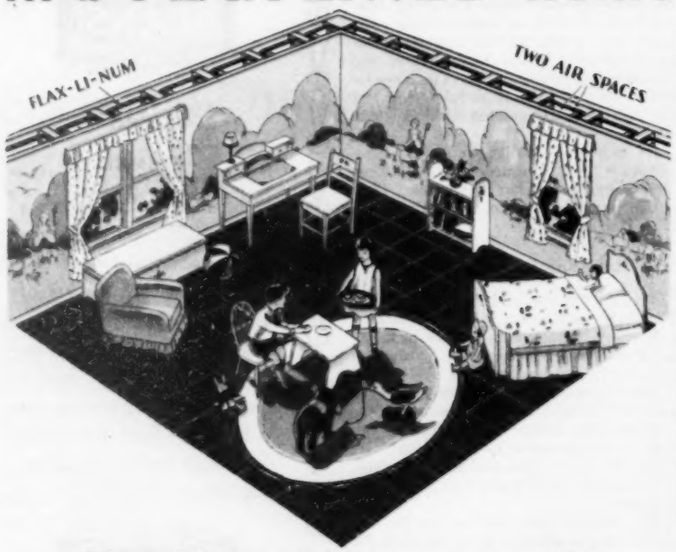

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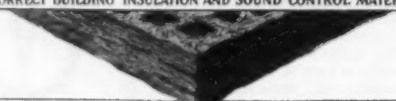

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me that he wished an adult orang that could be exhibited in the ring; one big enough to cause talk and tame enough for safety. No tricks would be necessary; to lead him about would be enough.

It was a hard order. Apart from the difficulty of bringing them in alive, big orangs are wild and formidable beasts. I found only little fellows offered in Singapore, went on to India on other business, and was back in Singapore and loading the Dallas collection when one of my boys told me that a Chinese trader on Rochore Road had a fair-sized orang. It was not long out of the jungle, and wild, but I bought it with Barnes in mind.

Liking animals as I do, I have had luck in taming some of the meanest. In three months' time I have been able to reach between the bars and stroke the fur of tigers which would not let me approach the cage when first bought. True, I have gentled no black leopards. Kindness is thrown away on these Malay cats. Twice aboard ship I have been clawed painfully by them when I got too close to a cage, and I have had my clothing torn many times. They watch their chance and reach through the bars if you grow absent-minded. Another time, on the Bearport, one of my boys had his cheek laid open to the teeth by the same animal striking through the bars. But the orang has no such vicious nature; there was a long voyage ahead, and I might be able to win its confidence a little.

It was a big shipment and I had only one boy, Lal, so I hired a helper from among the sailors, as I often do. The mate suggested the carpenter, a big native American and the bully of the forecastle; Chips having more spare time than most of the deck crew. A few days out, I decided to take the orang out of its crate, get a chain and collar on it and tie it to a deck stanchion while the weather still was warm, gradually accustoming it to partial freedom and the nearness of men. So I called in Chips.

"There is only one way we can work this," I explained. "We will knock the front of the cage out. I will reach in, grab the ape by one wrist and start pulling him out. You must grab the other wrist quickly. We will stretch his arms and Lal will snap the collar around his neck from the rear. Then we can let go together and jump back.

"Now, it will take muscle to hold him stretched out long enough for the boy to drop the collar on him. If I should let go he could sever your wrist with one bite. But I am not going to let go. How about you? The same would go for me if you let go."

"Don't worry about me," the carpenter bragged. "I'll hold up my end."

Down for a Long Count

The cage was on deck, and we pried off the iron bars with a crowbar. The orang came out without pulling. As he came I grasped one wrist, the carpenter the other, and we pulled in opposite directions, all according to plan. But the ape twisted and bobbed his head so frantically in his efforts to get at us with his teeth that Lal could not get the collar on its neck. The orang struggled, Lal dodged, the carpenter heaved, and I heaved and cussed Lal. The strain was beginning to tell on Chips and me. Suddenly I saw him go white and knew instantly that he was going to let go. He did. I followed an instant later.

I jumped back and the orang came after me with his great arms stretched to enfold me. These apes fight only with their teeth, using their arms to pull their victims in toward them. I might have got away by running, in which case we should have had a loose orang-utan on deck. The time to catch him was then, not later, I concluded. His reach was much greater than mine, but the orang is not a boxer; so, as he was about to grab me, I closed in and started a long right uppercut from my shoestrings flush for his jaw. He did just what a man would have done—dropped for the count and more. Lal snapped the collar around his neck, we doused a bucket of water on the ape, and he came to to find himself tied to a stanchion by a short length of chain.

It was a calm, sunny passage and the orang remained on deck. I began at once to feed him by hand with bananas, canned milk, eggs, and to honey up to him. Thirty days later, when Barnes met the steamer at San Francisco, he found the orang and me standing arm in arm on deck. The circus man bought the ape and a large bill of goods. I never knew how long it survived that hard life.

Monkeys are a bread-and-butter staple of the animal trade, of course. The rhesus monkey of India, with the capuchin of South America, is the monk of pet-shop commerce. The former abounds in parts of India, and catching it, principally with nets, is a regular trade. In the interior, a rhesus may be bought for as little as a rupee; in Calcutta, from a dealer, they cost four to six rupees each. They ship well and I transport them in a standard box, twenty-five to the container. I have shipped as many as 750 at once—these on a monthly order which my San Francisco agent had from the Rockefeller Institute, which uses them in bacteriological experimental work.

A Monkey-Catching Game

I once was bringing in a large lot of monkeys on the Santa Cruz, a passenger ship. The cages were stacked aft and lightly lashed, the weather being mild. A sudden gale blew up, the two top cages fell off and crashed open, and fifty monkeys were loose. In a minute they were all over the ship—in the passenger and crew quarters, in the rigging, raiding the cook's galley and the vegetable locker, and playing hob with ship routine. Someone advanced the smart suggestion that we offer a prize to the passenger catching the most monkeys, which we did, thereby entertaining the passengers and recovering our monkeys.

The rarest simian I ever brought back was a proboscis monkey—the only specimen ever to reach the United States alive. The only other specimen to be taken out of Borneo alive, to my knowledge, was one presented to the Prince of Wales in Singapore for the London zoo. It died en route. The proboscis, which, as its name suggests, has a nose the like of Cyrano's, subsists largely on the leaves of a few jungle trees, and no proper substitutes are known for these leaves.

I picked up a pair at Pontianak, on the west coast of Borneo, part of a dugout load of small animals brought down the river by a party of Dyaks, and got one as far as San Francisco. Wiring Doctor Hornaday of what I had, he telegraphed back to send it on at once. The monkey was dead within an hour after his reply came, the only instance in my experience of an animal literally grieving itself to death—as so many have done in fiction.

The pair were so rare that when we reached Singapore, Ali would not trust them to the boys at the compound, but kept them at his house. The male died after a sick spell, and just before we sailed, the female bore a child. Both thrived on the trip to Hong-Kong, the infant nursing and the mother eating boiled rice and watercress, a quantity of which we brought along in the ship's cold room.

We shifted at Hong-Kong to the President Wilson, which had a Filipino deck crew that trip. I have spent much of the past sixteen years aboard ship and got along amicably with an assortment of sailors, but the Filipino bos'n of this transpacific liner broke that record. Dress a Filipino of the working class in a little brief authority and, it is my observation, he will make, if not the angels weep, then all who deal with him. We were not *simpatico* from the beginning, and it became necessary for me to rise at five o'clock every morning when the decks were washed down, to see that he did not give my charges a salt-water bath. One morning he did give some of them a good wetting and I told him a few things. Then I told the mate. Captain

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

Nelson heard about it, hailed the bos'n before the mast and gave him what-for.

The bos'n put his dignity before his job and the next morning, in revenge, the proboscis-monkey cage was afloat. The weather was shivery, the baby was drenched and, inevitably, it died. Thereafter the mother sat in the back of her box with her head sunk on her chest and scarcely moved all day, refusing to eat. She lived out the voyage, but died the day after we landed.

I have brought back probably 100,000 birds, many rare and wonderful, but the bulk of them ornamental and singing cage birds destined to be house pets. Birds first drew me into collecting, but the bird business is not what it was. It has been caught, going and coming. Australia and New Guinea, sources of the most gorgeous feathers in nature, have put an embargo on their exportation, and the United States recently has put a high tariff on imports of live birds. Not, it is true, to protect the higher standards of living of the native robin from the pauper labor of the shama thrush, but for a reason nearly as absurd in my opinion.

The Embargo on Bird Exports

There is a 50-cent specific duty on every bird valued at less than five dollars, and 20 per cent ad valorem on all above that. The united canary breeders sponsored the schedule. I doubt that we breed 1 per cent of the canaries sold here, the remainder coming from Germany, where canaries are an industry; but whatever the merits of the canary case, there is no thought of breeding commercially in this continent the birds in which I deal.

The strawberry finch, the cheapest and smallest of the foreign finches, is a case in point. They are gay and lovely pets, and are caught in nets by the thousands in Northern India, where they cost from two to eight cents each. The wholesaler in this country paid thirty to fifty dollars a hundred and they retailed at three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents a pair. Since a duty has been levied on them, their retail price has been driven up to five and six dollars a pair.

The shama thrush is another leader in my bird line. He comes from the approaches of the Himalayas and is the world's finest singer in tone, volume and variety. They are caught only as fledglings on the nest, and reared by hand by the natives until two to three months old. They must be shipped only in the cool season and in individual compartments. My standard container is of bamboo, with five one-foot sections, a thrush to each foot, whereas I ship a hundred to two hundred finches in one box.

The retailer asks from twenty-five to thirty dollars and puts aside an especially fine singer for a wealthy customer, charging him as high as seventy-five dollars.

The most beautiful of the finches, the red-face and the black-face Lady Gould, come, or came, from Australia, as did many other exquisite finches. They used to be shipped out on the San Francisco steamers in lots of from 1000 to 5000. Wholesalers here paid $175 to $200 a hundred. By the time they reached the pet shops the price tag was six dollars and fifty cents to eight dollars each. There is an absolute embargo on them now. Only a signed order from a zoo, countersigned by the nearest commercial agent of the Australian Government, will procure one. The sole commercial source is an occasional bird smuggled into Singapore by a Chinese sailor or steward, and the price asked is ten times what it was.

Australia and New Guinea did well to protect their bird life. Bird skins once were a principal export of New Guinea and more than one Chinese and Dutch trader lost his head in following the trade in the cannibal interior. The Audubon Society and Doctor Hornaday together put an end to the American demand by securing a law prohibiting the importation of any wild-bird feather, but fashion did the most to stop the slaughter. Before birds ceased to be smart on Nellie's hat, the crowned pigeon was all but annihilated. Now, both in Dutch and Australian New Guinea, the export of birds of paradise and other prized varieties is subject to much the same embargo as cited in Australia.

The rarer pheasants are among the highest-priced birds, the Impeyan and the crimson tragopan of the Himalayas and the argus of the Malay country in particular. Many go to fanciers who propagate them. The Impeyan is the most difficult to transplant and a breeder must pay from $150 to $250 a pair for them.

The great black cockatoo of the New Guinea mountains is the rarest bird I ever imported, and mine was the first to be brought to America. I got it from a *pasar burong*—bird bazaar—in Macassar, in the Celebes. What its previous history was I do not know, but knowing the East Indies, I can make a fair guess.

A savage boy, son of head hunters, somewhere in the interior of this still-unexplored island, spied a nest in a hollow tree, climbed the trunk and took out a squab. He cut a leg band of coconut shell for the bird, fastened it to a perch about his father's stilt hut and gathered food for it in the jungle daily, or when he remembered.

The Rarest of All

A year or two passed and a Chinese trader poled his way up the river, trading dingle-dangles and gimcracks for anything he might dispose of at a profit—as these Chinese traders do on every river in the East Indies. Wherever they go, incidentally, these Chinese breed, and always they improve the race. Virtually all the superior natives of the tropical East have Chinese blood.

The trader saw the bird and the boy, caught the boy's eye with a shiny pocketknife that had cost the Chinaman a dime, possibly, and they traded even. He passed the bird on to another trader, the second to a third, each doubling his money, until by sampan, prau and Dutch paketbot it came to Macassar, where I saw it in a street bazaar.

In its wild state, this cockatoo lives chiefly on kanari nuts—a shell of hickory-like hardness and thickness. He has a saw-like beak with which he cuts open the nuts. This particular bird was weak and drooping from lack of proper food and care, and the odds were against my bringing him back alive. I experimented and found he liked dried watermelon seeds and similar foods, and he was healthy and cheerful before we reached San Francisco, using my finger as a perch whenever he was permitted.

I left him in San Francisco with my agent while I took a shipment on to the Bronx zoo. On the train I got a wire from the agent saying that John Wanamaker had offered $600 for the bird. I sold and Wanamaker installed it as a show exhibit in the bird shop of his New York store. After a time the store sold it for $1000 to G. Washington, the prepared-coffee manufacturer, who then had the finest private aviary in America at his Long Island home. Kenyon V. Painter, of Cleveland, now is credited with that distinction.

Zoos of All Sorts

So the bird which a New Guinea boy, who probably never had seen a white man, traded for a cheap pocketknife, far up such an Eastern river as that where Conrad's Lord Jim expiated his sin of cowardice, finally sold for $1000 in a New York department store and went to a Long Island estate to preen its feathers.

Such private collectors increase in number with the wealth of the country, and have become an important outlet for dealers. A Chicago coal operator has a private zoo at his country place near Holland, Michigan, the equal of those of many smaller cities. It includes an elephant and an African rhinoceros. Frank Phillips, Bartlesville oil producer, has many of the rarest ruminants known to man on his Oklahoma ranch, while the greatest private collection of wild animals in the world is one detail of W. R. Hearst's vast and altogether extraordinary domain at San Simeon on the California coast. In the bird trade, however, the backbone continues to be the household with a cage in the window bay.

Going to see the animals is one of the few diversions of our fathers to survive in this nervous age. It has done more. Public zoos are multiplying, fortunately for the wild-animal trade. No city can longer pretend to the title without some attempt at a menagerie, and towns that would not have dreamed of more than a few head of deer before the war, now maintain respectable zoos. My own San Angelo on the West Texas cattle plains asked me for details the last time I was home.

The three greatest public zoos in America today probably are the Bronx Park, the Philadelphia and the St. Louis. Detroit recently has opened a notable one, and Chicago intends to have the world's largest and finest in time for its 1933 World's Fair. Mrs. Harold McCormick donated 160 acres surrounded by Cook County forest reserve, a Zoölogical Society was formed with John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, at its head, and a mill tax passed.

It will be a cageless zoo like those in Hamburg and Balboa Park, San Diego, and without comparison in variety of exhibits and extent. The tangled state of Chicago and Cook County finances has held up the work, but only temporarily. If I get the order I hope to from them, I shall be more than a year in the field in filling it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Buck and Mr. Stout. The second will appear in an early issue.

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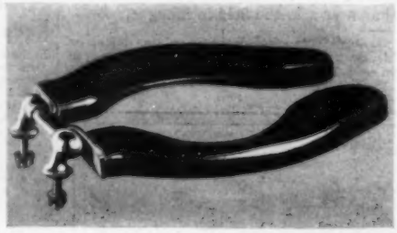

CHURCH *sani*-SEATS

"TOILET SEATS FOR BETTER BATHROOMS"

HAPPY LANDINGS

(Continued from Page 33)

know, so long as they're sober, they can get away with the Ritzy thing like a breeze. But there's many a girl, as the evening wears on and the bootleg goes from bad to worse, expresses herself unexpectedly. Same as you'll find modernistic furniture downstairs and that high-hat magazine that they say the editor writes all the articles for himself—you know the one I mean."

"I know the one you mean," said Eve. "Lillian, you're marvelous!"

"Well, I keep my head," said Lillian modestly, "and I use my eyes and ears. About the furniture and the magazine, I was going to say—upstairs on the little table beside the bed there'll be something really interesting. And that's what I mean about Hollywood. It's under an awful strain all the time to keep up a front. What with newspapers and authors and one graft and another, it's no easy thing to throw a good party any more, and that's the truth. Of course, as I say, parties get thrown, but it's nervous work. The boy friend," she concluded with a comfortable stretch and a wide yawn, "says wild parties here are like wild parties anywhere else—Honolulu, Shanghai, Paris, New York, or what have you. Only here the liquor is worse and the women better-looking."

Eve said, "I'm just as glad I'm not in it. I came out here to work."

"That's the way to look at it!" said Lillian approvingly. "In about five years, when you're packing 'em in from New York to Tokio, these jazz babies that are making so much whoopee now will be on their way to the storeroom with their swan beds under their arms. You wait and see!"

"That's the most anyone can do, in any case," said Eve.

She found Lillian comforting, if not exactly subtle, unquestionably a straight shooter, and loyal. Eve felt she might well have gone farther and fared worse for company.

All of May and a part of June she worked desperately hard. She came home at night so exhausted it did not seem to her that, with morning so near, she would ever be able to begin again. Sometimes there was night work, beginning at seven and going endlessly on till eight or nine of the next day. Timberlake did what he could to make things easy for her, to the point, Eve felt, of arousing considerable comment among the other members of the cast, but he also drove her—as he did everyone he directed—with an indomitable and ruthless will. If a scene did not please him in three repetitions, he did not stop at three.

Eve wrote Jimmy Sutherland:

I have never encountered such inhuman patience, such absolutely unrelenting insistence on detail. We used to think—you and I and a lot of others in the high-hat East, Jimmy—that movies were made by morons in plus-fours and sport shirts, with megaphones in their good right hands, a perfect vacuum under their tweed caps. Old dear, we didn't know the half of it. It takes a superman to direct. I can't begin to tell you ——

She had a feeling, after mailing that letter, that perhaps she had begun to tell him a trifle too much. It didn't surprise her when she got no answer.

She thought her enthusiasms had hopelessly annoyed and disgusted him. What did amaze her almost beyond speech, what staggered her unbelievably was, on coming in one evening from the studio, with her hair damp on her head, her legs limp with weariness, to find Jimmy Sutherland waiting for her. Jimmy had a cigarette between his fingers, a tall glass at his elbow, and Lillian, in a fresh green-and-white print, with her fair hair drawn back from her bland white brow, carefully curling around her rosy ears, was languidly playing the perfect hostess.

"Look who's here!" said Lillian. She had an irreducible stock of such pleasantly outworn clichés, which she employed always with entire faith in their freshness and pertinence.

Jimmy said, "Well, don't look as if you were seeing a ghost!"

He put out his hand and Eve gave him both hers with a little shaken cry of delight. For a moment, of course, she had seen a ghost when she looked at him. All those days and nights of rehearsing for Jimmy in What Luck. . . .

Of course, when she saw Jimmy she saw ghosts. Still, she was absurdly glad to lay eyes once more on his sallow, rather sharp-featured face, with its keen, humorous eyes, with its smart little black mustache.

She said, "Jimmy, this is none of you! So far from Times Square? I won't believe it!"

"Don't kid me!" said Jimmy, grinning.

Lillian gave the show away bluntly, "He's going to do a picture with Murray and Martin."

Jimmy Sutherland directing a tramp act—half of it in blackface!

"I don't believe you," said Eve flatly.

"It's a fact," said Jimmy. He put Eve down in his chair. She felt delightfully at home and taken care of. Jimmy and Lillian had already the air of childhood cronies. "Don't kid me, Eve," said Jimmy once more, finding himself another chair, looking a trifle sheepish. "You see, things are pretty dead on Broadway just now. It's been a terrible year."

"Of course," murmured Eve soothingly.

Jimmy gave her a shrewd, sidewise look, finished abruptly: "I need the money."

"Don't we all?" sighed Eve.

"It's just an experiment," said Jimmy. "Just a wild shot."

"I never dreamed you'd come to it."

Jimmy said grimly, "Every man has his price."

She inquired gently, "Did you get yours, darling?"

He retorted, "Here I am!"

She was glad to see Jimmy—no denying that. He brought things back to her. Life had been moving so fast, since that night when What Luck rose and sank upon a definitely disinterested world, Eve hadn't had much time to sit remembering. Now she looked at Jimmy, and the objective world dimmed and drifted away from her. After all, all of her life had not been getting to the studio at nine in the morning; Timberlake's compelling eyes, his brusque voice that found so strange an answer in her own uncontrollable vibrations; blazing lights; her own voice startling against inhuman silences. . . .

"When do you start work, Jimmy?" she asked him suddenly.

Jimmy said he understood inside of a week. Comedy stuff, of course, he said, but not black-face. He said again it was just an experiment.

"Of course," said Eve. She made him stay to dinner.

During dinner Lillian said, "Jed Traill was here about five, Eve—just for a minute. He came to bring you a book. It's on the table."

"Jed Traill ——" said Sutherland, cocking an eyebrow.

Eve said: "Terribly nice man. You'll have to meet him, Jimmy. He's got a contract with National Players too. In a picture with Jack Carman." She didn't say exactly what Traill was doing in the picture. And why she thus presented him to Sutherland's notice in the guise of a successful and prosperous artist, she didn't herself quite know.

"Meet him out here?" asked Sutherland carelessly.

"Why, yes," said Eve. Another relative evasion without reason. "But he's from New York, Jimmy. Last year he was in stock, in Providence."

"We're little black sheep that have gone astray," said Jimmy Sutherland ruefully—"the whole lot of us!"

Later that week he met Traill at dinner with Lillian and Eve, and liked him. That,

(Continued on Page 193)

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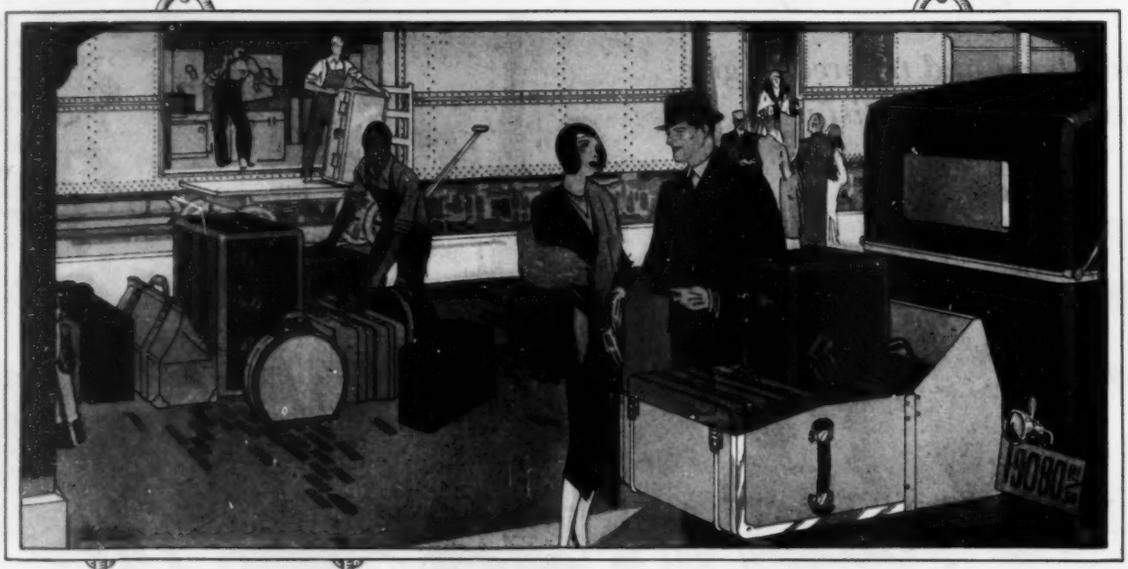

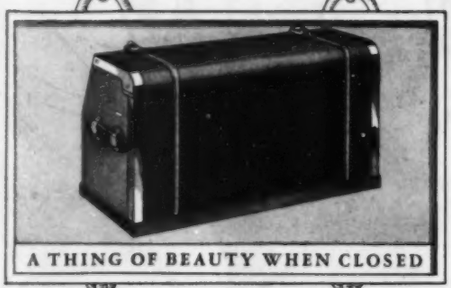

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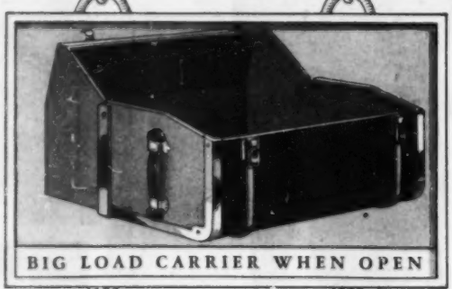

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KARI-KEEN

(Continued from Page 190)

at least, was one of Eve's reassurances. It troubled her somewhat that Timberlake and Traill had made no sort of contact. Since, without emotional bias, she liked them both. And since there were not, after all, so many people about whom one cared enormously. Still, it would have surprised and unquestionably annoyed her if she could have listened to Sutherland, walking down with Traill after they had left the cottage, to his room in Hollywood; because Sutherland, with more sincerity than subtlety, tried Traill out on the subject of Timberlake when Eve's door had barely closed behind them.

"I gather," he said, "you don't give this red-headed Nero much more than I do."

"Why, I don't know that I ——" began Traill.

His drawl was no match for Sutherland's staccato summings up: "Nothing you said. That's all right! A lot you didn't say when Eve was laying a wreath on him at dinner."

"Eve's a great admirer of Timberlake's," said Traill guardedly.

"She's a wonderful girl," said Sutherland. He did not look at Traill as he said it, so missed the sharp down-drawing of one corner of Traill's mouth in response to that. "She's a swell kid, but she's a born hero worshiper. And our friend at the National Players is making a lot of capital out of that, if I'm not mistaken."

Traill said, "She finds him very satisfactory as a director."

Said Sutherland, "Yeah? I wonder how he finds her?"

"More than satisfactory in her work, I should imagine," said Traill stiffly. Sutherland laughed and reached for his cigarettes.

"Don't mistake me!" he said. "I know Eve; there's not a straighter nor sweeter gal in show business. She's the queen of her sex, but she's a born romantic. Y' know what I mean? To be happy, a woman's got to be hard at the core. The cards are stacked against her when she starts, and it takes a cool head and a lot of ruthlessness for a woman to play her game and win. Eve can't be ruthless. She hasn't got it in her."

"Thank heaven!" said Traill abruptly, and as abruptly broke off.

Sutherland gave no indication of surprise. He went on calmly, "That's all right for people that haven't any ax to grind with her—like you and me. She's safe with us—so far as any one human being is ever safe with another"; he inserted that with a grin. "But this Timberlake guy—I knew, the night Thomas brought him back to her dressing room, the first time she ever set eyes on him—I knew he'd throw the hooks into her. Y' see, Eve's a hybrid; she's half born actress and the other half born lover."

Traill made some slight inarticulate sound of protest perhaps, perhaps dissension. They were turning into a more brightly lighted street, and he said suddenly: "My place is just over there. Will you come up for a drink?"

"Much obliged," said Sutherland. They crossed the street and turned in at the dingy entrance of a small grayish hotel.

Traill said to the clerk at the desk, getting his room key, "Send up some ice and a couple of bottles of ginger ale, will you?"

His room was small and bare, but ascetically tidy. One window, opening on an airless court. Ties on a rack beside the dressing table. One or two books and an alarm clock on a table beside the bed. Across the foot of the bed an old dark-blue-flannel dressing gown. Not a photograph, no personal data whatever. It might have been the room of a monk with military training.

"Well," said Sutherland after the necessary preliminaries, lifting his glass.

"Happy landings!" returned Traill absently, and lifted his.

Sutherland said, "How's that? Isn't that a new one?"

"Air Service toast," said Traill. He smiled—or his mouth smiled. His eyes turned noncommittal suddenly. He looked at the window. Walked over to it and jerked up the shade. "Been rather hot today, hasn't it?"

"You an old Air Service man?" inquired Sutherland interestedly.

"At one time," said Traill. His manner dropped the subject as definitely as if it had been cigarette ash. He offered the pack he habitually carried.

"Smoke these?"

"Thanks," said Sutherland.

Traill gave him a light, lit his own; they sat smoking and drinking together, worlds apart.

"Nice little place you've got here," said Sutherland. "Lord—how I hate a clutter!"

"That's one thing I haven't got," drawled Traill.

"About Timberlake ——" said Sutherland.

"Oh, yes. Well ——" said Traill, staring at the opposite wall.

Sutherland said, slowly and thoughtfully: "He thinks he'll get at Eve, the woman, through Eve, the actress—if you see what I mean. I give him credit for that much. He's hipped on his new game—the talking pictures. The world's tenth wonder! He thinks if he can find an actress who's had her voice trained in the theater, but who's still young enough and good-looking enough to face the cameras—Eve's got all of that ——"

"And more," said Traill quietly.

"Yeah, she's good," said Sutherland. "Well, then, he thinks he can take her and make the big talkie star out of her. . . . What?"

"I see," said Traill. "He's been pushing her, of course."

"Why wouldn't he," said Sutherland, "when to what she's already got in the way of equipment he adds what he flatters himself he can teach her?"

Traill only looked a question at that, set his glass down on the floor beside his chair, reached for another cigarette.

"As I say," wound up Sutherland, with the confidence of any amateur psychiatrist in the infallibility of his own diagnosis, "through the actress he expects to get at the woman; then, through the woman, he expects to develop the actress. Nice vicious little circle, eh?"

"What makes you think ——" began Traill.

Sutherland said briefly, "I've been directing for about ten years myself."

Traill offered him another drink. He refused it. "Got to be running along," he said. He lingered, having got as far as the doorway. "I don't suppose—well, if you have any influence with Eve you might ——"

"Sorry, but I'm afraid I haven't," said Traill. "In any case, I shouldn't presume ——"

"That's the worst of you Southern colonels," said Sutherland, grinning dryly—"all etiquette and inhibitions! By the way, what was your rank? Were you in France during the war?"

"Three years. Lieutenant," said Traill. "Mind the stairs, Sutherland. They're dark as hell and twice as slippery."

XIV

UNTIL the picture of the city girl was done, Eve worked harder than she had ever worked before in her life; but with compensation in the fact that she felt herself from day to day getting a better hold on the new medium. Her voice grew daily more accustomed to the muted, controlled inflections which the microphone exacted. She learned to accomplish for herself, in her make-up, the certain slight, but significant, accentuation of her personality which Timberlake required of her. And as if the make-up went beneath the skin, she took on within herself a quality of deeper color, warmer tone. She gave more easily and more fully from a reserve of emotional reaction which seemed increasingly to channel out for itself a stronger flow.

True, she thought sometimes to herself: "Am I only losing the finer shadings? Am I only vulgarizing?" But then she thought of Timberlake's keen eyes, his slow, discriminating smile, and any doubts she might have known faded out. He held her charmed and compelled by the ardor of his faith in the thing he was doing, the way in which he was doing it. Other men seemed all too futile and unfocused beside his vital flame.

When at last the picture was done, she felt as if something had gone out of her life. She lay abed late in the morning for days, reading, drowsing, feeling desire to live come back to her slowly. She was languid and relaxed.

She said to Lillian, "I'd like to go off somewhere and just lie in the sun like a lizard on a wall."

"Palm Springs would be grand," said Lillian, "wouldn't it?"

Eve wondered once or twice, later on, remembering that fragmentary conversation between herself and Lillian about lizards and walls and Palm Springs, whether Lillian was always as simple as she seemed. Because, one evening not long after, Timberlake said casually: "I'm going to drive over to Palm Springs for the week-end, Eve, with a couple of friends of mine. How'd you like to come along?"

Eve looked at Lillian, but Lillian, fair hair combed tightly away from her girlish forehead, an abstracted look in her long gray eyes, her thin mouth gently open, sat looking at her nails, closing one hand and turning it to catch the sea-shell glint of a new polish.

So Eve said she'd never been to Palm Springs. Was it amusing?

"In a way," said Timberlake, not overexuberant, not seeming to urge it on her at all. "On the edge of the desert," he said. "Nice drive."

Eve gave a little cry of excitement at the thought of driving across the desert or alongside it, or however one went to Palm Springs.

She said, "The desert—it's like the sea in a way. Don't you think? A sort of mystery about it, even from a train window."

"I'll take you for a walk on it," said Timberlake, "in the middle of the day, when you can feel the heat flowing up around you. Yes, like a sea! Only, like no sea you ever swam in."

Eve went, of course. She dreamed of ivory yucca flowers and bearded miners and the bones of lost cattle the night before she started, but that didn't stop her.

Lillian was going over to San Pedro to spend the week-end with a young Navy couple, friends of the officer in the cap.

"Have a good time," said Lillian, leaving an hour earlier than Eve.

Timberlake's friends—a tall, haggard, soldierly-looking man named Lewis Forster and his slightly heavy, rather hard-faced wife, whom Timberlake introduced by her stage name as Amelie Arden, proved to be recruits, even more recent than Eve herself, to the talking studios. Forster had, the year before, had a fairly decent part in one of the biggest hits on Broadway. "But you can make so much more money out here," he explained plaintively.

Miss Arden had merely come out to the Coast in her husband's wake. "Although if other big blondes I could mention get away with it, why shouldn't I?" she inquired, not without reason. The Forsters drove out to Palm Springs in a blue sedan, with the bags in the back. Timberlake and Eve led them in Timberlake's roadster. It was a perfect afternoon. A light wind blowing. Scarfs of cloud on a pellucid sky. They drove for hours, and came to Palm Springs just about dusk, after miles upon miles—toward the last—of bone-white desert, with dark mountains marching along the horizon.

Eve didn't talk a great deal. She leaned back and dreamed and rested. Timberlake didn't try to make her talk. He drove, mostly, in companionable silence. His hands on the wheel seemed careless, but he drove with unusual mastery. Large, hard hands, with that reddish-gold hair on the backs of them. Once—only once—Eve remembered, watching his hands on the wheel, that between Palos Verdes and Los Angeles there was a place on the road, at the edge of a cliff. . . . Jimmy Sutherland's story. . . . She thought Timberlake must have been

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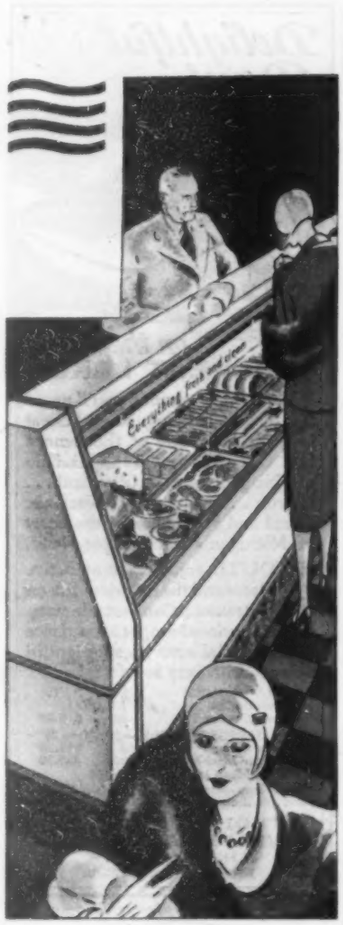

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very drunk that night—to have gone off the road. Anyone who drove as he did.

Afterward, when Eve thought of Palm Springs and the low, sand-colored bungalow in which they had spent that week-end, she remembered a blaze of sun; she remembered a drowsing moon in an ashen sky; she remembered palm trees, dead fronds turned down about their trunks, marching up the sides of a deep gulch, along the sides of a clear stream chortling over rocks—palm trees like ancient baboons marching far into the desert.

She forgot—because she preferred to forget it—the commonplace little town, crowded with tourists. But she remembered the bungalow almost lovingly. It was so small and so cool and so completely delightful; with its sun-scorched patio; with its tiny, clean kitchen, full of peasant china and shining aluminum pots; with its great couch in the rough-walled sitting room; with its comfortable bedrooms, playing at rusticity. A sort of Petit-Trianon bungalow.

What she really remembered—because he saw to it that she had cause—was Timberlake. A new Timberlake altogether—younger—much younger—gay and bold and ardent. She had always felt ardor in him. She had not dreamed that it would so irradiate him, breaking forth.

He became, directly the bags were carried in and set down, directly the smiling Japanese boy who had driven the blue sedan was busied about dinner-getting in the kitchen, a red-headed buccaneer, taking his fun where he found it, and taking Eve along with him to look for it.

When dinner was over and they were all sitting peacefully smoking in the sitting room, suddenly he jumped to his feet and herded everybody out into the moonlight.

"Did we come all the way to the desert," he demanded of the protesting Forsters, "to sit in a house and goggle at four walls?"

The Forsters wanted to play bridge. Said so in deprecating fashion.

"Not a chance!" said Timberlake. "I can play bridge in town."

"You used to be pretty hot, Mike," Mrs. Forster reproached him. Her husband trod on her toe and she picked up the cue with admirable swiftness. "Of course it does seem a shame ——"

In the end, the Forsters stayed in the sitting room and emptied a great many tall glasses—which was about what was expected of them—while Timberlake and Eve got in the roadster and drove miles and miles beneath that argent moon.

They didn't drive all the time. Once they stopped at the side of the road, with mountains black on their left hand, a stretch of pale sand rippled by a wandering wind on their right, and Timberlake put his arm about Eve's shoulders, and because the night was so more than lovely, and because life sang within her like the highest, fine, faint note of a violin—also, because in the bottom of her soul she feared him strangely—she let his arm be. But when he stooped to her mouth she turned her face away.

She said, "I hate being kissed."

Which was the lie with which she commonly fended off men whom she did not wish to have kiss her.

"You've had a deep wound sometime," said Timberlake. She couldn't steady herself against his voice. It raised ripples in her, as the wandering wind rippled the desert. "Haven't you, Eve?"

Eve said, "How do you know?"—stilly. But it didn't surprise her that he knew.

"Except for that . . . except that I feel it in you," he said gently, "I'd have kissed you before now."

Eve said, "What makes you think so?" resting against his shoulder.

His gentleness took the steel out of her, left her no heart to fight him. She could only trust to his knowing enough—not to crowd her. She thought: "I've never let another man touch me—since Eddie. I don't love this one. What is the matter with me? Why do I let him come so near?" But she knew it was because in her heart she was cold. Timberlake wasn't so much one man to her, he was the fire of life, and she was cold.

Still, she wouldn't let him kiss her, and at last she made him drive her back to the bungalow and the by-that-time slightly argumentative Forsters. She was just strong enough not to let him kiss her.

"You live in a shell," he told her. "Some day, when you break out of it, you're going to be a great actress, Eve."

She only looked at him, questioning, evading; no one knew better than she what shell she lived in, and why. As for her ever breaking out of it, she laughed at him. She laughed at herself. But in the midst of her laughter she knew—an enemy within her breast, crying to be out of the cold.

Timberlake said, "Just a little tired, aren't you?"

She sighed: "Just a little"—with truth. Fighting oneself is a wearying business.

He said: "Go to bed and get a good long sleep. Those two in there will sit around all night. I'll have to talk to them awhile, but I won't have you bored." He was all consideration and kindliness. He said: "Amelie 'll sleep in the room with you. I'll tell her not to wake you when she goes in."

So Eve went to bed. Gratefully she closed her door on the three in the sitting room, crept between cool sheets and drowsed, while moonlight washed in at the window and wind in the palms outside made a dry, unending rustling. Before long she slept. It was within a thousand years or so that she dreamed. The dream began vaguely with a man's voice yelping: "You poor fool, you!" It went on from that to a woman's weeping—long, husky, shuddering sobs. In the dream, the woman had been bitterly, even mortally, hurt. She kept saying, between her sobs: "I'm so unhappy. You've had the best years of my life"—things like that. Then a man's voice saying: "Don't make such a—noise!" It was a long-drawn-out, disquieting dream, with mumbling half silences and not loud, but violent outbursts. Out of the dream, Eve came suddenly to herself, sitting upright in bed, hearing Timberlake's voice, brutal as a whiplash: "Shut up, you two! I've had enough of this! Snap out of it, Amelie!"

The moonlight had faded from the wall. The moon must be down. Which meant it must be getting on toward morning. Full moons don't sink early. Eve sat with the flat of her palm pressed over her pounding heart and listened. What was happening in the room with the big pillow-strewn couch, the room with bottles and glasses on the table, with full ash trays standing all about? Through the door, voices came muffled. That was why it had been so long a dream. She listened for Timberlake again. He would be master of any situation in which, however unexpectedly, he found himself. People went mad so easily nowadays, what with bootleg liquor and inhibitions out of fashion. The Forsters had worn from the first a look of wild parties frequently weathered. A raddled look; a look—at least on the man's part—of decency slightly eroded. The woman had seemed not so far from her probable beginnings. She must have been born hard, born coarse and cheap. But Timberlake could handle them; he could handle anybody. Eve's heart had begun to quiet itself, her hand to slip from her breast, when suddenly, through the deadening panels of the bedroom door, exploded Timberlake's drunken laugh—a reckless guffaw, wild, beyond the wildness of parties—and yet no mirth in it; you saw a devil holding his sides, throwing back his head, stretching a cruel mouth, laughing himself weary over some scornful cosmic joke.

Eve flung herself over on her face, terrified, and lay with one upflung hand gripping the pillow. She was alone; the night closed her away from all safe, tidy people in safe, tidy hotels; alone with two drunken fools and a strong man utterly mad.

She thought: "This is Hollywood"—in momentary panic, forgetting or ignoring that fools have been drunk and strong men mad from Bathsheba to Dan, long since.

(Continued on Page 197)

DELICATE, TENDER, FRAGRANT

CAMPFIRE BANANA CREAM PIE

3/4 cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups scalded milk
3 eggs
10 Campfire Marshmallows
2 bananas
Baked pie shell
Campfire Mal-O-Whip Meringue

Mix sugar, flour and salt. Add milk gradually and cook until thick and smooth, about 10 minutes. Stir a little of the hot mixture into egg yolks, return all to double boiler and cook until thick, stirring to prevent lumping. Fold in halved Campfire Marshmallows and stir until partly dissolved. Cool and pour over bananas which have been sliced and placed in a baked pastry shell. Cover with Campfire Mal-O-Whip Meringue.

CAMPFIRE MAL-O-WHIP MERINGUE

Whip up one cup of cream, stir in two tablespoons of Mal-O-Whip. Spread over pie.

It is delicious on pies, puddings, shortcakes and gelatine desserts.

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Keep the one-pound package always on your pantry shelf. Use Campfires liberally in your cooking. There is almost no limit to the number of interesting dishes you can make. Campfire Banana Cream Pie is one. And if you would like a booklet with 100 recipes tested and approved by leading cooking experts throughout the country, fill out the coupon below. You will find delightful innovations for every meal . . . from breakfast to dinner, and from soup to dessert. The Campfire Corporation, Chicago, Ill.; Cambridge, Mass.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Montreal, Canada.

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(Continued from Page 194)

She thought: "Why did I ever leave New York?"—ignoring or forgetting that New York has not always been considered sanctuary for fugitives from madness. She hardly knew when that harsh laughter ceased and a thick silence followed, through which, after some moments, the bedroom door opened, letting in a pallid shaft of light, and someone came into the room.

Eve lay on her face, eyes closed, hardly breathing. Someone moved cautiously about, took off shoes, clattered a comb on the dressing table.

A little later, Eve heard and, beneath the screen of her upflung arm, observed Miss Arden, with an almost regal dignity, get into bed. The room had twin beds of a delightfully simple design. Miss Arden slept in the one nearest the door. Eve, after a period of revolted meditation, slept in the bed nearer the window.

She might, next morning at breakfast, have been ready to consider the whole thing, if not a dream, at least a fabrication of the night mind, had not Miss Arden refused the excellent bacon and eggs presented by the Japanese and displayed, in refusing, a greenish anguish impossible to misconstrue.

"Hasn't this God-forsaken California got a fresh tomato in it?" inquired Miss Arden. And in default of tomatoes, would accept nothing beyond black coffee and a trifle of orange juice.

Her husband showed a sterner stuff. Mastered bacon and eggs doggedly. While, as for Timberlake, only eyes not so clear, voice slightly roughened, betrayed him. He ate like a schoolboy.

Eve thought, struggling to get back to her first implicit trust in him: "At least he told me to go to bed. He got me out of the way"—but it wasn't easy to forget that laughter in the night. She met his look reluctantly. A little before noon he took her hand and drew her up from where she sat, on the couch in the sitting room with an old magazine in her lap.

"Get your hat," he said. "We'll walk out on the desert."

Not "will you?" nor "may I?" nor any weak questioning of her absolute acquiescence in his mood.

"I told you I'd show it to you," he said.

They left the Forsters playing cards glumly, but with glasses once more at the pregnant hinges of their elbows.

"Did we disturb you last night?" asked Timberlake, going out of the shade of the bungalow into the bleached and burning loneliness of the road.

"I woke once," said Eve.

"Sorry!" said Timberlake. "I was afraid of that."

The current began once more to flow between them. After all, what did Eve know of the exigence of his cause for laughter? And he had been afraid of disturbing her. After all, she had been in his mind; his strength had considered her protectingly.

She thought: "You hopeless weak-kneed fool." But the current flowed again.

The desert stretched away and away and away, in a shimmer that was like a hot sea, reflecting a hotter sky. The heat flowed like water—a thin heat, and buoyant. It rose to one's knees, to one's breast, to one's lips; one moved through it like a swimmer treading water in a mysterious and blood-hot ocean. There were low bushes of a seared and dusty green, bearing small bright yellow flowers.

"Greasewood," said Timberlake. "It would grow in the pit."

The sky was without a cloud—blazingly, burningly, yet somehow benignly blue. It flowed down as the shimmer from the desert flowed up. Between the two, Eve moved, drugged with delight, in an ecstasy of physical enjoyment.

She thought: "An orchid must feel like this, growing in a jungle."

"What are you smiling at?" asked Timberlake. He said, "I thought you might be thinking about the picture. You know it was released last night in New York."

"I'd forgotten there were pictures in the world," said Eve.

They walked a long way, till there was not a soul in sight; till the desert held them and the sky cupped them in an enchantment of loneliness; till they burned like two flames on the altar of a strange but not unmindful god; then, suddenly, Timberlake turned, close to Eve, and she turned, looking up at him, and as the desert and the sky came together, so the man and the woman came together—without a word, he kissed her on the mouth. Without even saying her name. Flame flowing into flame—that was all.

There did not seem to be any words to say, either to accept or protest such a moment. No words sufficiently true. So Eve said nothing. Only, presently she drew back, she turned away from him, she turned toward the bungalow and the baboon palms forever marching beside their chuckling stream. Eventually, having to speak, because he walked beside her still silent, she inquired with a delicate aloofness: "Shan't we be late for luncheon?"

"Oh, I think not," said Timberlake. "I told Ito to wait for us."

Next morning he called her on the telephone while she sat in her room in the cottage writing to Anne, who, about once a month, by way of post card, implored news of her. During all of that luncheon which had been held for them, and on the drive back from Palm Springs, he had been the merest of friendly, casual companions, but over the wire he was jubilant. His voice sang like a 'cello string:

"Eve, news for you! You've got a hit! You went over big Saturday night, in New York!"

When Eve could not speak for happy shock and something that tightened in her throat, presaging tears, he said abruptly: "Come down this afternoon. We'll talk it over. I've got something lined up for you."

That afternoon she went down to the studio and Timberlake told her that in Carman's next picture she was to have the lead.

Eve said, "But Carman hasn't begun the one Jed Traill's to double in, has he?"

She was staggered at the thought of playing with Carman. It seemed too crazy a dream.

Timberlake only laughed. "That's been under way for almost two weeks now. I'll shoot the next one as soon as this is done."

Traill hadn't told her he'd started work. That was odd too—till she remembered that in almost two weeks she hadn't seen him. He must be low, he must be hating his work, he must be keeping himself to himself, in a fog of unhappiness and strain.

She thought, "I'll call him up tonight, the poor lamb!"

If she couldn't tell Eddie about playing lead to Carman, she could at least tell Traill.

XV

TIMBERLAKE was a month and a half making the picture in which Traill did his first doubling for Carman. During that time, Eve was laid off and occupied herself with lessons in fencing, lessons in dancing, with an orgy of reading she had had no time for since she came to Hollywood.

"You actually enjoy it, don't you?" was Lillian's respectful comment.

Lillian's feeling was for women's magazines, with an occasional excursion into True Romances. "Of course," said Lillian, "it's a good thing to have a few books lying around, in case you ever get interviewed. These movie magazines are hell on telling how her books are all in all to the beautiful star, taking pictures of her in her best lounging pajamas with a classic on her knees. Boloney!" said Lillian, and curled a thin, sensuous lip and lowered a languid eyelid—the left one. "A lot of those janes never got beyond their first year in high school, like myself.

"Your friend Traill's another," she observed one day, settling the jacket neatly upon a volume Traill had lately brought to Eve. "I bet he writes poetry. There's something about his eyes—y' know, kind of dreamy and snooty, all at the same time."

Eve had not considered Traill's writing poetry, but after Lillian pointed out upon him the stigmata of the lyricist, she sometimes rather wondered. She knew that Hollywood bored him; she sensed that he deeply disliked his job of standing beside a hidden piano, ready, when Carman opened his handsome mouth, to break upon that instant into song. She knew, or fancied she knew, that Timberlake made the position of singing double no easier than was necessary, but Traill himself talked very little of his personal reactions to the situation.

"I can make a living at it," he said grimly, when Eve tried to find out from him how it seemed to project his voice between another man's pictured lips. He said: "It's a theme song, of course. You know the kind of thing—'Come, my love, to Arcady; come where fountains sing.' Terrible stuff! It ought to be a great hit."

"Why, Jed," said Eve, laughing, "if it's as bad as you say ——"

"That's why!" said Traill; reluctantly exchanging a grimace for a grin.

He told her Carman was pleasant enough. "The first day I sang for him—I mean the first day they shot us—he jumped up from the piano when Timberlake yelled 'Cut,' and threw his arm around my shoulders and said: 'Old man, that's simply wonderful! Don't go back East, or get in front of a taxicab, or do anything fatal, will you? Your voice fits my personality like a glove!'"

"Oh," cried Eve, incredulous, "you have a delightful voice!"

"That's what he meant," said Traill gently.

He would not say whether or no he thought Eve would enjoy working with Carman. "He's not a bad lot; only he seems sort of a conscious lover—if you see what I mean."

"Conscious or conscientious?" Eve inquired sedately.

"Why, it's obviously no trouble to him," said Traill.

And beyond that he would not go. Eve suggested coming to the studio some day to watch them shoot a scene, but he assured her that Carman would not work before an audience—even of one. "He's touchy as the devil."

"I met him last week at luncheon, anyhow," said Eve. She had lunched with Timberlake and Carman at the club and had found Carman very much as she expected—slim and dark and handsome, in a not-too-subtle fashion. There had been something rather charming about the thin-lipped, boyish mouth beneath the small, dark mustache. She had recognized the conquistador gleam in the velvety black eyes. His shining dark head had given off a faint scent of hair wash—carnation or something. He had been very amiable, indeed, to Eve. Deferential, with a suppressed touch of rebellion, to Timberlake.

Timberlake had said afterward to Eve: "He wanted Evelyn Lyons for the part you're going to get. He's that way about her still, but he'll be coming up for air before long."

"Perhaps, then, he won't be pleased about me," said Eve doubtfully. "Won't that make it rather difficult to play with him?"

"He'll take the break he gets, and like it," said Timberlake coolly. When he saw Eve's chagrin, he put his hand over hers and laughed: "Not going to let me down, are you? I'm counting on a lot from you with Carman. First thing you know, they'll be billing you two as New Lovers of the Screen; Adams' Beauty and Carman's Passion, side by side; the red head and the black. *Faites vos jeux, messieurs et dames!*"

The cynic devil of R. K.'s category—unfailingly, in Timberlake, Eve encountered him. Kindliness, gentleness, tenderness even, overlaid the devil but briefly. Eve said: "You tempt me"—with a polite mockery of her own, regarding red heads and black. But she raised no further question over working with Carman.

It seemed to her, at moments, as if, on the crest of some river racing to the sea, she rode like a wrenched-off bough whose

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parent tree stands left behind, shading a quieter shore. Life slid past her like the river banks. She had no choice but to travel. Lucky if she kept herself in balance, was not dragged down below the surface of the flood.

Before she realized that the new picture was in rehearsal, rehearsals were over and she stood once more encompassed by the searching glare of the lights, speaking for the exigent ears of the microphones, facing the merciless eyes of the cameras. Carman had so far been friendly enough, given no sign of discontent. That Traill was once more doubling for him seemed a curious complication, but, after all, having Traill at hand, even lounging out of sight beside a piano, was, in a way, comforting.

At the end of the first scene which she and Carman played together, he caught her two hands and wrung them fiercely. The fire of a facile enthusiasm burned behind his thick dark lashes.

"You're wonderful!" he cried. . . . "Isn't she great, chief?"—this to Timberlake, looking on and smiling quietly. "We're going to knock them cold with this! You'll see!"

Eve wondered if he always wrung people's hands or put his arm about their shoulders at the end of a scene that pleased him. She could feel that he was working himself up to an ardor which would no doubt register excellently.

She murmured: "I'm so happy you're pleased, Mr. Carman!"

"Call me Jack!" he said—Timberlake having moved away to speak to one of the cameramen. "I have a feeling there's going to be something more than friendship between us."

The picture was a fairly plausible story of a young song writer, a half-god of Tin-Pan Alley, who, in the moment of his darkest night, put over a hit and thereafter married the girl of his heart. Carman invested the song writer with considerable charm. Inspired apparently by his cryptic feeling of something more than friendship impending with Eve, he put into their scenes together a delightful quality of freshness and spontaneity. Even his kisses appeared to be franker, less on a pattern. Most of the love scenes were done on a set representing a room in a West Side boarding house, where the girl was supposed to live. And Timberlake did the love scenes first.

He told Eve, driving her home one evening through a limpid rosy twilight: "Get Carman in the first fine careless rapture of a new affair, and you've got something authentic. Later he's too lush."

"And am I the new affair?" asked Eve. Sometimes Timberlake sickened her a little. She felt that he experimented with the reactions of his stars as a surgeon might with the hearts of animals, employing variously stimuli or narcotics.

"I'm proud of you," he told her. Then he began to talk about the lighting of a scene they were to do the next day. He never left the studio really. He took it about with him always.

"When Carman sits down to the piano and the song begins," he planned, "I want you lying back in a deep chair just behind him. I'm going to throw a strong light on your face and your hands. The rest of you in shadow. You've got beautiful hands, Eve. You've got to show me . . . while Carman's singing. . . ."

"Carman?" said Eve, amazed.

"Oh, well. . . . What the hell!" said Timberlake brusquely, annoyed by her interruption. "That tenor disease in the wings, then! Point is, during the song you do your stuff."

He was gentler next day, when the scene came to be taken: "Don't worry, Eve. Take it easy. You'll be good in this. Keep thinking he's down and out; it's your hands that'll keep him from slipping."

It was the first scene they had shot in which Traill was to sing. Several days he had stood about from morning to evening, waiting, unused. Eve thought Timberlake rather enjoyed the sight of his tall figure leaning listlessly against the piano, waiting. She thought there was a kind of scornful satisfaction in Timberlake's voice saying, "May want you today, Traill. Haven't decided." He must have known when he was going to want him.

The song was a saccharine, silly thing, but with a certain melodic persistence. Certain phrases of it recurred, and appealed undeniably.

Lying back in the deep chair of Timberlake's planning, with her hands white and slender on the arms of it, with the lights blazing on her mascaraed eyes, on her soft scarlet mouth, Eve saw Carman drop his hands on the keys, heard notes struck that she knew came from the piano player in the wings, saw Carman throw back his smooth dark head, heard Traill begin to sing. She thought: "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau."

Traill's voice was low, with the strange quality she had first noticed in it of heartbreak and desire. She thought: "Beautiful." She focused on feeling it was the man beside her singing. On the arms of her chair, her fingers loosened. Slowly, while he sang, she turned her hands palm up, a gesture of appeal and encouragement. She flexed the finger tips. The song flowed over her as the wind had flowed over the sand of the desert. She felt its ripples on her eyelids, closing; then lifting again over widening eyes; on her lips, quivering to cry out to the singer: "I am here. I am waiting for you!" The song welled and sank like sweet water. She thought: "I will give you my heart, in a cup, to drink"—and suddenly she stretched out both hands, curving strongly from the wrists. . . .

"Cut!" said Timberlake sharply. The song stopped. Eve dropped back in her chair for a moment, then got to her feet, stretching herself a little.

"Was that all right?" she asked.

Carman swung round on the piano seat, caught Eve's arm, squeezed it tenderly. "I'd have given a lot to see you," he muttered tenderly. "That song rocks even me!"

"Let's hear a play-back," said Timberlake abruptly. But he put his hand on Eve's shoulder when she came up to him. "You got me exactly, girl," he said. She glowed with pride.

Passing Traill, near the piano, Timberlake ordered briefly: "Come along"—and Traill followed. He did not speak to Eve or she to him. She had a momentary impulse to drop back, to say, "Jed, that was awfully good"—but she knew Timberlake would be displeased. No point in displeasing Timberlake when she could speak of it to Traill later on; any time at all, in fact.

So she stood beside Timberlake while the play-back began, while out of the silence of the recording room came the first notes of the piano; but with the song her eyes turned to Traill's dark figure standing against the wall; she looked at him dumfounded. It was a stranger singing.

She had found, when she first heard herself on the day of her try-out in New York, that in a play-back could be revealed something over or under the familiar tone—some self inaudible to the poor human ear. It had startled her then. It startled her deeply now. This disembodied voice coming to her out of stirless air was the voice of a man whom no fate would break. A gallant, an unsurrendering voice. The voice of a fighter and a lover. She thought: "They're not so far apart, after all. . . ."

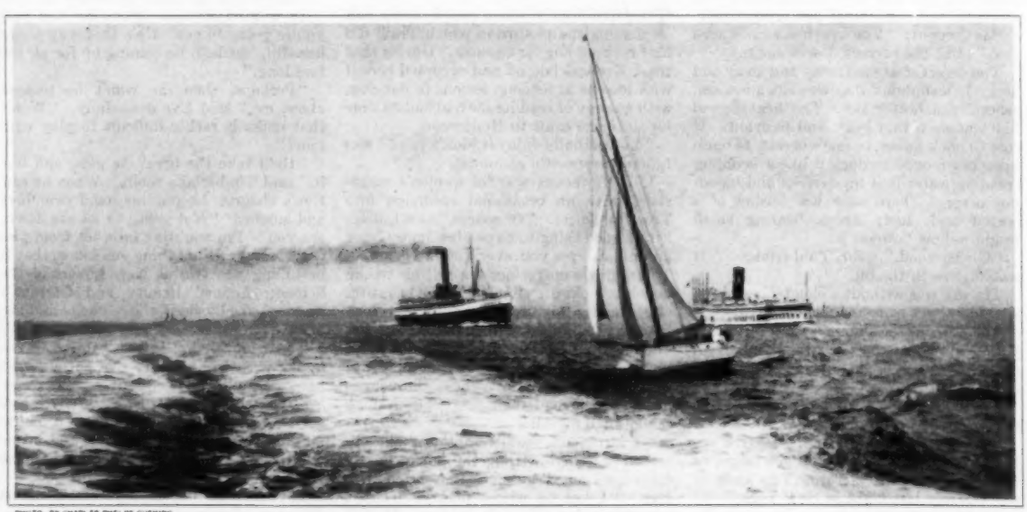
She looked at Traill, slouching, indifferent, against the wall. She heard that fighting, loving voice beat out into the air above his head.

She thought: "So that's the man that's locked up inside of him"—with her heart beating hard, as if she listened to a far-off bugle calling, she thought: "Oh, God, I'd like to let him out."

Turning, in a mist of wonder and surmise, when the play-back was over, she found Timberlake's eyes fixed inexorably upon her face. Those eyes seared her, yet at the core of their burning flickered a cool amusement. While she managed a nervous smile, Timberlake turned away.

He said, lifting his voice a trifle, speaking with incisive distinctness: "Not so good, Traill. I believe, if you'll look again, you'll find that score is marked *appassionata*. We'll take it over."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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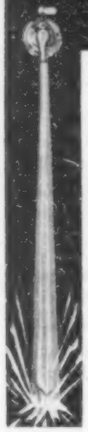

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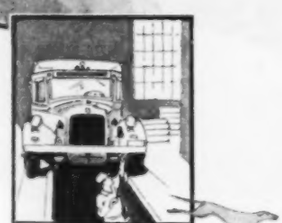
Fares from your city, with complete travel information, may be had at your local Greyhound bus depot, or you may write direct to the nearest office listed below.



Before each run every Greyhound Bus undergoes mechanical inspection and lubrication. Illustration shows greasing pit.

No Greyhound Bus is considered ready for the day's run until automatic tester indicates perfect brake operation.

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INVESTMENT TRUSTS

(Continued from Page 11)

securities, and received the impression that the Exchange would consider such operations unsound practice. Though no official ruling had been made by the Exchange on the subject, a spokesman for the committee on stock list said he had notified several investment trusts that, in his opinion, the committee would frown upon speculative activities by a trust in its own securities. Only in cases where investment-trust shares were selling below their actual liquidating value, he said, would the committee countenance operations in which an investment trust bought its own stock.

The attitude of representatives of the committee in this matter, it was asserted further, was held to be another indication of the special treatment which the Stock Exchange is according investment trusts, paralleling its special rulings on oil and mining stocks. In discouraging speculation by trusts in their own securities, the Exchange was said to be anxious to prevent trusts from setting artificial values on their own shares through open-market purchases which might result ultimately in a decrease in the net asset value of their shares. In cases, however, where a trust's shares are selling below their liquidating value, purchases by the trust of its own stock would result in an immediate increase in the asset value of the shares, provided that the shares were retired by the company. Another advantage of such purchases, representatives of the Exchange said, was that they provided support for the stock in a declining market. We were told also that:

"The attitude of the Exchange to this problem is of interest to Wall Street now, owing to the fact that many investment-trust stocks are selling several points below their actual liquidating values. Five large trusts recently have taken advantage of this situation to purchase large blocks of their shares in the open market and, by retiring the stock acquired, have increased the net asset value of the remaining shares. Many small trusts are said to be following a similar policy."

Dealing in Their Own Stock

"Not all of the trusts are in agreement, however, concerning the wisdom of these operations, opponents of the trend holding that they result in a sharp decrease in a trust's capital and consequently a reduction in the base upon which the company might issue debentures in the future. It is also contended that such operations are outside the field of the investment trust, which should aim to obtain its income from investments in a diversified list of securities. Profits accruing from the retirement of stock, it is held, might be confused by investors with income derived from the company's investments.

"While certain industrial companies are prevented by their charters or by state regulations from purchasing their own stock, other companies are not hampered in this way, and the Stock Exchange has never sought to regulate such operations. A few companies are frequently active operators in their own stocks, with a view to stabilizing the shares, while other companies often make purchases in the open market for the account of employes.

"In the case of a group of affiliated investment trusts sponsored by a parent management company, purchases by the subsidiaries of each other's stock is said to have been discouraged by a spokesman for the committee on stock list of the Exchange. The objection to these activities was based on fear that such purchases might give a fictitious value to the parent company's holdings in the subsidiaries' stock. If the parent company desires, however, to increase its holdings in the subsidiaries' stock, the Exchange would not enter an objection, it is believed, provided that the subsidiaries' shares were selling below the liquidating value.

"Since last June, when the Exchange issued stringent rules governing the listing of investment-trust stocks, the shares of a dozen large companies have been admitted to trading in the Exchange. These trusts have had to disclose their portfolios and balance sheets, and give detailed information concerning their structure and management, in accordance with the rules of the Exchange."

The foregoing may furnish the reader with some idea why one of my chief concerns about our investment trusts is their present and future growth, and how they may best be managed, supervised or regulated, so as to meet and, at the same time, safeguard, the financial requirements of millions of our people. Will our trusts protect the savings of American investors, or will millions be lost through unsound management? This is only a natural question, and it is my purpose to point out, before I have concluded, how broad a field of safe and necessary investment the investment trust can be made to cover if it is wisely handled.

To Check Buying Blind

The New York Stock Exchange is deserving of credit in its attempt at regulation of the investment-trust business. It has not, in my opinion, however, gone far enough in its efforts to protect the public in relation to certain investment-trust securities. In fact, what I am stating in this respect can be applied to other companies whose securities are now being sold on the exchanges throughout the country. I refer to securities issued by companies which do not supply sufficient data pertaining to their affairs to enable either the public or the stock-exchange authorities to possess or secure accurate and up-to-date knowledge regarding them. I recognize that many of our large and substantial corporations, like U. S. Steel, American Telephone and Telegraph, General Electric, Westinghouse Electric, and Bethlehem Steel companies, already furnish accurate information, and such companies would not be affected at all by what I am going to suggest. I have in mind only those companies or corporations which, by withholding accurate information, are not dealing fairly with the public.

I would compel companies whose securities are dealt in to furnish accurate public information of such a nature as to give the public all facts that will enable it to determine the fair value of such securities in any market. Such reports as these should be made to some public or governmental agency. Probably the Comptroller of the Currency, who has charge of the Bureau of Examination of the assets of banks, would be the best one with whom to lodge such information and make it available. The balance sheet submitted by these corporations should contain at least the following information: Property account, depreciation, depletion, investments, intangibles, accounts receivable, bills receivable, cash, government securities, other marketable securities, inventories, bonded debt, bank debt, preferred stock, common stock, surplus, accounts payable, bills payable, reserves.

The income-account statement should contain the following information: Gross income or sales, operating expenses, net operating profit, depreciation and depletion, other income or adjustments, Federal taxes, interest charges, preferred and other than common dividends, common dividends, surplus, reserves. And, of course, any of these items should be waived in cases where they are not required in the compilation of income-tax returns. This is the information which the stock exchanges of this country should see is furnished to the trading public, as investors are entitled to this definite information, which is not available at the present.

Unless the changes of the country see to it that such a plan as I have suggested is

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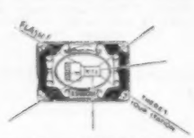

Alone among radios, the Edison possesses Light-O-Matic Tuning, which instantly, easily and accurately brings in your favorite stations, announcing each arrival with a flash of crimson light.

The model illustrated is the Edison R-4...a rich, dignified console model in blended walnut finish with quarter matched sliding doors and raised walnut panels, electro dynamic speaker and phonograph switch, $215, less tubes. Other models from $175, less tubes. (Prices slightly higher in the far west.) Send for the interesting booklet "Edison's Part in Radio".

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carried out, Federal legislation should be enacted forbidding banks to make loans on the securities of those concerns which refuse to make public that information to which investors are unquestionably entitled.

The investment trust has been defined as a convenient form of organization by means of which the funds of many investors may be brought together for the purpose of investment, so as to give the man or woman of moderate means advantages similar, or equal, to those enjoyed by the large investor or capitalist in the investment market. Thus the investment trust would provide the small investor with two distinct advantages: First, the detailed attention or service of those who make investment their business; second, a wide and adequate distribution of investment risks.

In 1926, the London Financial Times, in an editorial, said: "The safe investment of money at good yields is by no means an easy problem, but becomes more of an exact science with an investment-trust company than with the average individual whose capital is limited and to whom mistakes may be serious. In spite of all the care exercised when making investments where it is sought to combine high rates of interest with good security, no one can help making mistakes at times, but in the case of investment-trust companies only a comparatively small portion of their funds is placed in any one security, while their holdings are widely spread in different countries and in various kinds of investments. Consequently, the influences which were responsible for loss in one country or in one class of security may also be responsible for improvement in other countries or in some other class of security, and in the main the accounts submitted prove a balance well on the right side.

"The private investor is undoubtedly beginning to realize more and more the advantage of placing his money in the securities of the investment-trust companies, where not only satisfactory dividends can be counted on, even in bad times, but where the risk of loss of capital, inherent to any business, is reduced to a minimum through the sound distribution of risk, both geographically and in the varied nature of the investment held."

Lessons From Britain

Of course, it is true that many American trusts would scarcely be recognized as such in England. English and Scottish investment trusts, which for more than half a century have been the favorite medium of investment in those countries, differ entirely from the American kind. Their sole business is the investing and reinvesting of their capital in a widely diversified group of securities. They do not conduct a general banking business or distribute securities. They are not holding companies or finance companies. But Edgar Higgins, of New York, a leading authority on the subject, who has studied them at close range in England, and who has had considerable experience in their management, tells me that the system of operation followed by the English and Scottish trusts has taught the following very valuable lessons:

FIRST. That the management must be unbiased in the selection of investments, for any affiliation which tends to warp free judgment is harmful.

SECOND. That the management cannot give too much care to diversification. This is clearly shown by their usual restriction to not less than twenty different investments—which, in actual practice, is always exceeded, for now the average holdings of a trust are well over 500 different securities.

THIRD. That the management should make complete operation and earning statements and lists of holdings to the public periodically.

FOURTH. The necessity of not paying out all their earnings in dividends, but withholding and reinvesting a large part, thereby building up a large protective surplus.

It is an economic law that investment capital will always flow where it receives the largest return. Just as the superabundant capital of Great Britain in 1885–1895 sought remunerative foreign investments, so the superabundant capital of America is now seeking high-yield investments in foreign countries. And just as the investment trust has enabled British investors to obtain increased returns with greater safety, so our trusts should enable American investors to get higher yield, wider diversity and greater safety in both foreign and domestic securities. The rapid establishment of investment trusts in this country during the past few years affords ample evidence that this type of financial institution will continue to grow here. Of course, some investment trusts will be more successful than others, depending upon the integrity, ability and foresight of their management. But that, after all, is the basic, or acid, test of the success of any financial institution.

A Gold Mine for Investment

Altogether, there is no department of investment deserving of greater attention from the American public than the investment trust. We have loaned upward of $12,000,000,000 in foreign countries. The prospect for many years to come is for additional foreign loans. Hence the American people will of necessity become increasingly large holders of foreign investments through the medium of the investment trust. And in this connection I wish to sound a note of warning later in this article regarding the kind of foreign securities I think the investment trust should or should not handle.

We have only to consider the amount of savings on deposit in the banks of this country, the extent of the trust business done by many banks or trust companies, and the growth of our insurance companies, to realize the golden opportunity awaiting the investment trust that is effectively and intelligently managed. In 1928 the total realized income of the people of the continental United States, estimated in current dollars, was $89,419,000,000, an increase during the ten years from 1919 of $23,470,000,000. This more than trebled the income realized twenty years ago, according to a report issued recently by the National Bureau of Economic Research. What a gold mine for sane investment!

Figures compiled officially last year by the United States Treasury Department revealed the per capita savings deposits in all American reporting banks on June 29, 1929, as $204.73. With the approximate population of the United States and its possessions estimated then at 132,848,000, it was figured that savings deposits totaled $27,198,320,000 as evidenced by savings pass books and time certificates of deposits, without including postal savings or Christmas savings accounts. Individual deposits were set down at the same time as representing a per capita of $399.99, or a total of $53,137,781,000. This total embraced, of course, all savings reported, including postal and Christmas savings.

How much of this tremendous sum of more than fifty-three billion dollars was available for investment, can, of course, only be surmised, but certainly it affords a forcible illustration of what I have already described as "idle money," which should provide the investment-trust movement with ample justification for its existence.

But as a consequence of the stock debacle of last October, it should also be noted at this point that total savings deposits decreased during 1929 more than $190,000,000, quite in contrast to the total increase of more than $2,000,000,000 in 1928.

It may be interesting to recall that Treasury statistics as of June 29, 1929, revealed that 2442 national banks had been authorized to exercise trust powers, with a combined capital of $1,218,049,515, representing 32.4 per cent of the number and 74.8 per cent of the capital of all banks in the national banking system.

Furthermore, the latest report of the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington shows that trust departments had been

(Continued on Page 205)

Don't Let *SPRING-SLAP* Toss You in a Blanket!

WHEN you pilot your motor car over a stretch of rough and ragged road, the chances are you do considerable bouncing. And it isn't pleasant. It racks your car and razzes your nerves.

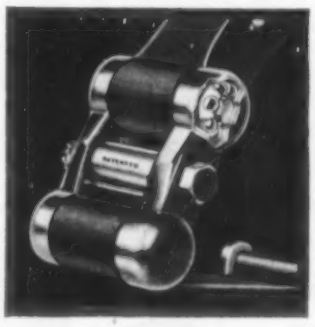
Perhaps you wonder how in the name of heaven so many jolts and jars can sneak by your springs and give you such a pommeling. Perhaps you think your springs aren't doing their honest duty. Perhaps you think your shock-absorbers aren't absorbing as they should.

But if you'll take time out to seek the real reason, you'll discover it right in that important few inches between your spring-ends—in your spring shackles.

Ordinary spring shackles don't allow springs to flex freely—there's the nub of the thing. Often your shackle bolts are too tight or they bind, cramping the spring. Often the varying degrees of friction from day to day wear make it mighty close to impossible to keep your shock absorbers adjusted properly.

So when you hit a bump, your springs don't give with the impact, they slap back quick and hard. And you *feel* it! You get that objectionable *Spring-Slap*—that's the cause of those punishing jolts and jounces that jump up through the driver's seat.

The remedy? A set of Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles. With these friction-less ball bearing shackles your springs parry every thrust with never a slap-back. You take the roughest roads with smooth-road comfort. You scale the bounciest bumps with rocking-chair ease. You ride relaxed, rested.



Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles will give you an entirely new conception of how downright comfortably a motor car can carry you. They do away with all shackle squeaks and rattles. You never have to grease them. You never have to adjust them. They add miles to the life of your car.

And they add *safety*—they eliminate the danger of let-downs from worn shackle bolts.

Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles will enable your springs and shock absorbers to live a better and more useful life. They are standard equipment on many cars. For a surprisingly modest charge your garage mechanic can put them on yours. Ask him about them.

FAFNIR BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES

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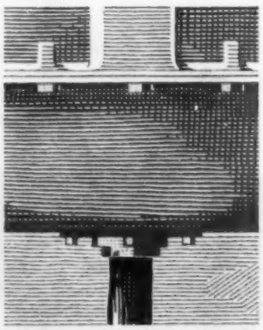
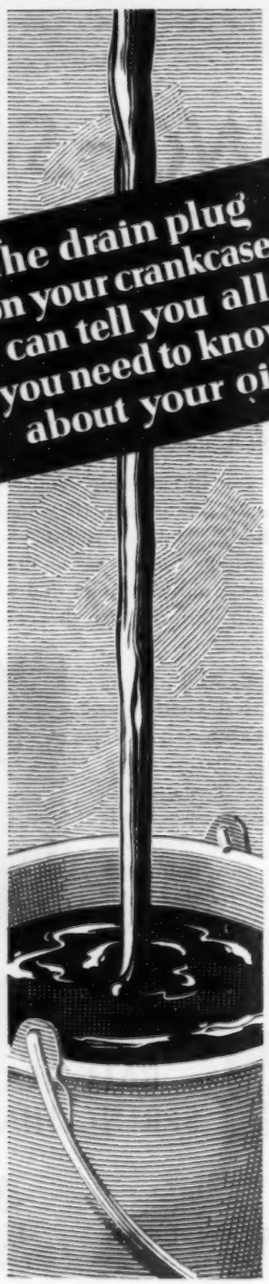


ASK THE DRAIN PLUG ON YOUR CRANKCASE



It can tell you all you need to know

If it's the right oil, it "stays alive" in your motor. Even after a thousand miles of driving, its viscosity is not destroyed; its lubricating value only partially reduced. You don't find it "burnt out", or watery, or thinned to the danger-point. ◆ The next time you have your oil changed, watch the operation. Let the drain plug give you the facts. ◆ Then accept this friendly challenge. Have your crankcase filled with HyVis and drive 1000 miles without changing oil. Then drain. If you do not believe that the used HyVis is in better condition after 1000 miles . . . cleaner and more oily . . . than your previous oil, your money will be refunded, without argument, by the station attendant.

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REFINERIES AT WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 202)

established by 1734 of these banks and 75,988 trusts were being administered, with individual trust assets aggregating $4,237,-648,663. Seven hundred and thirty-six of these banks were also acting as trustees for bond and note issues aggregating $7,370,-154,456.

Compared with October 3, 1928, these figures represent a net increase in the number of national banks authorized to administer trusts under Section 11 (k) of the Federal Reserve Act, of 69, or 2.91 per cent, an increase in the number operating trust departments of 149, or 9.40 per cent; an increase in the number of trusts being administered of 12,212, or 19.15 per cent, and an increase in individual trust assets of $940,338,544, or 28.52 per cent.

The growth in the fiduciary activities of the banks in the national banking system and the increasing popularity with the public of this important department of national bank operations are even more impressive when comparisons are made with the activities of national banks in this field just three years ago. In June, 1926, national banks numbering 2026 had authority to exercise trust powers, with 1104 actively engaged in administering trusts. These banks were then acting in a fiduciary capacity for 26,053 trusts, with individual trust assets of $922,328,677, and were acting as trustees for bond and note issues aggregating $2,463,553,316. The figures, compiled as of June 29, 1929, represent for the three-year period an increase in the number of national banks authorized to administer trusts of 416, or 20.53 per cent; an increase in the number of banks operating trust departments of 630, or 57.07 per cent; an increase in the number of trusts being administered of 49,936, or 191.67 per cent; an increase in individual trust assets of $3,315,319,986, or 359.45 per cent; and an increase in the volume of bond and note issues outstanding for which these banks were acting as trustees of $4,906,601,140, or 199.17 per cent.

As the activities of national banks have grown, so have the earnings that these banks have reported from this source. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1929, trust-department gross earnings aggregating $20,-583,000 were reported, as compared with $16,165,000 in 1928, $10,811,000 in 1927, and $8,255,000 in 1926.

Banks and Trust Companies

Another phase of fiduciary activity which is gaining in popularity is the creation of insurance trusts. Though the administration of this type of trust is a comparatively recent development in national-bank trust departments, yet on June 29, 1929, 118 national banks were administering 271 insurance trusts representing the proceeds of insurance policies aggregating $11,384,632. Some indication of the place this type of trust will make for itself in the future operations of national banks is evidenced by the fact that 558 trust departments now hold 9505 trust agreements which name those banks trustees in the future of the proceeds of insurance policies with a present face value of $375,524,409, an amount aggregating more than one-third of the total individual-trust assets under administration in 1926 by the 1104 national-bank trust departments then in operation.

National banks with authority to exercise trust powers have shown continued interest in the privilege afforded them to include the words "trust company" in their titles. Though only 101 were operating with trust in their names in 1927, the number has increased to 302 since that time, and this method of informing the public of their authority to engage in trust functions is becoming general in many sections of the nation. A recent analysis developed that of the 7536 national banks in operation, 2442, or 32.4 per cent, had authority to exercise trust powers; 2839, or 37.7 per cent, had capital sufficient to entitle them to apply for permission to exercise trust powers under Section 11 (k) of the Federal Reserve Act, and 2255, or 29.9 per cent, were ineligible to receive permission to engage in trust operations because their capital was less than that required by the laws of the states in which they were located for competing state institutions to receive like powers.

All this vast amount of trust funds accumulated in this country, and being administered by its banks, impels me to make the unvarnished statement of fact that while safeguards and restrictions are placed around savings deposits in savings banks and mutual-savings banks, comparatively few safeguards and restrictions are placed around national banks and commercial state banks doing a savings-banking business, except in isolated cases as in California, where the law provides segregation of trusts or savings deposits, thereby giving them preference in case of failure or liquidation.

To Safeguard Trust Funds

I had hoped that, when the McFadden Act was passed, amending the National Bank and Federal Reserve Acts and giving authority to national banks to do a trust business and act in a fiduciary capacity, it might result in nationalizing the trust business of the United States by bringing into the national system many state banks and trust companies which now conduct the large amount of trust business in this country, and would result in bringing about national examination and supervision of all trust business.

It might be found desirable to transform departments into investment trusts managed in such a manner as the well-tested English and Scottish investment-trust system, which might profitably be adopted as a model for the better development and conduct of our own system. In order to consummate this we could have the investment trusts incorporated by national law. In proposing concentrated national supervision over the management of estates or trusts, I have no wish to suggest any drastic rules or regulations, but only simple government authority to require proper and adequate supervision, coupled with a foolproof provision for wide publicity regarding the assets of a trust or an estate, so that a full report of the actual condition of those assets could be made periodically, which all concerned could read and understand. There simply should be more effective and intelligent management of such trusts or estates, particularly of funds or securities left by estates or individuals in trust.

There is also great necessity for more complete supervision at regular intervals of all industrial stocks or securities which are offered to the public. Officers in charge of many of our financial institutions are often scattered over or situated in isolated communities, and, therefore, find it either impossible or extremely difficult to keep in constant or close touch with the changing conditions which enter to so large a degree into the value, or the fixing of the valuation, of investment securities. This fact alone should compel the adoption of some system to protect or safeguard the funds of such institutions better.

It should be borne in mind that this country has now gained the responsible position of world financial leadership and is already beginning to become the world's chief investment market, if it has not already become so. No longer can we afford to run the risk of a faulty investment system. And this leads me to stress the danger of our investing in such foreign securities as may not survive the acid test of time.

On this point, Barron's, a leading financial weekly of this country, had this to say recently:

> Idle "free gold" in Reserve banks has made our nation gold-poor to the extent of a billion, and gold-poor we shall remain unless the Federal Reserve officials do something about it. Thus far Americans might just as well have spent a billion dollars building a mountain of dirt for an emperor's tomb.
>
> In order to pump out to foreigners additional credit of, say one hundred millions, the Federal Reserve Board caused the domestic market to be deluged by upward of fifteen hundred millions. It flooded the flour mill to drown the rats. What the Reserve banks should have done, three or four years ago, was to build up a sufficient supply of foreign-exchange holdings to peg dollar exchange close to parity and to prevent or restrict private gold shipments. They should do it now.
>
> In contrast with the limited and costly device of security operations, the prevention of international gold movements by sales and purchases of foreign exchange would be profitable and effective. Once the policy is in operation, foreign exchange would be bought by the Reserve banks only at a discount and sold only at premium.
>
> The year 1930 dawns on a world in mild depression. Even to sell as much as usual to such a world, we must devise safe means of expanding credit. We should not wait for the long-term securities of dog-and-cat foreign borrowers. Our first export of capital should consist of some of the "free gold" for the purchase of foreign-exchange accounts—at least a quarter billion in the next three months, and plenty more later.

Though it is not within the province of this article to discuss at any length the proposed functions of the new Bank of International Settlements, may I be permitted to suggest that our investment trusts, as well as our investors generally, should be extremely cautious about purchasing German reparations or other bonds with which the bank is expected to flood this country?

Entangling Foreign Finance

I would point out, in conclusion, that it is the purpose of the international bankers to issue from time to time, through the Bank of International Settlements, additional offerings of reparation and other bonds, and these same international financiers propose ultimately to distribute in the American market $5,000,000,000 or $6,000,000,000, worth of these securities.

Premier Tardieu recently informed the French public that the first bonds to be issued through the Bank of International Settlements would be on sale by the first of next May. I know that the receipt of this announcement in America of the sale of these bonds marks the culmination of ten years of political intrigue in which the major governments of Europe have had a hand.

It has been the policy of the three leading countries of Europe, for the past few years, so to mold events as to bring about a dumping of these billions of bonds upon the uninformed American investing public. If, through the organization of the new Young Plan and the establishment of the International Bank, this can be accomplished, its effect, in my judgment, would be equivalent to the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles by the United States, and it would do just what it was the purpose of that Treaty to accomplish—namely, to perfect the transference from the United States to Europe of a large part of our gold and available liquid credit, which would seriously threaten this country with industrial depression, while at the same time the European possession of this gold and credit would tend to rehabilitate Europe at our expense.

This is a time when true Americans should be on guard and see to it that, through financial investments, we are not drawn into European financial or other entanglements.

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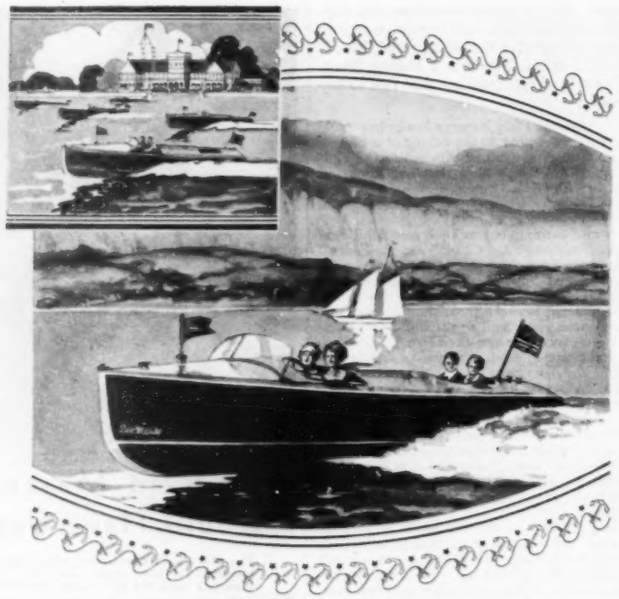

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Getting the Orchestra

I JUST wanted to say a few words about the band for spring house party, and I wanted to get my say in before it's too late. Don't think it's any snap, being chairman of the music committee. Not a bit of it. When I took this chairmanship it was against my better judgment, because don't think I didn't hear the squawks that certain guys right here in this very house put up about the music at prom.

Of course, most people were pleased, and said so. But I remember particularly one guy telling me he thought I did a swell job in getting Jack Diamond and His Home Run Nine for prom. Oh, yes. Sure. This guy said Jack Diamond was one of the swellest bands he ever had. That was what he told me to my face. But that same guy, a couple nights later, was calling on somebody at another fraternity house and said he thought I was a dope for getting such a lousy bunch of plumbers for prom. So don't think I don't know about the kind of talk that goes around. Even your own fraternity brothers talk about you in another fraternity house!

So, if the certain person I have in mind will just keep his ears open long enough, he will be able to hear what I have done about a band for spring house party. Then if he don't—doesn't—if he doesn't like the band he can say so now, and make suggestions right here in his own house, instead of waiting till after spring party and going around to other houses and saying what a lousy band I hired.

Well, here's what I've done. I have five hundred dollars to spend. That's what we figured on, isn't it?

Well, I know it is, so we won't argue that. But I wanna make it clear. Five hundred bucks. All right.

Now I'll tell you what I can do with five hundred. We want the band for Friday night, Saturday afternoon for the tea dance, and Saturday night till midnight. Well, according to the way these union bands charge you, that's a lot of work for very little money. So here's the choice. I can get an eleven-piece band from the city for Friday night, and both dances Saturday, for four hundred and fifty dollars and their food. They'll pay their own hotel bills. Well, if you know anything about bands, you know you can't be getting much of a band for so little money. And if you think that, you're right. This eleven-piece crew aren't so hot. They make a lot of noise, and so on, but they're pretty terrible. The name of the band is Kaufman's Kakophonies.

On the other hand, I can get six pieces for exactly the same money—four-fifty—but boy, what a band! Sidney Snider and His Society Six. Maybe you heard them at the Psi E house two years ago, some of you. They're a small band, but boy, what time! What stuff! They have their own orchestrations, for one thing, and they get the music from the New York shows even before it comes out on records. No brass. Just the usual piano, drums, banjo, two saxes and a bull fiddle. Real night-club stuff. That smooth time and soft music that you don't often hear at a college dance, but believe me, it's the real thing.

Now then, if you want a gang of plumbers that you can hear from here to the Eat Shoppe, I say get the Kaufman gang. But if you want a real band, to make this house the most popular place on the campus, say the word and I'll get Snider. I practically signed him anyhow, but I still can break it if a certain big mouth likes music as loud as himself.

—JOHN O'HARA.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1st, 1930.

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok Estate, 1320 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated 4-25-25, 1402 Morris Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—The American Foundation, Inc., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Mary Louise Curtis Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
The Curtis Institute of Music, 18th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Walter D. Fuller, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania.
Wakeman Griffin Gribbel, John Bancker Gribbel and The Real Estate Trust Co. of Philadelphia, Trustees u/d by John Gribbel, dated 2-14-27, Real Estate Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Elizabeth Bancker Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate of C. H. Ludington, Care Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John B. Williams, Trustee under Declaration of Trust, February 1, 1929, Narberth, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—John B. Williams, Narberth, Pennsylvania.

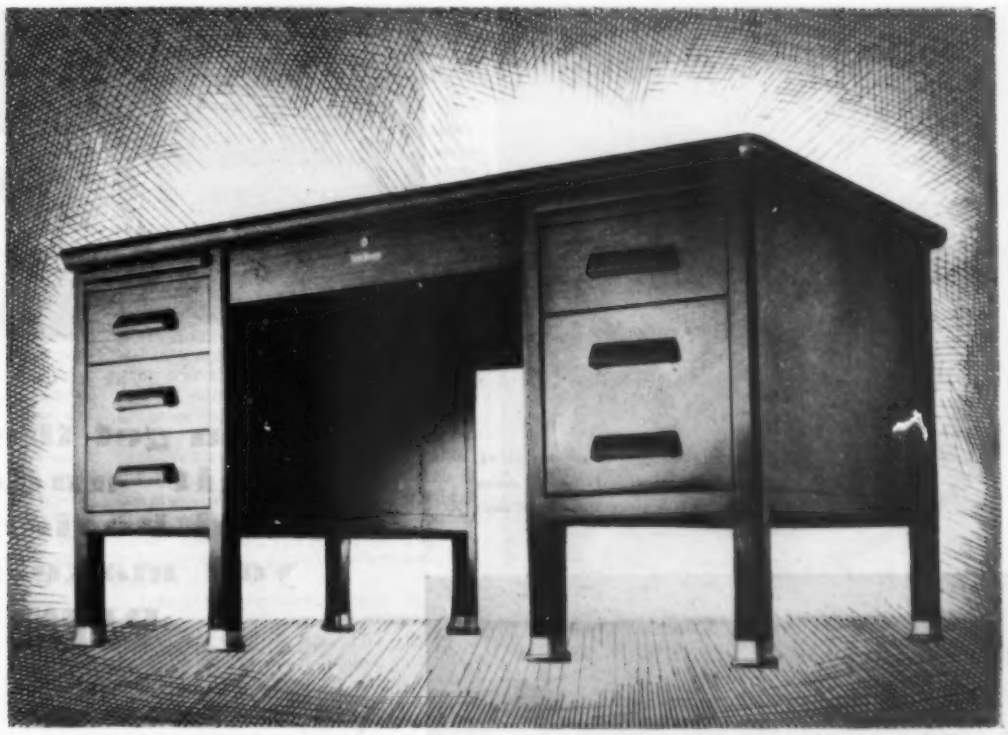
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner: and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Walter D. Fuller,
Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of February, 1930.
[Seal] W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public

(My commission expires April 1, 1931)



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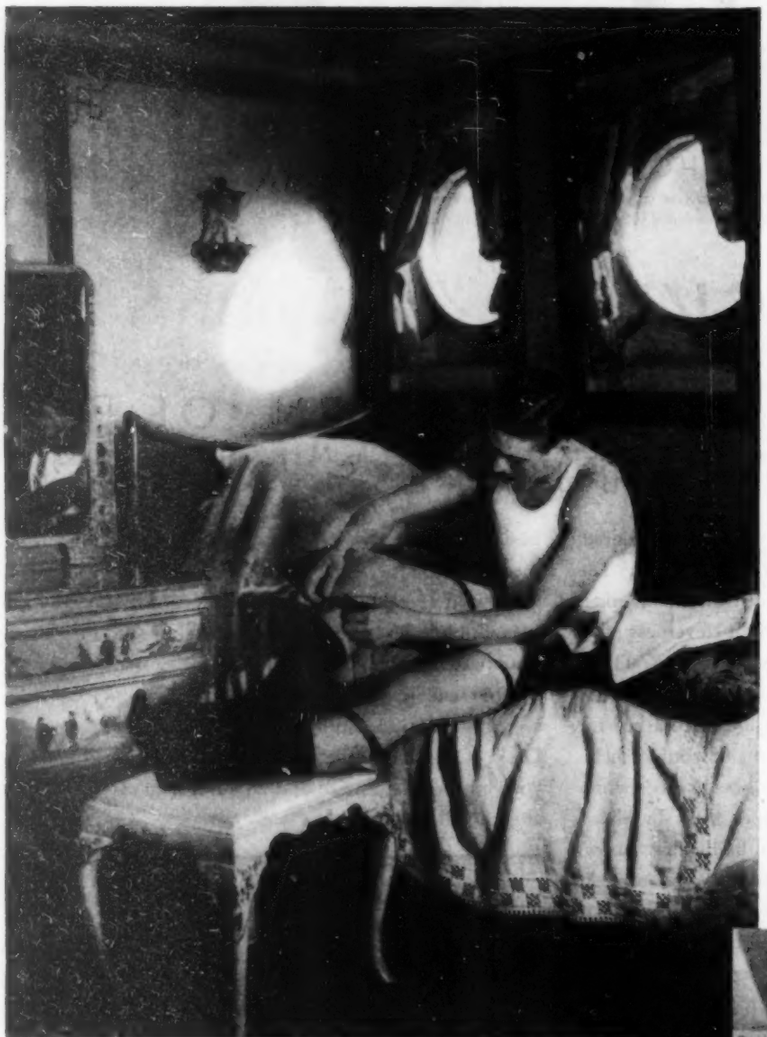

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AN EMERGENCY IS DECLARED TO EXIST

(Continued from Page 5)

hasty and inconsidered and unwarranted thrashings about for a remedy anywhere but in the proper direction—which is to give thought to the matter of overfishing. As a matter of fact, we are, through proper channels, giving such thought, but we are too panicky and hysterical to await the issue instead of striking out blindly in the direction of what we consider our immediate interests. The emergency is that we are subject to such legislation by a small group of shortsighted men pliant to the clamor of a smaller contiguous group intent on the one aspect only, and deaf to the larger but distant body of public opinion able to vision the balance of all elements.

That this public opinion is not—as is with wearying invariability charged—held by those so far away they cannot "understand local conditions" is amply proved by numerous letters I have received from Alaskans. Those I have in mind are not newcomers but old-timers—men who have been in the country, some of them from the gold-rush days. They are not sentimentalists, but hard-headed men practically interested in the prosperity of the country. They are not the irresponsible and unattached, but in many cases men high in business or profession, and in several instances government officials, who, by the nature of things, write me in private capacity and obviously cannot be quoted by name, in view of their future usefulness. Some of the latter, who are in a unique position to judge, take an attitude even more emphatic than I, with my more limited experience, would feel justified in adopting.

When Brownie Goes a-Fishing

Let us go into this bear business a little farther. The brownie, or big brown Alaska bear, is to be found in a comparatively small area of the earth's surface. He occurs at his biggest on Kadiak Island, with which he is associated by name, and to some extent on the adjacent mainland and on Admiralty, Chichagoff and Baranof islands. I think the scientists differentiate these into certain subspecies, but for lay purposes they may be considered one animal. They are tremendously big, and they are of the grizzly type in that their claws are long and nonretractile, in contrast to those of the ordinary black and brown and cinnamon bears, who can draw in their claws like a cat. Therefore they cannot climb trees, and they take their salmon, not by scooping them as does the black bear but by dashing at them on the shallows and seizing them in their jaws. Which, by the way, is a very interesting and comical sight, for, as a good brownie weighs a thousand pounds or more, there is inordinate splashing for results achieved. Throughout most of the year they live back in the rugged mountains, subsisting largely on small stuff in the way of roots, bulbs, grubs, and the like, with an occasional *bonne bouche* in the way of lucky meat. The latter item may be considered as dessert, for they are not to be called habitually carnivorous. It is while they are in this back country, and scattered over a wide area of it, that the sportsman hunts them. In those circumstances he earns his bear, as he will do plenty mountain climbing, exercise considerable fortitude, patience and woodcraft both before and after he has done his shooting.

But in late summer, once the salmon have started running, things are different. Then all the bears that have been distributed over a dozen lofty mountain ranges converge into the narrow valleys in which flow the streams. At such times the wary and somewhat scared trout fisherman may conclude that the country is full of bears. The wide flats that lie at the river mouths and extend for a mile or so inland are crisscrossed and trampled with their trails that look as though someone had shoved a grand piano through the grass. A wide, beaten path follows accurately the twists and turns of the bank; a sort of river patrol. A nervous person does not need actually to see any bears to become strongly impressed with the idea that he is in the midst of alarms.

These very impressive furrows in the tall grass, however, do not necessarily mean that the bears are in the valley. The surest way to determine that is to take a look at the stream. If it is full of salmon, motionless in the pools and wriggling and struggling over the bars, then it will be well to proceed with due circumspection. If, on the other hand, the run has not yet begun, one may proceed in confidence that he will not have his nerves shocked by an unwanted surprise, no matter how fresh the trails in the grass. For until the table is spread the bears remain on the mountainsides near at hand. The trails you see in the grass are made by scouts, come to determine if the fish are in yet.

I do not know whether bears report to one another or whether it is a case of each fellow for himself. In Africa, from the great herds of wildebeests individual scouts are sent out—or enterprisingly go out of their own accord—to determine the condition of the grass ten or fifteen miles across a desert. They go at it in a most businesslike fashion, alternately galloping at full speed and resting, without other pause until the round trip is completed. If the grass has not yet started, the herd remains where it is. If the report is favorable, then early the following morning the great migration begins. I have, through my glasses, watched the whole process from beginning to end, from a commanding elevation. As bears do not concentrate in herds, I imagine this is a case of every fellow for himself; unless, indeed, the news passes in a sort of telepathy, as ducks indubitably warn incoming migrants that a certain pond has been dragged at night and so is dangerous. At any rate, I have at times seen single bears emerge from the forest fringe, proceed methodically across the flat to the river's brink, take a look and return directly to the forest. No fishing yet!

But once the run is started, things are different. At or near the river bank is every last individual of the bear population of the neighborhood. The tall grass becomes crisscrossed in all directions by innumerable beaten trails. Places as big as a putting green are laid flat where the great beasts have stretched out in luxurious slumber. Anyone whose business or pleasure now takes him upstream would do well to step in wariness. The grass is waist deep, sometimes near shoulder deep. The brush, as the flats pinch out, is dense. The bends of the river are numerous. After a hearty meal of salmon, Mr. Bear loves to spread out in luxury to sleep it off, and he sleeps soundly. It is possible almost to step on him before he awakens. Then he is startled, and if, when he stands up to his imposing height, he imagines he is cornered, he may attack.

Bring on Your Bears

How dangerous are bears? There has been as much discussion of that question probably as of whether one or two cinches are better for a stock saddle, or whether high-velocity small bores are more effective than lower-velocity big bores on dangerous animals. If one will enact the rôle of tenderfoot convincingly, he will hear some terrific and circumstantial tales. At first I was inclined to wholesale skepticism of the whole batch. I have had considerable experience with both black bears and the ordinary grizzly. The former may be dismissed as quite harmless except in the most extraordinary and abnormal circumstances, when one would anticipate a fight from any beast, down to and including a rat. Even

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the much-touted mother-and-cub combination is more or less of a legend. I have seen the old lady shamefully abandon her progeny in wild flight to save her own skin, regardless of maternal instinct, reputation or anything else. Certain men of nerve and experimental nature—well backed by rifles, of course—have even, squalling cubs in arms, withstood the charge of the "infuriated mother." In such cases she has rushed in to within ten or fifteen feet, snarling horrifically, her mouth wide, making much war medicine. Then she has stopped. The modern grizzly is more dangerous, in a way, in that he will fight more savagely when wounded or cornered, and will probably stand less monkeying with the younger generation. But both species prefer to make off, and will do so when aware of man's presence. Therefore, as I said, when first I went to Alaska I was much inclined to lump all the numerous tales offered my inspection as a chechahco with all the other b'ar stories.

A Rattle for Protection

But eventually, and somewhat reluctantly, I had to recede from that position. There was something to it—not nearly so much as the stories, at face value, would indicate, but something. The records were there: Two men killed at such an inlet; a reputable doctor describing sixty-odd claw and bite wounds treated on one husky Swede; another man, cuffed and left for dead, who managed, on regaining consciousness, to drag himself some rough miles to the beach; a number of very narrow squeaks narrated by cool-headed and veracious men. And there was a certain swaggering and unflattering indifference in the attitude of certain bears I came across myself. They did not run away worth a cent, but eyed me coldly and withdrew with rather too elaborate deliberation. Sometimes I considered it expedient to withdraw myself, leaving them at last sight exactly where I had found them. I began to entertain doubts as to our wisdom in scattering so blithely up those fascinating trout streams. Although none of the bears we had encountered had shown any actual disposition to attack us, accidents might happen.

Then, in a certain inlet on Admiralty Island, I met two men in the employ of the Forest Service. Their job was finding and estimating timber stands. One of them had been at it twenty-five years. They were hardy, husky, upstanding, cool-headed woodsmen of the best type. At the moment they were inhabiting a house built on a scow that was towed from one bay or inlet to another, and which they used as a base for trips into the interior. With back pack or canoe, in all sorts of weather, they were gone for weeks at a time. Their work took them far back into the roughest untrodden mountain wildernesses. Both were quiet-spoken, direct, matter-of-fact, undramatic, clear-headed. In the course of their business they encountered bears—dozens of bears, hundreds of bears, in all environments and in all circumstances. Neither had the slightest desire to kill bears, or anything else, except for the necessities of existence.

So I put my problem before them. They were noncommittal.

"Put it this way," I then urged: "Suppose you had your wife and children with you. Would you feel safe in letting them poke about up these streams?"

"I would not," said the elder emphatically.

"Would you do so yourself, unarmed?" I persisted.

"I would not," he repeated.

"Then how about it?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," said he: "In my experience, twenty-four out of twenty-five of these bears are harmless and will let you alone unless they are wounded or think themselves cornered. The twenty-fifth is mean and may try to make trouble if you find yourself near him. And if you are near enough to him, you will probably have to shoot him. The trouble is they don't come in due order—you can't count up to twenty-four and then look out for the next one. Neither do they wear their numbers on their backs, like football players."

Still, even in the case of the bad one, the element of surprise has a good deal to do with it. If the bear is aware soon enough of your presence in his vicinity his tendency is to make off. For that reason you will often find hanging near cabin doors tin cans suspended on either end of a stout cord. In the tin cans are pebbles. When you go for a walk through bear country you hang the cord about your neck, and thus are possessed, convenient to your hands, of two very effective rattles. Vigorously shaken, they are guaranteed to rouse the most gorged and somnolent bear. With the same object in view, I have, when trout fishing, carried a .22-caliber pistol, which I have fired off from time to time. It is a curious thing that, however unabashed by man's presence up the stream and in the mountains, once on the beach, the bear loses all his swashbuckling independence. He apparently feels himself outside his own legitimate territory. It is another curious thing, corroborated by numberless experiences, that this bear, like his cousin, the silver-tip grizzly, is satisfied by the death, or apparent death, of his victim. Men have escaped with slight injuries by playing possum. Others have been cuffed to immobility and abandoned, only to be again attacked when they stirred. A woman of whom I know got off without a scratch, though not without serious nervous consequences, simply because she so promptly fainted. The tracks indicated that the bear had approached her, probably he had sniffed her over, and had then departed without doing any damage. So impressed with this bit of natural history was the twelve-year-old daughter of a friend of mine that she used to lie on the yacht's transom for the purpose of practice.

"Now, father," she would instruct her parent, "you poke and pinch me to see if I could stand it."

But after a few attempts, which invariably resulted in a wriggle, she gave it up.

"I couldn't hold still," she decided. "I guess he'd just eat me."

Not So Awfully Dangerous

On the whole, then, with due acknowledgment that generalizations on animal conduct are only averages and not rules to be relied on, I should say that from the brown bear, back in his natural mountain habitat, even in ordinary circumstances the hunter need fear little or no danger. He will see and stalk his quarry on the snow slides and talus reaches, where he will get a fair and open shot. Contrary to legend, the bear is not a difficult beast to put down with the proper weapon properly held. He can, and does, carry off a wonderful number of bullets wrongly placed. So do many other animals. I have seen a water buck shot seven times with a heavy double elephant rifle without leaving its feet. But the brownie has not the vigorous tenacity of life of a lion, for example; nor does the sting of a bullet arouse in him instantly the lion's prompt and reckless pugnacity. His first reaction is likely to be, if he is at any distance, that he is sorry for himself, so that he bawls like a baby. If he is near at hand or if he is followed when wounded, especially into cover, he may become a determined antagonist. Even then a cool man can stop him much more certainly than he could a lion or buffalo. It is the fellow who gets so flustered that he cannot hit an object the size of a pint bottle at a few yards' range who gets caught. Such a man has, of course, no business in such a situation. The choice was distinctly his. He started it.

The fact that in many instances the hunter is in the canyon bed and the bear up the slope, and that bears run downhill, often gives the man the impression that he is being charged when such is not the case. He shoots; the bear runs away. But as he

(Continued on Page 213)

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Silky Rayon Garments and Ultra-Soft "Northern Tissue" are both made from *pure* Cellulose

THIS new-type bathroom paper will amaze you. "Northern Tissue" brings new standards of softness, whiteness and absorbency. Because it is made from pure cellulose—the identical source of soft, silky rayon! Hence it is incomparably soft, white and absorbent.

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To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious Rayon is made—and it makes a paper, too, that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent "toilet papers."

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Then in the making, "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized—every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

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Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh or impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

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says MR. F. R. PIERSON, *winner of the* CALVIN COOLIDGE *Medal*

The Calvin Coolidge Medal awarded the "Mrs. F. R. Pierson Rose" at the Thirteenth International Flower Show for the best new flower exhibited. Among other roses, Mr. Pierson was also the introducer of the famous Mrs. Calvin Coolidge rose.

EVERY year, more than a quarter million roses are grown in *each* of the twenty greenhouses in the immense nurseries of F. R. Pierson, at Scarborough, N. Y. Mr. Pierson, recognized as one of the country's leading authorities on roses, is best known for the merits of some of his individual blooms, like the famous Mrs. F. R. Pierson rose, for which he received the above award.

Mr. Pierson says that, when he suggested the use of Lōma to his greenhouse superintendents, he met at first with a cold skepticism. The superintendents didn't expect anything much to happen.

"We first conducted a simple Lōma test on heliotrope," says Mr. Pierson, "and now we're using it in every greenhouse in the place. The superintendents point with pride to what they have accomplished by using Lōma on Pierson and Tarrytown ferns, roses, cyclamen and every kind of flower we grow."

In making the Lōma demonstration, Mr. Pierson had 100 heliotrope plants, all of the same size, set aside. To fifty he gave a single feeding of Lōma. "At the end of four weeks," says Mr. Pierson, "I was astonished and delighted at the way the flowers fed with Lōma had outgrown the unfed flowers."

* * *

Leading floriculturists, as well as home-owners in all parts of the country, are having the same remarkable gardening success with Lōma.

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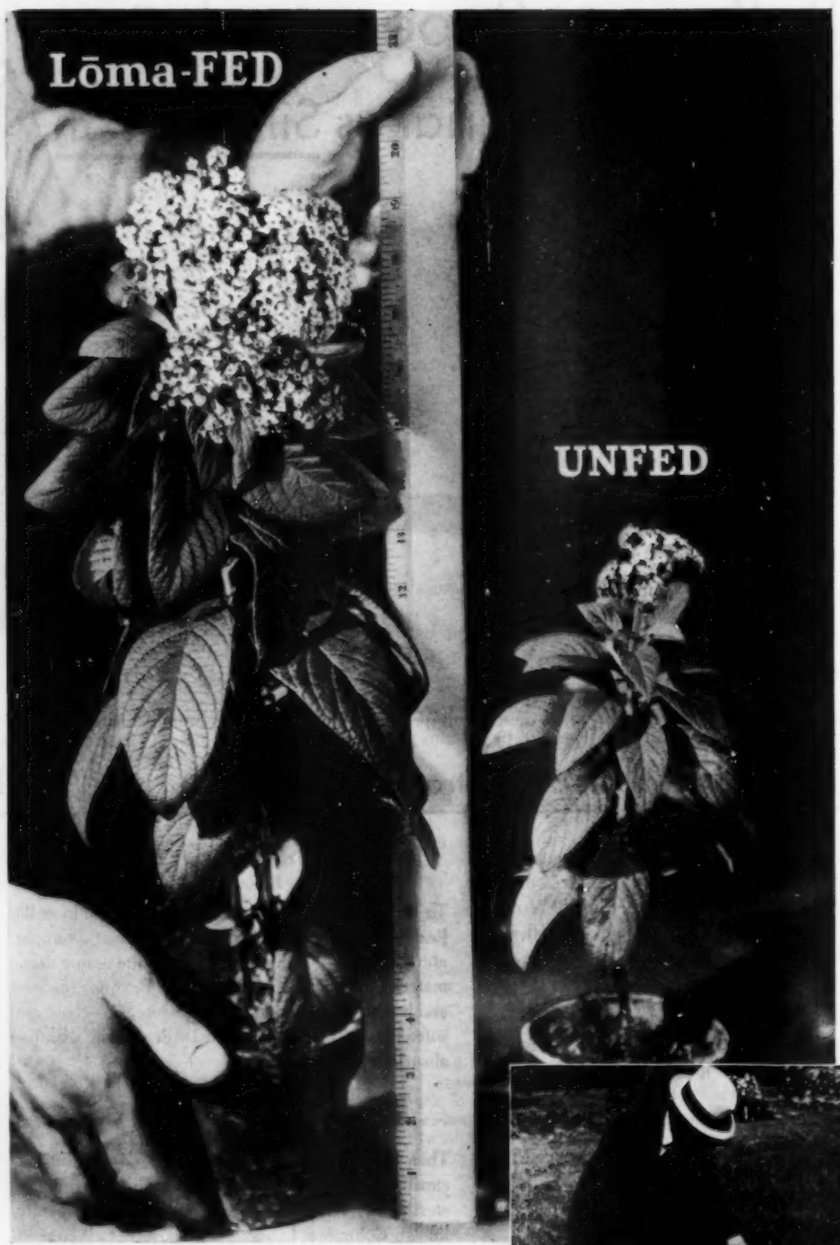

"At the end of fourteen days, the fed grass was transformed into a thick carpet of velvety green," says Mrs. Albert P. Husted, Jr., of Tarrytown, New York. Mrs. Husted, vice-president of the Little Gardens of Tarrytown, is a firm believer in feeding both lawns and flowers. In the Lōma *demonstration, half her lawn was fed with* Lōma, *the other half was left unfed. The marked improvement of the "fed" side was noticeable in less than a week, and was plainly apparent at the end of a fortnight.*

Lōma

Feed now + for a fine Lawn and Garden

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(Continued from Page 210)

runs away downhill, and perhaps in the general direction of his pursuer, the latter thinks he is valiantly withstanding an attack.

On the beaches, as we have seen, there is really no danger at all.

Up the rivers, in the season of the salmon run, the case is a little different. Here the unwary may, in the heavy grass or in rounding the sharp bend of a river, come unexpectedly so close upon the beast that he is in serious trouble. He may minimize this danger by making a racket, thus affording the animal a chance to withdraw with dignity, which, in all probability, he will do.

Nevertheless, it is not a bad idea—an idea which I have adopted myself—to carry a rifle on a sling. I do not want to kill a bear, I do not anticipate having to kill a bear, but I intend to discourage any bear that shows he really wants to kill me.

I am thus particular in attempting a considered estimate of the dangerousness of bears, for the reason that their ferocity has been brought forward as an additional reason why they should all be killed off. Even the protagonists of extermination perhaps realized that the protection-of-the-cattle-industry argument was a little gauzy. But if these ravening wild creatures, roaming in search of what they may devour, are going so to terrorize humanity as to scare out of the country the country's would-be developers, then they must be made way with. "Even if it were good, I wouldn't like it"; even if it were true, I am not sure we would not do well to set aside one or two of these islands from our huge domain to preserve as unique a natural curiosity as the great brown bear of Alaska. We set aside national parks and national monuments for the sake of preserving things much less interesting; and no one can make an "honest living" in them at the expense of these objects. They comprise such things as trees, and waterfalls, and geysers, and curious rocks, and caves, and natural bridges—all sorts of things. We even have game refuges for creatures whose species is by no means circumscribed. There is no manner of doubt that in any of these areas so set apart are opportunities for all sorts of "honest livings" in canning things, or cutting things, or killing things, or painting signs on things, or manufacturing things, or what not. But we do not permit them; and we are quite right. The wonders we preserve are worth it, and most of us do not grumble, though always a persistent few of us are tireless in trying to get areas opened for development.

In my conception the Alaskan brown bear is quite as great a wonder as any of these other things, and is quite as deserving of a national park or monument or game refuge.

Babes in the Woods

But I am not arguing for that. It may come in time, provided, of course, we do not first kill off all the bears. I am for the moment merely protesting against the unthinking hysteria that practically places a premium on this destruction. The owners of a certain timber concession are actually hiring hunters to go out and kill as many bears as they can. Why? To protect their workmen in the woods! Undoubtedly they are sincere in their belief that this is necessary. I know one of them is. But he, like the others, is not an inhabitant of the country. He is a business man living in a distant city, and has listened to the stories retailed in Juneau. Protect the workmen! What rot! Any man so sunk in timidity as to fear such a bugaboo should not be in the woods at all. It is even extremely doubtful if such an animal would linger near gangs of men engaged in modern logging operations—he would migrate to a less disturbing neighborhood. And if he did linger, the chances are thousands to one that he would never even show himself. And if the strangest of concatenations happened, as they might, so that an accident did happen, it would be a true accident, such as one encounters in crossing Market Street in face of traffic; or, indeed, as any one of these same men accept, in greater measure, as incident to the very sort of labor they perform. They face with entire equanimity the chance of rolling log, of falling branch, of snapping cable, of crushed hand and limb, that goes with the job, but they must be protected from the wild and remote hazard offered by bears! To me, it sounds like a nursery threat. On this tenuous contingence is passed a wholesale sentence of death.

Facts About the One Fatality

The case of killing that was used as the clinching argument, and which will undoubtedly be flung at me after this article appears, is the killing of an assistant to the Forest Service near Eliza Harbor on Admiralty Island. It is mighty poor business if a government official cannot go about his lawful occasions without being slaughtered by these ferocious creatures! To forestall this criticism, I want to state that I know all about this case; knew about it very soon after it happened.

The victim, it would appear, was green to the beasts, and turned loose on the first one he saw, wounding it just sufficiently to make it pugnacious. Then, when the bear charged, the poor fellow stood stock-still and unresisting until the bear pounced upon and killed him.

I have several times seen that sort of thing happen in Africa, though, fortunately, without fatal results. It is nothing against the courage of the man, nor to his discredit; it is a temperamental nervous reaction. These are the facts of the *cause célèbre* by which the condemning to death of a whole race has been upheld and justified. I do not know how—or if—the story was told differently when it became valuable for propaganda. But so it came to me directly, within a week or so of the event, from a surgeon to whom the particulars were related by the dead man's companion. The doctor passed it on to me as an item of news because of my personal acquaintanceship with the men involved.

I mention this case because it is typical. Undoubtedly it happened just before the Game Commission met. Unfortunately the man was a Federal employe on official business. Whether he was actually on his job at the moment, or whether he was hunting bears, I do not know, nor does it matter. The accident was seized upon, not as a reason but as an excuse. The whole race of brown bears were declared guilty and condemned to death.

Possibly it is the fate—or the mission—of man on this planet to make it all over again, leaving nothing that his thought has not fashioned. It must be admitted that he puts back something to replace what he removes. He kills off the wild beasts, but he raises cattle and horses and dogs and such things, so that, measured by terms of quantity, the outlet for the *élan vital* of animal life is not curtailed. He razes the wilderness flat, and after he has done so with terrifying thoroughness, he plants crops and gardens and artificial groves, so that, again in terms of quantity, the manifestation of vegetable life is about the same. So deep-rooted is this instinct—or this mania—that apparently he is obsessed by it. His fingers itch to seize and dominate and change. He seems unable to brook independence or equality. Anything that he has not bossed is a challenge to him. The tendency is growing. A sufficient extension of that tendency will result, eventually, in a terrestrial globe entirely refashioned. It will be a man-made earth. As it will stand, the finished product, it will represent his earth, not God's or Nature's. The thing will be the external embodiment of man's experiments and gropings—and, to me, rather egotistic assumptions. Not his Idea. He has no Idea. He takes the thing as it is and wrecks it, and from the remains builds something else. When he gets through, there will be nothing left of the original plan, except here and there his own imitations of what has met the approval of his point of view. One thing is certain—his point of view will completely dominate whatever there is. Man's genius apparently cannot even contemplate living side by side on an equality of tolerance with anything whatever in Nature. There is not room for him and anybody else on the same planet.

Perhaps he is right, but to me it seems that his assumption that he is right is a trifle headlong. In my old-fashioned opinion he might go just a trifle slower; he might spend a little time in examination of the way God and Nature made the planet, before concluding that the whole original scheme must be scrapped. His opinion may be correct, but he will do well to corroborate it by a little experiment with the other thing before so concluding. Especially as he cannot recall the original idea, once he has shattered it. There is an off chance that he may be wrong. There is just a further chance that he may be riding to a fall; that he may have been given one small and unimportant world in the immense and immeasurable galaxies of the universe just to see what he would do with it, and that when he has finished, he may find he has built merely a monument to his assumption of his own supreme importance and wisdom. In the upper heights of his inspiration he has, indeed, accomplished things worthy to compare with the handiwork of the Idea embodied in the planet by its own evolution; but small though the planet be, it is still large enough for both.

So let us not brush into outer space such an irreplaceable as our unique great brown bear, merely because we are so jealous of our dominance in the one speck on the earth's surface which he inhabits. Especially as there is plenty of room there for both him and our ideas—except the silly ones!

What are we going to do about it? Almost every letter I received in response to the other two articles asks this question. It is also the second reaction of those to whom I have told in person of the forty-thousand-dollar appropriation to kill trout and the hiring of hunters to kill the unprotected bears. The first reaction is profane.

Public opinion alone can govern the situation, but it must be public opinion directed emphatically to the proper quarters. It does no great good to write me personal letters. I am glad to get them, of course. Every author is glad to get letters, no matter what he says. It is equally futile to write the editor, except that it encourages him to feel that his course in publishing such articles is effective. Write the letters, by all means, but direct them to the responsible men—and to all the responsible men. Who are they?

To Whom to Address Your Letters

The act declaring the emergency as to these sudden trout, and appropriating forty-thousand dollars to clean the streams of them, was passed by the legislature of the territory of Alaska. If you know any of them individually, write as emphatically as you feel. The act authorized the governor to enter into agreement with the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, whereby the latter shall do the actual work. Therefore, you should also write Governor Parks, and especially the Bureau of Fisheries, whether you know them or not. They are your servants.

If you are really in earnest, and wish to take a little trouble to defend what belongs to you, write, in addition, to your congressman and senator. Express yourself emphatically The people who want these trout destroyed are so expressing themselves, and unless you make your own voice heard, it is too one-sided A congressman wrote me the other day, saying it had been stated on the floor of the House of Representatives that my other two articles were propaganda subsidized by the Bureau of Fisheries, and asking me how about it? How much data had the Bureau given me? How intimately and how long had I known

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Mr. O'Malley? I was able to reply that I had no data from the Bureau except that contained in its public documents; that I had not only never seen Mr. O'Malley but previous to the publication of the articles I had never received a letter from him, and that neither THE SATURDAY EVENING POST nor myself was in the subsidized-propaganda business. If enough of you had written to your congressmen, instead of to me, such a statement would probably not have remained unchallenged.

As to the bears, the same people are responsible, save that for the Bureau of Fisheries substitute the Game Commission of the territory of Alaska. You must remember that, no matter where you live, you have every right and obligation to say your say. Not the faintest shadow of states' rights interposes. Alaska is a territory, belonging to us all.

An emergency is declared to exist. The Alaskan Legislature says so. I agree. It certainly does! How are we going to meet it?

OUT-OF-DOORS

Summer-Home Sites in the National Forests

AFTER too many close-ups of city summers, my heart was set upon Sierra juniper, incense cedar, Alpine lilies, an occasional whiff of pennyroyal and rainbow trout. I planned to buy a piece of the out-of-doors in the region of Lake Tahoe. But in the years I had been absent from this paradise, property values had leaped from a persuasive reasonableness to the equivocal range of a big business man's bank roll.

I had driven out from Chicago to the lake in a secondhand car and begun the search at once. After a thorough survey of the region, I discovered that land of any kind—and this was not lake frontage or land with small lakes or rivers on it—would cost far more than I could afford. The particular piece I wanted—thickly grown with cedar and pine—was prohibitive—three thousand dollars for half an acre.

The search seemed useless and I decided to scrap my plans and board out for the summer. When I reached this decision, I was sitting near the highway on a rock covered with golden lichen, disconsolately picking off yellow bits of it, when a lady hiker in overalls and khaki shirt made inquiry: "Is this the Government land?"

"No," I replied; then added with chilling emphasis: "I understand it's private land and that the price is beyond all reason."

"Where's the fifteen-dollar-a-year land?"

I lifted an eyebrow toward the tree tops, but the woman persisted. "It's near here. The ranger told me so." And with that she pulled out a diagram and began to inspect it.

It was my cue to ask questions. "Are you positive? Government land at fifteen dollars a year? How much of it, and where? Is it all taken? Have you any rights? What did you have to sign?"

"Go to the ranger yourself," she said. "He knows everything."

Fifteen-Dollar-a-Year Land

It was ten miles over the summit to the nearest forest ranger at Meyers. I jumped in the car and drove there as fast as its protesting four cylinders would permit. In my heart I still felt certain that the female creature in khaki had been pulling my leg.

Two young men were waiting for campfire permits at the ranger's cabin. I thought they would never be done, and tapped and paced and fidgeted until, at last, my turn came.

"Is it true that you have land for fifteen dollars a year?" I flung at him cynically.

But apparently he was not in the least disturbed by my question.

"You want the summer-home sites?" he replied, and took up a file from his desk.

Beginning with maps and charts, he showed me Government tracts ranging in altitude from two thousand to seven thousand feet. In the particular region where I was at that moment the elevation was five to six thousand. But the Government land spread far and wide, into regions as low as fourteen hundred feet and up again to the summits at seven thousand. Knowing the country as well as I did, I recognized this land as some of the most choice in the Sierras. After the enormous prices asked for land similar to the Government land and in many cases not nearly so desirable, it seemed incredible that a lot one-third of an acre in size of this cedar-scented out-of-doors could be had for fifteen dollars a year.

Immediately I proceeded with questions, and discovered these facts:

Special-use tracts have been surveyed and mapped in some of our national forests and they may be rented permanently under a special-use permit issued by the forest supervisor. These lots average about one-third of an acre in size. The rental is fifteen dollars a year. The maps giving size and location of lots may be examined at the forest supervisor's office or at ranger headquarters.

Specifications for Your Castle

The Forest Service believes that it is most satisfactory to visit the ranger, inspect the map of the area in which you are interested and, with him, go over the area and select a lot on the ground. The procedure in procuring such summer-camp sites is as follows:

1. Application for the rental of national forest land is made on Form 866 and will be furnished upon request.

2. This application must be supplemented with a sketch or description of the cabin one is proposing to erect upon the spot.

3. Each person is permitted only one lot in a tract for a residence site, and only one residence may be placed on the lot.

4. The minimum cost of the cabin must be two hundred and fifty dollars. The type of construction is more important to the forest supervisor than the size or cost of the building. Chiefly it must not be ugly, but must be of the rustic tone that blends into the forest background. Furthermore, it must meet certain requirements; for instance, the cabin must be near the center of the lot, not within ten feet of the side lines, or twenty feet of the front line, unless so authorized by the forest supervisor—this, of course, as fire precaution. Then, too, your cabin must be stained or painted unless it is surfaced with logs or slabs or stone.

Furthermore, the lot must be reasonably safe from fire; this to be accomplished by clearing off the dead litter and standing dead trees. It is not permissible to burn where injury will result to green or live trees, or without the permission of a forest officer. The number of the lot shall be placed on the front of the building in two-inch figures. An approved type of chemical toilet or an outside latrine of a type and construction satisfactory to the state board of health must be installed and located as directed by a forest officer. The type of sanitary improvements depends on the location of the area. Toilets placed within

(Continued on Page 218)

BOYS!
These Prizes *for* YOU!

WOW! You'd give a lot to have a good fishing outfit that you could depend upon to hold the "big uns," wouldn't you? And this finely tempered Sheath Knife, or this sturdy Wrist Watch with metal strap shown below, would be just right for that camping trip you're taking this summer, eh?

You can earn 'em all—and plenty of cash, too, by serving folks in your neighborhood with copies of *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman!* Fill out and mail the coupon below. I'll quickly get you started earning money and prizes!

The Prize Man

The Curtis Publishing Company
Box 775, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Prize Man: Show me how to earn prizes like these, and get me started quickly!

Name..... Age.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
(Have one of your parents sign the following statement:)
I am glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.
Parent's Signature.....

Clip and Mail Today!

M. Ernest Amiet, executive chef of the Palmer House, Chicago. President (1929) of the Chefs de Cuisine Association of America. Formerly chef of leading Continental Hotels.

CREOLE-JUANITA

For this excellent dessert, make a ring of sweet rice filled with apples, peaches, pineapple and bananas.

Cook 1 cup of rice in 4 cups boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Add ¼ cup sugar and pack into a ring mold. Boil ¼ cup of water with ¼ cup sugar. Add 2 cups fruit cut in small pieces and cook until tender. Unmold rice and fill with fruit. Cover with sliced Angelus Marshmallows as illustrated. Garnish border with slices of Maraschino Cherries. Put into a very hot oven until marshmallows are browned to a golden color. Serve hot. Will serve 8 people.

Ernest A. Amiet

For *EASTER*...

AMIET

chef to kings and epicures

creates these new Angelus desserts

NOTE: These simple, delightful recipes are reproduced from "How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows"—just published; send the coupon for your copy.

Amiet, Executive Chef of the Palmer House, Chicago—former chef of ultra-fashionable hotels of the continent, is noted for his ingenious and delightful desserts.

Here, in a mood appropriate to Easter, he presents these, his newest creations—all so simple, quick and easy that the newest newlywed can duplicate them with assured success. "Desserts," says M. Amiet, "should be delicate, light—dainty as a caress. That is why Angelus Marshmallows are so perfectly suited for all manner of desserts."

M. Amiet also creates with them most savory dishes of meats and game. Angelus Marshmallows are always fresh, tender and light as down, with the subtle, elusive flavor that comes from using only the purest and most wholesome ingredients.

The ingredient of a thousand uses

Clever hostesses find countless practical daily uses for Angelus Marshmallows. They are most appetizing and decorative when used to top baked or frozen desserts or puddings—economical and time-saving when used in place of meringue, egg-whites and whipped cream. Charming additions to gelatine, fruit salads, or beverages. They blend with and add a dainty, tempting touch to every type of dessert. Truly the ingredient of a thousand uses—and as a wholesome candy they are always welcome for children or grownups. Add a package to your shopping list today.

"How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows"

Introducing the new Angelus recipe book!
(Accompanied by a generous Free Sample)

Our new recipe book, "How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows," has been prepared by a group of world-famous chefs. It is filled from cover to cover with inspiring, easy-to-make recipe suggestions for bridge luncheons, teas and every possible occasion. Mail the coupon today for your copy and a generous sample package of Angelus Marshmallows.

EASTER BASKET

Hollow out one round loaf cake. Fill nearly full with boiled custard. On the custard arrange Angelus Marshmallows as eggs in a basket, first toasting part of the marshmallows to represent brown eggs. Make a handle of wire covered with ribbon and insert in cake. Make a small Easter chicken of marshmallows with candy legs and eyes, and place on rim of basket. Tie ribbon bow on handle.

MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

1½ cups sugar 2 egg whites
½ cup water 1 teaspoon vanilla
15 Angelus Marshmallows

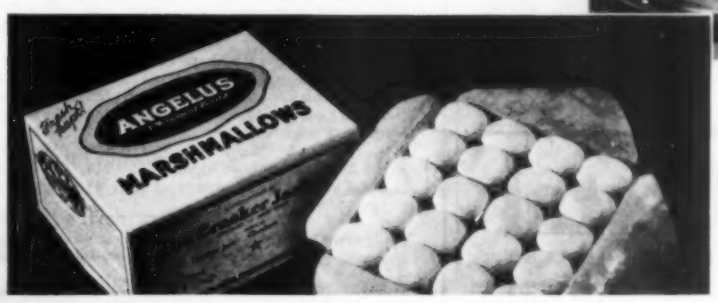
Boil sugar and water until the syrup will spin a long thread when dropped from the end of a spoon (240°). Pour the syrup gradually over the stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. While the frosting is still warm add the Angelus Marshmallows cut in quarters, and continue beating until almost cold.

FRESHNESS GUARANTEED!
Packed under
"QUADRUPLE SEAL"

Every package of Angelus Marshmallows is *guaranteed* to reach you with contents as fresh and tender as when it leaves our immaculate kitchens.

* * *

Buy Angelus Marshmallows in the popular 10c size—also sold in 10 oz. and 1 lb. packages.



The Cracker Jack Company, S. E. P. 4-12-30
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free sample Angelus package, and copy of "How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows" for which I enclose 10c.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

This desk
never nags its owner

WORK lags badly if countless tiny irritations waste employees' energy all day long.

For instance, a sticking desk drawer is a little thing—but jerking it open and slamming it shut fifty times uses up a lot of effort.

And getting up to consult current records takes only a minute—yet each trip is a complete interruption.

There's none of this waste motion with Art Metal desks. Each one has filing space for current work . . . trays for card records . . . adjustable drawer compartments.

Drawers coast in and out on ball-bearing suspensions at the touch of a finger. Electrically welded drawer bodies never become loose or rickety. And drawers are interchangeable between desks, which saves moving the whole desk around the office.

Desk footings are specially designed, too . . . no edges to catch clothing or scratch shoes . . . no sharp bottom corners to bite into floor coverings.

Besides desks, Art Metal makes every other kind of modern office equipment . . . all of steel, all in beautiful olive green or woodgrain finishes.

We shall be glad to furnish information on equipment for any type of business. Or if you need more for your present office, just write us and we will forward a catalogue. Use list below.

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- ☐ Upright Unit Files
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- ☐ Horizontal Sectional Files
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- ☐ Postindex Visible Files

This Art Metal "1500" desk has increased the efficiency of employees in hundreds of offices.

These prominent firms are Art Metal desk users

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American Telephone & Telegraph Company, New York
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Brooklyn Union Gas Co. Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Art Metal
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"I'll think it over and let you know" . . . .

Clipped coupons will bring booklets that enable you to think it over before the salesman calls

THE next time you catch yourself closing a sales-interview with "I'll have to think it over and let you know," remember that two grown-up, high-priced men may possibly have been wasting a fair amount of each other's time.

For such a statement shows that you are not yet ready to buy—which is quite proper. But it also probably shows that you have been asking a salesman questions that a well-written piece of printing can answer quickly and completely.

"What is the breaking strength of this material?" . . . "What kind of furniture will go best in our office?" . . . "What will a cooling system do for our theatre?" . . . These questions can be answered without *seeing* anybody.

The pages of this publication and of nearly any good business paper are filled with coupon offers to send you booklets and folders that call, tell a brief but complete story, and sit quietly at hand while you "think it over" without hurry or obligation.

If more of these coupons were clipped, better salesmen would be calling on you.

For the men who did come in answer to your final request would waste less time on introducing themselves and their company and in telling you what their product is and how it works. They could devote their good energies to serving your needs.

High-speed printing presses and modern paper-mill methods make this service available to you.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. It includes a plan for cutting the cost of printing through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary.

In addition, many of the uncertainties of press work and printing are overcome through a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren's Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure standardization of printing, folding and binding qualities.

The result is better printing on better paper at lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

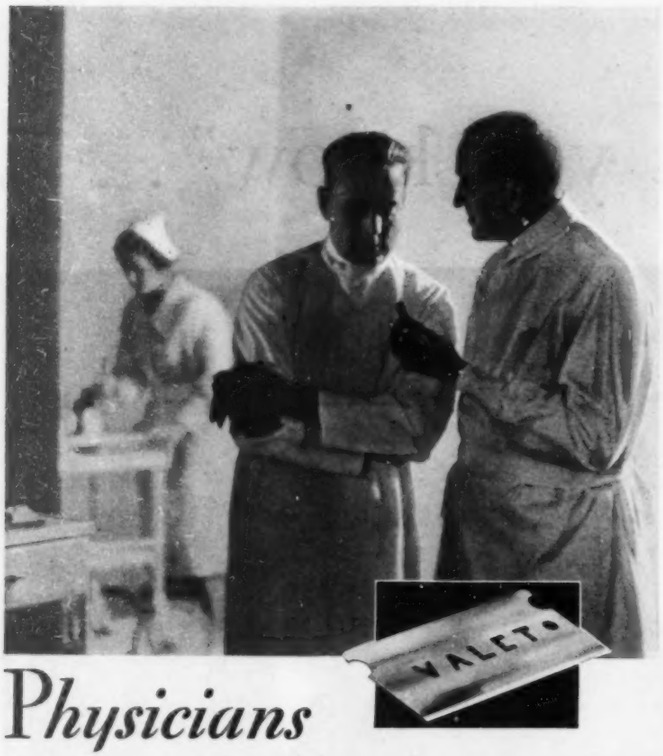
WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

S. D. Warren Company, 89F Broad St., Boston, Mass.
Printer ☐ User of Printing ☐
Send details of the Warren Simplification Program, which shows how to save time and money in planning printing.

*Name*_____
*Firm Name*_____
*Firm Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



Physicians in the world's largest hospital agree VALET'S easier on the face

ONE physician after another in Chicago's famous Cook County Hospital prefers the new Valet blade—definitely and outspokenly. Personal experience has convinced these reputable medical authorities that the new Valet is easier on the face—a valuable protection against infections. It glides lightly—smoothly—without irritating the skin.

We asked: "Will it prevent skin troubles caused by improper shaving?" Nine out of 10 answered, "Yes". Dermatologists actually prescribe the new Valet for the correction of such conditions!

This remarkable blade is built by advanced precision methods. Triple-hardened steel is finished to a micro-perfect edge of marvelous keenness. Magnetic testing and magnifying mirror inspection assure utmost uniformity. The new Valet is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—scientifically adjusted to a friendly shaving angle. It is the only razor that does not require removal of the blade before or after stropping, shaving or cleaning.

Keep your face young—your skin clear. Use this amazingly keen blade preferred by men who know steel and prescribed by those who know faces.

All dealers now have the new Valet blade in stock.

The NEW VALET *Auto-Strop* BLADE

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

(Continued from Page 214)

one hundred yards of a lake or stream must be of a chemical type. The waste water from sinks must be piped to a flyproof cesspool which shall be located as far from a stream or water supply as possible. All garbage, tin cans and other refuse must be buried or burned in an incinerator, and must not be allowed to accumulate.

Last but not least, for the building of the cabin and the completion of other improvements there is a time limit of two years, but this may be extended by special application.

In my own case, I went over the ground in which I was interested with the ranger and selected a perfect site with a lake view. Beside it, bounding the western edge, was a mountain stream with rein orchis—those delicate white flowers on long stems you find in the Sierras—and small yellow snapdragons and tiger lilies dotting its banks. The stream was shaded by tall alders. On the lot itself were tamaracks and Jeffrey pines and a clump of silver firs.

These silver firs grew in a circle, like a crown, and immediately became the center of my camp.

The land around my site had been staked out by the Government, but as far as I could learn, none of the other lots were taken. My nearest neighbors were a mile away and their log cabin was in the process of construction.

My own cabin is still in rough proof. I have submitted my plans, costing exactly two hundred and fifty dollars, to the Government and they have been approved. A woodsman in the vicinity has contracted to put up my cabin in the late spring and have it ready for me this summer.

All last summer I camped out on my own land, for which I am paying the Government fifteen dollars a year—as long as I care to have it for my summer home. It is an ideal spot in every way. There is fishing, swimming, hiking, everything that a lake twenty-seven miles long, surrounded with snow mountains and a country ribbed with rushing streams and wooded with pine, cedar, juniper, fir, offers a lover of the out-of-doors. It is a summer place always, with infinite and inexhaustible possibilities, and in it I am at peace and "surrender myself to the perfect whole."

—THODA COCROFT.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

Don't buy *any* tooth brush without taking the *free* BITE TEST!

UNLESS your tooth brush really fits your particular dental curve, the back teeth get only half a brushing. Swift decay follows. Fifty per cent of all tooth troubles start with the molars.

There are three types of dental curve: U-shape, V-shape, and Square. Dentists agree that no one tooth brush can possibly fit all three.

So Pro-phy-lac-tic—and only Pro-phy-lac-tic—provides a special type of brush for each type of curve. One is large and two are small.

The Bite Test reveals your dental curve and automatically indicates the brush that fits the curve best. You can take it at home (see coupon below) or at any drug store, in 30 seconds—and it doesn't cost you a penny.

Simply bite into a thin sanitary wafer of dental wax. Match the impression of your teeth with the three types of dental curve shown on the Bite Test Card. Decide which curve fits your teeth and you automatically choose the right tooth brush—Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted for U-shape curve; Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval for V-shape; Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso for Square shape.

3

types of dental curve—and only PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC provides a special brush for each type of curve. The Bite Test decides which suits you best.

You know the quality and beauty of the Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes; the sturdy, graceful handle, now given added charm and distinction by flashing color (choice of six pastel shades and white).

And such bristles! Scientifically spaced to clean between the teeth and on the surface. Of such outstanding quality that they do not become flabby or break. And so firmly set in their base that they do not split or pull out. All Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles are so selected and so treated that they out-perform and out-wear any bristles you've ever known.

Choose the correct Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush for your use, brush your teeth with it twice a day, consult your dentist twice a year, and you'll reduce tooth decay to practically nothing. In buying, look for the yellow container and accept none but the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Ask your druggist today for a Pro-phy-lac-tic Bite Test Wafer and Card. Or mail the coupon below and we will send you the set free. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

Dental science agrees that no one tooth brush can fit all three types of dental curve.

1 . . . U

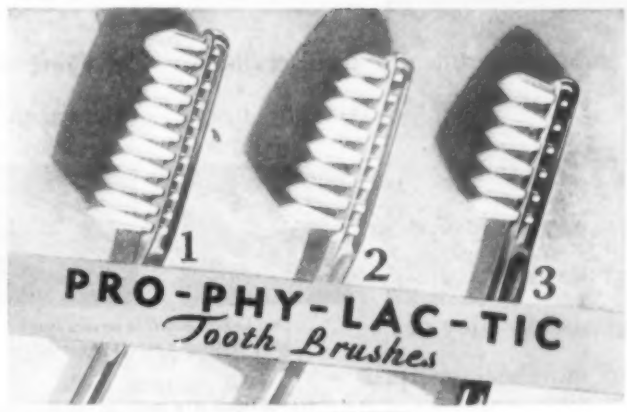
U-shape Dental Curve takes Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted Brush.

2 . . . V

V-shape Dental Curve needs Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval Brush.

3 . . . U

U-shape Dental Curve requires Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso Brush.



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Florence, Mass. (Dept. S-4)

Gentlemen: Please send me, free of charge, the material needed for _____ people to take the Pro-phy-lac-tic Bite Test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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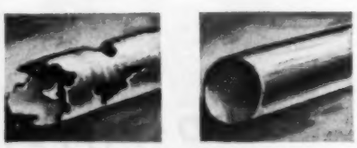
INDUSTRY'S FIRST LINE of DEFENSE AGAINST RUST and CORROSION... TONCAN

GIANT pipe lines transport crude oil from wells far inland to the sea. Huge tankers receive the heavy fluid, carry it to far-off refineries.

Toncan protects such great, expensive pipe lines from the ravages of destructive elements. Toncan, the rust-resisting alloy of refined iron, copper and molybdenum, provides plates and rivets for tankers, too; fortifies them against damaging rust and corrosion.



Toncan pipe is still in service long after ordinary pipe has failed.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

In fact, wherever the utmost protection, wherever real *permanence* are essential, you will find Toncan being used.

On refrigerators and furnaces, on stoves and airplane hangars, in building construction and for roofing and gutters, culverts and cornices—Toncan!

Look for the Toncan trade-mark on exposed metal parts. It's your guarantee of permanence.

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CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORP. • MASSILLON & CANTON, O.
WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

Always good will for Faces that are Fit

Your office door opens. A stranger stands before you. Groomed neatly. Clean shaven. Looking Fit. Of the outdoors, perhaps. Instinctively within you springs a feeling of good will.

For Face Fitness, the outward sign of inward health, exercise, fresh air, sane living are always needed. Then, that you may look your very best, turn daily to the Williams Shaving Service. Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

First, Williams Shaving Cream. So mild and pure that some of the leading hospitals use it to wash the tender skins of new-born babies. Quick and cool and moisture-laden. Indeed, there's ten per cent more moisture in the Williams lather than in any other we know of, by authentic test. Lather that for 90 years has been the Standard by which all others have been judged.

Aqua Velva, then. Made just for after-shaving, meeting every after-shaving need.

Aqua Velva wakes the skin with a fine stimulating tingle. Gives it the look and feel of vigor. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts—pretty often there, even if you *don't* see them. Protects from dust, germs, wind, weather. Helps to keep skin texture firm, youthful. Helps to *keep* the face all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit!

Here's a Shaving Service for the most exacting. That, with a minimum of time and effort, helps mightily toward necessary good grooming, toward keeping men's faces Fit.

You can have, Free, a good week's trial of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva if you will use the coupon or a post card.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very New! Ask your dealer.

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. P20, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 2992 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

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Daily Guardian of the Nation's *Family* Health

CALIFORNIA sunshine *grows into* Sunkist Oranges extra-abundant health-making elements—minerals, vitamins, needed fruit acids and fruit sugars. Each one does its essential bit for human health every day in the year! Consider, then, what California Sunkist Oranges mean to all your family.

Could there be pleasanter anticipation on awakening than a generous glass of chilled, freshly extracted Sunkist Orange Juice? *A thrill that never tires your taste!* Such a start for a lively day whether business, home or school; stimulation for every body organ; *alkaline reaction* to offset over-indulgence in good and necessary but acid-forming foods which cause Acidosis. Each added glass during the day—before lunch; again about 3:30—helps make you feel better, work better, play better, sleep better!

Many prefer the flavor of combined Sunkist Orange Juice and Sunkist Lemon Juice. And this is a good health measure because Oranges and Lemons are a rich source of vitamin "C" which cannot be stored in the body more than 24 hours *and must be replenished daily*. Drink at least two eight-ounce glasses of these combined juices every day—half a Lemon to each glass, or as much more as is agreeable. In no other way can an adequate supply of vitamin "C" be so pleasurably obtained.

Sunkist *California* Orange Juice

Richest Juice

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor; simple to operate; only two instantly removable parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Obtainable with alabaster glass bowl, $14.95, delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price $19.95. Send for new free catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories."

Finest Flavor

Dealers using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. PROSPECTIVE Buyers: Write to address below for full information about the unusual profit-making possibilities and practical merchandising cooperation offered with this speedy, efficient machine. Please state business.

ADDRESS—CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
DEPT. 104, BOX 530, STATION "C," LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Orange and Lemon Juice blended is so good *and so good for you* that you should be certain it is freshly extracted from the California Sunkist fruit. *See it made.* This way you can be sure you are drinking the needed health properties so rich in Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. If you are in town, go to the fresh fruit drink stand that displays the big Sunkist Extractor. See the luscious juice extracted. Then you *know it is the pure Sunkist juice—and fresh!*

If health and earning capacity are of prime importance to you, send immediately for the popular free book "Telling Fortunes with Foods." It discusses Acidosis, its prevention and correction, and offers normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent authority.

California Sunkist Oranges are fresh in your market every day. The trademark "Sunkist" is printed on the skin and on the tissue wrapper. © 1930, C. F. G. E.